Frontier Times

March, 1965

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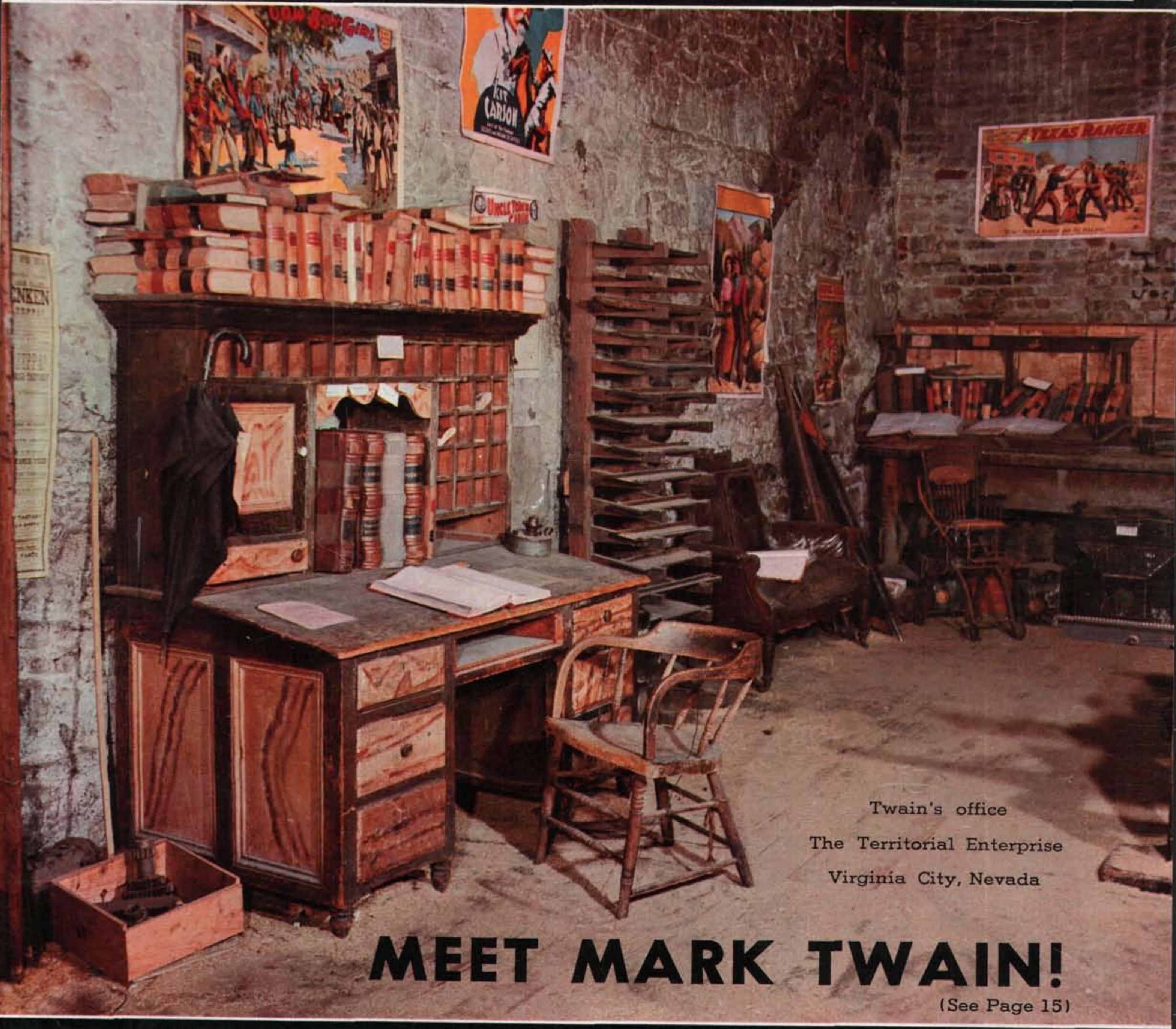
35¢

Conclusion!

COW BY THE TAIL!

Out of print book!


COW BOY GIRL
KIT CARSON
A TEXAS RANGER
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Twain's office
The Territorial Enterprise
Virginia City, Nevada

MEET MARK TWAIN!

(See Page 15)

This
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type western!

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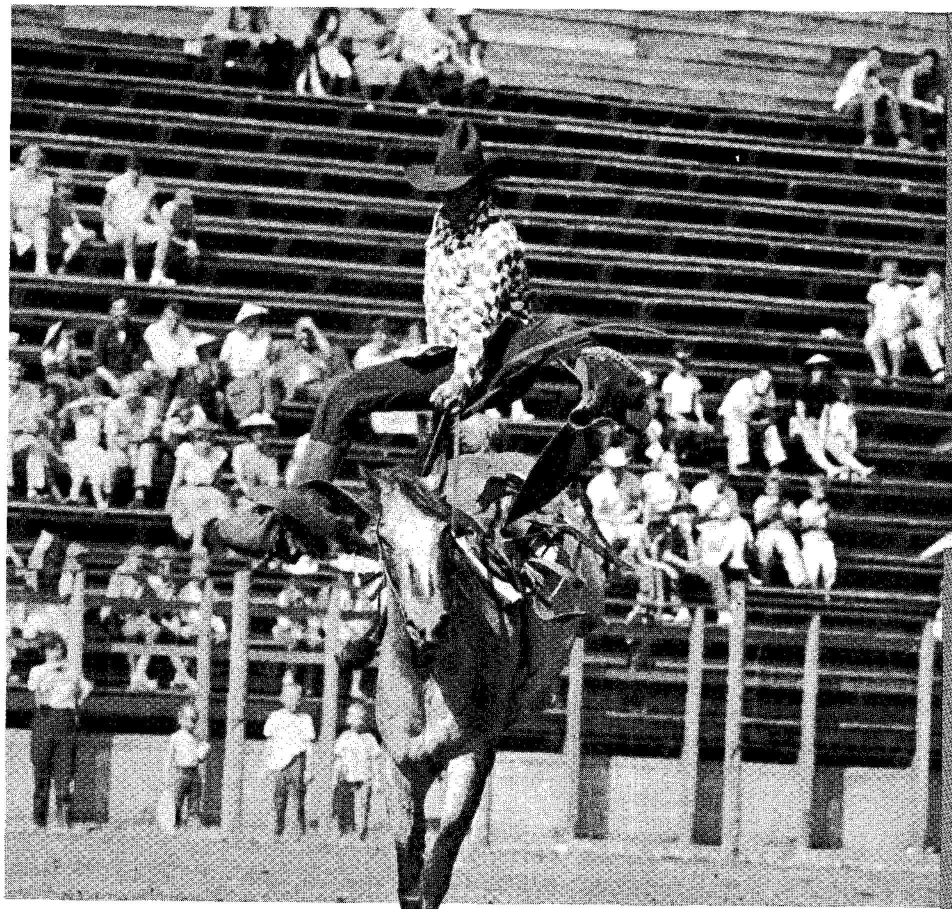
Gambling Kings • Bloodstained Ghost Town • Eight Feet Four

Cruelest of Comanches? • Marked for Death! • Piracy on the Colorado



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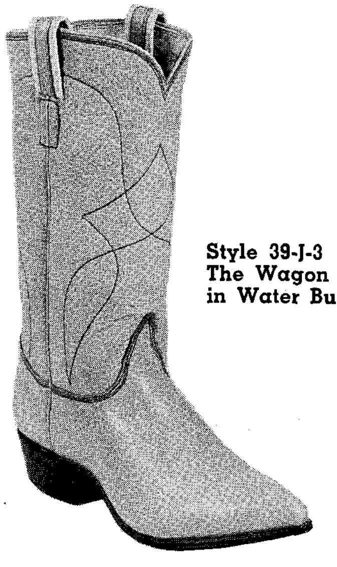

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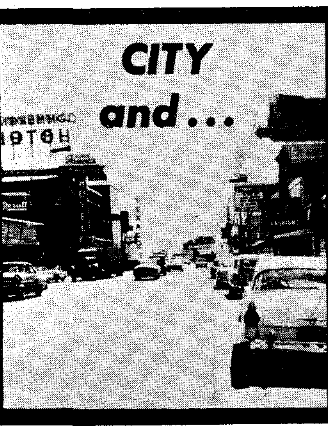

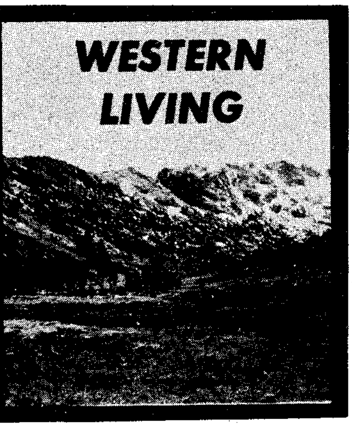

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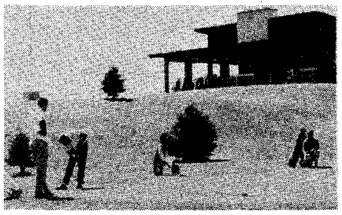

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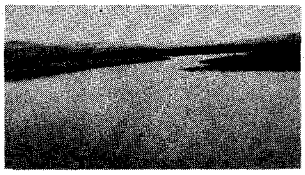

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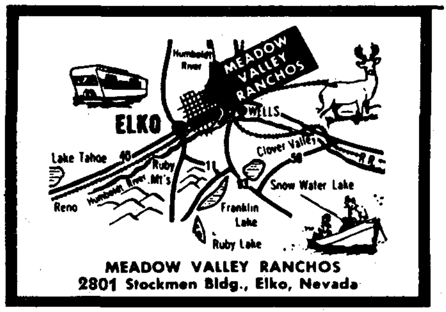

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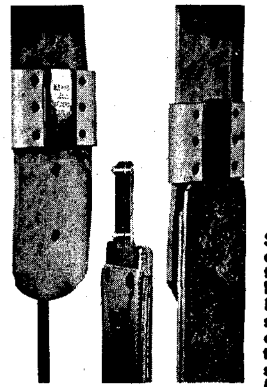

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February-March, 1965
Vol. 39, No. 2
New Series No. 34

FRONTIER TIMES

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Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Courtesy Eastern Photo Service (Devereux)

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FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC. P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions and Canada. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1965 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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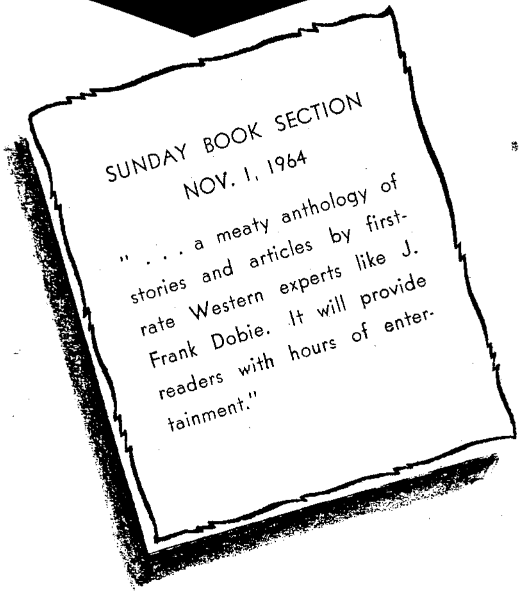

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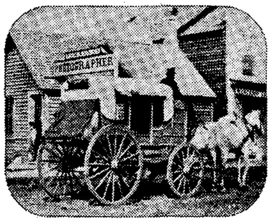

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FRONTIER POST

Dear Hosstail Publications:

The editors of FARMER-STOCKMAN published a picture of a deserted house in a windswept field, sand blown over everything. They offered a prize for the best 100-word description of this picture. An Indian boy from Oklahoma wrote as follows:

"Picture show why white man crazy. Cut down trees. Make too big tipi. Plow hill, water wash. Wind blow soil. Grass gone, door gone, window gone. Squaw gone. Whole place gone to hell. No pig, no corn, no pony.

"Indian no plow land. Keep grass. Buffalo eat grass. Indian eat buffalo. Hide make plenty big tipi. Make moccasin. All time eat. Indian no hunt job. No work, no hitchhike, no ask relief. No build dam. No give dam. White man heap crazy."

Do you suppose your readers would agree?—N. C. Ritchey, 1702 South College, Fort Collins, Colorado.

We don't know if our readers will agree, but it sure rings a bell around here. Just picture old Hosstail back in 1953—eyes shining, handshake firm, kinda hungry, maybe, and tipi not big enough for wife and three kids, but had a five-year-old buffalo (car) and not a care in the world. Well, you know nobody can stand not having a care in the world, so Hosstail starts a magazine, works twenty-eight hours a day, mortgages tipi, sells buffalo, gets hungrier looking. Cuts down the trees and plows up the grass for five years, then brings out *another* magazine. Sure enough, no pig, no corn, no pony. Works thirty hours a day. This is happiness! Cuts down more trees, plows up more grass for six years, then brings out *another* magazine. Working at present thirty-five hours a day, but no give dam. White man heap crazy!

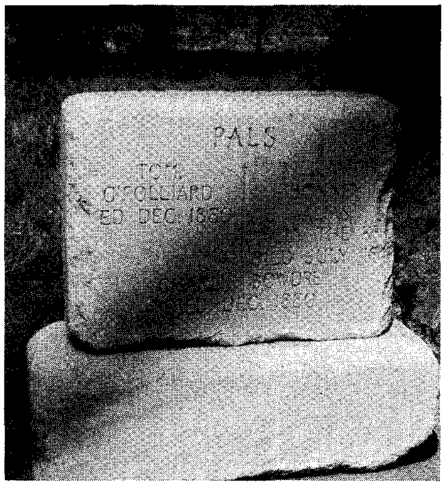
(If you see any FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST or OLD WEST copies covered up on the newsstand, Mr. Ritchey, pull 'em out!)

Dear Gene and Joe:

Doesn't seem like a little thing like a subscription renewal would pearten you fellers up so much. My check is enclosed.

I love the magazines. My mother traveled all over Oklahoma Territory in a covered wagon with her father, a brother and sister. She's eighty-one now but still tells us stories like they happened yesterday. In Nebraska she used to live in a sod house. I never could picture them in my mind until I saw pictures of them in your magazines.—Mrs. L. J. Ilick, 1129 Center Point Road, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

About the first paragraph in this letter: if you readers haven't seen our expiration notices, you ought to. They break your heart! Mrs. Ilick doesn't know the rejoicing around here when she renewed.



This single stone markes the grave of O'Folliard, Bowdre and Billy the Kid.

Dear Editor:

On a recent visit to Billy the Kid's grave I noticed about three or four hundred one-cent pieces had been placed or tossed onto the three concrete slabs within the enclosure. Have you any knowledge of for what purpose this is being done?—E. D. Barr, Route 5, Box 99-A, Austin, Texas.

Durned if we know. Maybe they're for luck—but the Kid had all the wrong kind. Will some of you New Mexicans help Mr. Barr out?

Dear Sirs:

In a past column of FT letters I noticed the name, Mathias Splitlog, a Wyandotte Indian. I used to live in Kansas City, Kansas, and have walked down the street named for Splitlog thousands of times. I doubt if many people living in Wyandotte County know how their street got its name. The above item is one of the things that makes your magazine, for me at least, so interesting.—J. O. Truitt, 26 NW Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

In last May's issue the article, "King of the Bank Robbers," states that when Starr and "Kid" Wilson were arrested in Colorado Springs, more than $40,000 in cash was taken from them.

The facts are: Starr, Wilson and Mary Morrison arrived in Colorado Springs on July 1, 1893, and registered at the Spaulding House under the names of Frank Jackson, Mary Jackson, and John Willison. Next morning the men walked up town, went to a clothing store where they purchased new suits, gold watches and some trinkets. They hired a carriage and were driven to Manitou, later returning to the hotel. Wilson went to a sport-

(Continued on page 63)

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OLD WEST
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"ALASKA GOLD TRAILS OF 1898"

by Willard Dobbin. GOLD TRAILS has never been available to the public in its entirety before! We hope that readers of OLD WEST will accord it a permanent place on their bookshelves. The author was one of the few men who made his way safely through the "back door" route to the Alaska gold fields. This tenderfoot managed to survive and save his notes, but all of his photographs were lost when a boat overturned.

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Based on the personal recollections of one of the partners, this story discloses the hair-raising experiences (and we mean HAIR-RAISING) of Hobbs and Kirker, professional scalphunters, who conducted a bloody campaign into Apache country to harvest scalps at 50 gold pesos per lock, redeemable by Mexican authorities.

IMPORTANT:

Our reprinting stories from the first issues of TRUE WEST, along with new material, a book, etc. in OLD WEST, absolutely WILL NOT devaluate original TRUE WEST copies ONE PENNY! If there is any doubt in your mind, try to buy a copy of any of the early issues of TRUE WEST from a collector at a deflated price.

If you reprint a book that is old, rare and sells for $100, the reprint, though it be word for word, is NOT the original and will sell at current book rates. We ARE NOT reprinting early issues of TRUE WEST as is. We take out all advertising, add new material plus a full length book, and it is another magazine—OLD WEST. In the third issue of OLD WEST, for instance, there will be 30 pages of old TRUE WEST ARTICLES and 63 pages of new material! Shall I say more?—Joe

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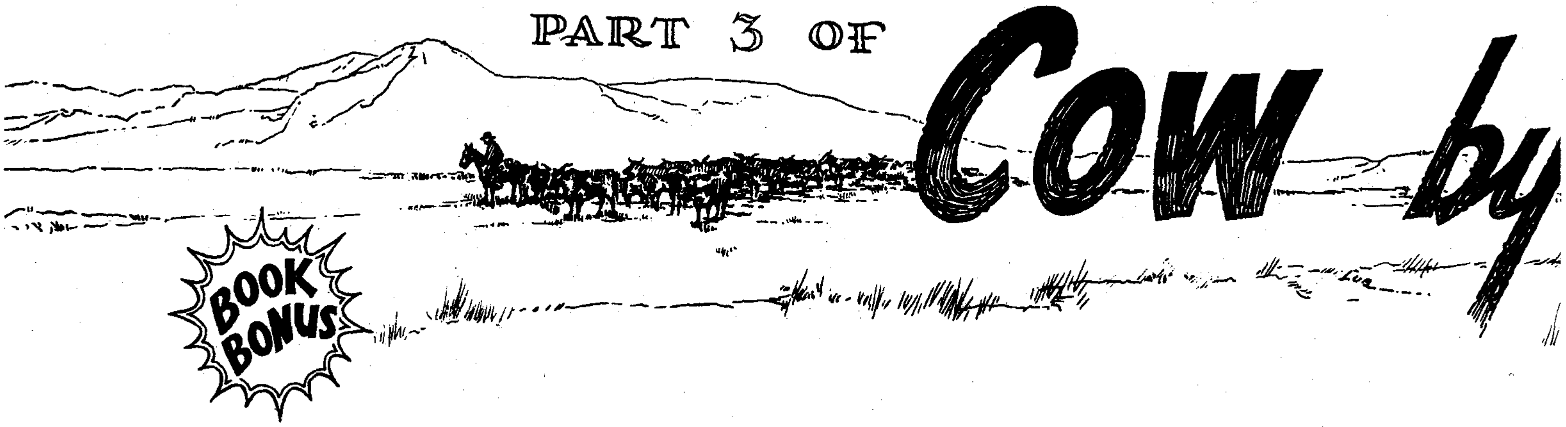
PART 3 OF Cow by



FRONTIER TIMES presents the conclusion of a hard-to-find book by an honest to goodness old-time cowboy who figured that "In a bunch of men there is always one damned fool that ought to be in a cornfield or cotton patch, hoeing or picking—not out huntin' Injuns."

Synopsis: The author, who described himself as a hillbilly kid from Kentucky, came to Texas with just two ambitions—to be a cowboy and to fight Injuns. He was a little young and a little green for either assignment, but he took them on.

As a cowboy, he did a good job. As an Injun hater, he didn't last long. In fact, Quanah Parker and Chief Hunter welcomed him into the tribe. He'd fight for his scalp, all right, but a little Comanche girl named Taloa kept him from being a dyed-in-the-wool enemy. She was Benton's first love.

After Jesse decided not to turn squawman he lit out for New Mexico. He got there just after his old buddy, Billy the Kid, had cashed in. Then he kept heading west right through Apache country. At the conclusion of Part Two, Jesse was deep in Arizona working on the Show Low Ranch and wondering what move to make next.

● ● ●

ALL year I stayed on the Show Low Ranch enjoying myself. Working cattle were easy in Arizona compared to the way they was worked in Texas. Not so many cattle and a better climate. We got into considerable friendly argument about the virtues of the short Texas rope compared to the long Arizona rope. These Arizona cowboys had a rope made of plaited rawhide fifty to seventy-five feet in length, while ours were Manila rope about thirty feet long. And the local cowmen laughed at us two boys for tying our ropes to our saddles Texas-style. They would say, "That's mighty dangerous practice. You will get your horse jerked down and maybe break your necks."

I said, "We train our horses to stand on their feet."

Well, Mr. Cooley decided we would find out in a contest. A few bets was made and everything arranged. White and I caught our favorite roping horses that we had rode from Texas, and the Show Low foreman picked out two of his best Mexican buckaroos to compete against us. Four mountain steers, seven or eight year old, was driven in to the ranch. The critters didn't look very friendly, like they would only too well enjoy the pleasure of tossing the two Texas performers.

My steer come first. In about 200 yards I had him down and three feet tied, which were the requirement. Now come the second steer, and after him one of the vaqueros with a seventy-five-foot rope. He threw at the steer and caught him and then run him probably 300 yards before he could gather in all that rope, and it took him over five minutes before his steer was tied. The next Mexican did about the same as his pardner. It was Gus' turn and he got his steer tied in less time than I took. White were about as good at throwing a rope as throwing down his pistol.

We had successfully demonstrated the virtues of Texas ropes and Texas horses. Cooley never got over guying his cowboys about it. The boys commenced asking our prices for our four horses. "Jest set your price," they kept nagging us.

If I do say so myself, they was as good as any horses that ever entered Arizona. Gus and I had picked them out of 400 head of southern Texas horses and then tried them out thoroughly before we bought them. Brown Dick, my top horse, weighed about 1,000 pounds; him and Jug was seven years old. You could shoot your pistol and reload on any one of them and they wouldn't raise a hair, and they could turn like a dancer on a dollar. We told Cooley's boys that our horses was not for sale.

Once a young feller sees enough country and gets a taste of moving around, it gets in his blood. There were many and many another boy like Gus and me here in Arizona and New Mexico and Texas. Can't stay put.

About all we heard of on the Show Low Ranch was the big gold and silver veins being struck in different parts of Arizona. Most of the talk were of Tombstone, where Ed Schieffelin had struck it rich in 1878, and now by 1884 it was booming high and wide.

Gus and I decided we would turn miner and pull out for Tombstone. We gathered all the information we could about how to get there, names of all the mountains and valleys and how to tell them when we come in sight of them. We loaded our pack horse with supplies, but did not worry about meat, as there was plenty of wild game in the Arizona mountains—deer and antelope and wild turkeys.

WE set out through the White Mountains, not caring much which way we went or how long it took, just so we crossed the valleys at night to avoid the Injuns. It were about 250 miles to Tombstone, almost straight south, and we didn't set any time for arrival.

Plenty of hunting along the way. We killed a big black-tailed deer, and stopped for two days so we could render out the taller and dry the part of the meat we wanted to carry with us. And the White Mountains was full of fine trout streams. We fished for mountain trout with a line made of thread, and a hook made from a pin, and the fish was very easy caught. We went on, crossed the Gila River near where Solomonville is today. We seen five or six Mormons there, so asked them directions, but not one of them knew anything about the country outside of their valley.

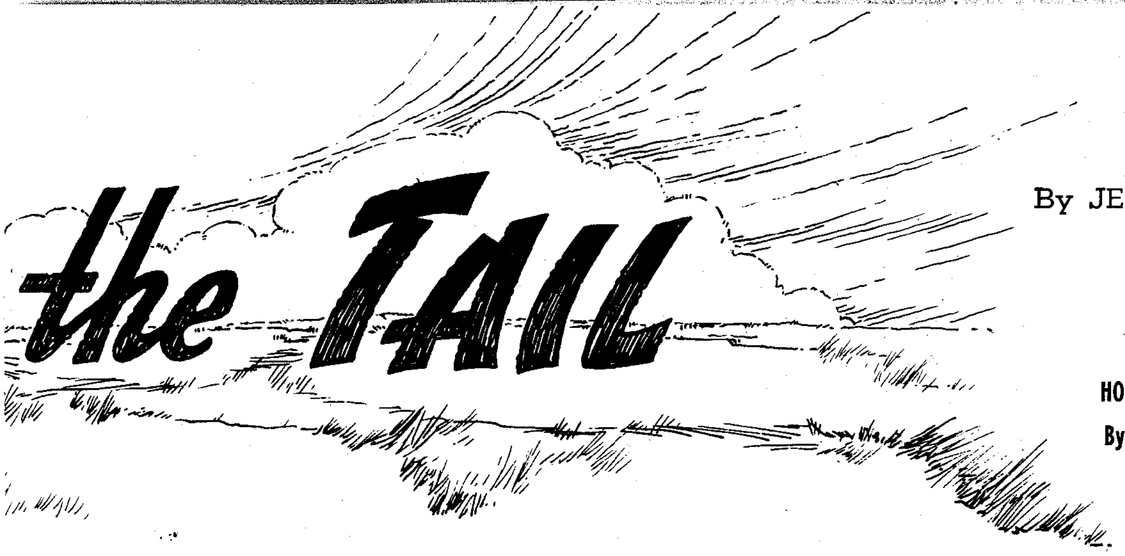
Beyond here one day we spotted about 150 Injuns going south. They was about two miles away when we sighted them through our field glasses, and we watched them for five or six miles, glad to find out they was not going in the direction we was headed. Afterwards we learned this bunch were Geronimo and his band, about 200 braves that had left their San Carlos Reservation to go on the warpath.

We made it a habit to get near the tops of the mountains and sight all around with our fine field glasses, staying for maybe an hour to see if anything was alive and moving around through the country. At last from one peak we spied Fort Grant, way down in the desert off the rim. We could also see Willcox, Arizona, to the south, and the Dos Cabezas peaks to the southeast of us. Now we knew we was headed in the right direction.

Soon we pulled into Fort Grant, stopped overnight, and then moved on to Willcox. There we obtained full directions on how to reach Tombstone. But as usual everybody said, "Boys, look out for the Apaches. They are playing hell all over this part of Arizona. Too many places for them to hide out."

The afternoon of the day we landed in

the TAIL



By JESSE JAMES BENTON

Edited By
RICHARD SUMMERS
Published by
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
By Riverside Press-Cambridge
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Tombstone, news come that the soldiers had captured 300 Apaches on Silver Creek. There were much talk as to whether it were Silver Creek in Apache County or Silver Creek in Cochise County, which were about twenty-five miles east of Tombstone and not so very far south of where we had been traveling.

Tombstone were a wide-open roaring town, built of one- and two-story adobe buildings, and welcoming anything you wished to start—saloon or dance hall or gambling house or daylight holdup. Games run day and night, money piled knee-high on the tables with the ceiling the limit. Gus and I never gambled any at all, played broke with just enough to get by on. There was no banks in the country, so you kept your money in a belt under your clothes. You was dead safe; no one ever robbed. And if you attended to your own business, you was left alone.

They was mainly interested in our good horses. Ever' man's horse were under suspicion. We sure stayed close to our animals, slept by them ever' night, fed them good, rubbed and curried them off ever' day. We was afraid to leave them anyplace, as horse stealing were the fashion.

In Tombstone, Gus and I bumped into about ever' outlaw we ever knew or heard of in Texas. Seems they'd all come over here. Almost the first one we come across were the notorious Frank Jackson, Sam Bass' pardner, that escaped at Round Rock, Texas, where the Texas Rangers killed Bass.

Jackson were a man about five foot ten, sandy complexioned, gray eyes, rather heavy. He were left-handed with his gun, quick and very dangerous. He would betray his best friend for a two-bit piece. Here in Arizona he went by the name of W. M. Downing. It were him, later on, laid the plans for the big Southern Pacific train holdup.

After about a month of looking the thing over, Gus and I decided we didn't want to turn miner after all. Longer we stayed in Tombstone, the more we kept turning over in our minds the idea of a little cattle ranch of our own. We knew just the place back up in the north of the Territory. We had got kind of sick of all the talk of mining and Injuns and holdups. That's about all they could talk about in Tombstone, and it were too tough for us.

Suddenly we took the notion strong and one day attached ourselves to a bunch of soldiers heading north.

WHEN I left Tombstone that day, I was headed into eight years of ranching and other work and all sorts of adventures in northern Arizona, but didn't know it. I were about twenty-three years old at the time and fed up with outlaws and Injuns and gun-play. I wanted a little peace and quiet for a change, but weren't to get it.

We rode back to the Hunning and Cooley Ranch at Show Low where we had worked. They give us a warm welcome, and Mrs. Cooley—one of them—had a big feed for us. It seems that soon after we left, they heard of two Texas cowboys killed by Injuns and was sure it must be us. They wanted to hear of all our experiences, and like everybody else in the Territories wanted to know all about Tombstone.

"Well," I told them, "it sure is one whoopie town, too wild for us two Texas cowboys, so you know it must be plenty tough. We have seen all of those tough towns that we want to see, as all the outlaws fom Texas and everywhere else have congregated there. And my father always told me to stay out of bad company, which is very bad, indeed, in Tombstone, so I left."

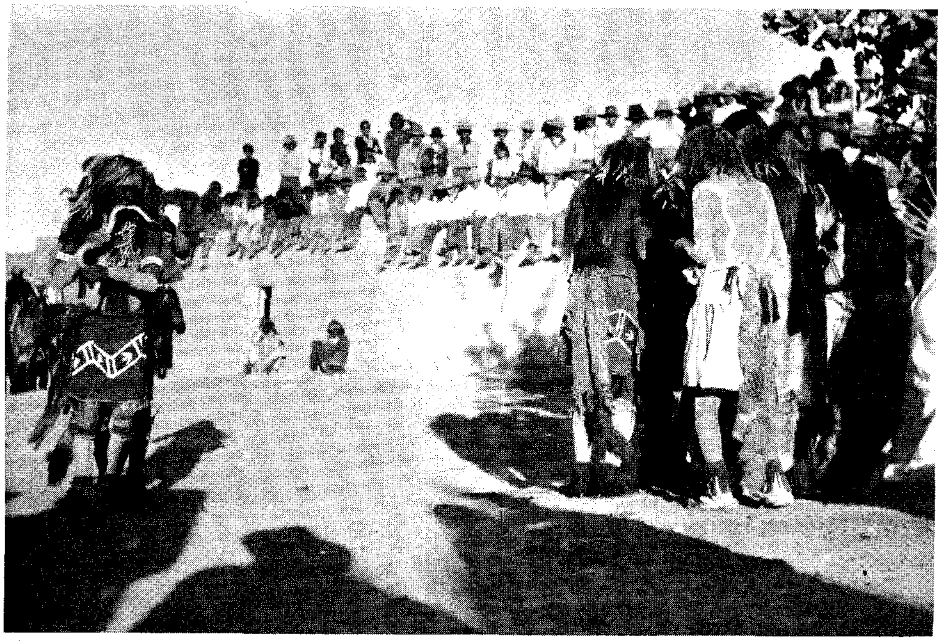
All the boys give us the horse laugh but Mr. Cooley said he thought we was mighty savvy to clear out and try to locate on a ranch.

However, it were not easy around that country, which had some advantages over the southern part of Arizona. The Apaches tended to go south to the lower mesas for their raids because they did not wish to tangle horns with the northern tribes—the Hopis and the Navajos. But there was no place open near Show Low, and the Hash Knife outfit had its claws on everything to the north and northeast. Their cowboys was hired to be tough and drive folks off the land they claimed, so if you wanted peace and quiet you had better not settle near them, said Mr. Cooley.

He advised us looking for a place north of Winslow in Injun territory of the Hopis and Navajos, so we would not be likely to be troubled by the Hash

Cowboys in camp on the range

Courtesy Dan Warren



Mullerken Files

The author and his friends often attended the Snake Dances, and wondered why there were no serious results from the snake bites.

Knife cowboys. And in addition, Winslow would be a big town and a shipping center when the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (now the Santa Fe) were completed.

At Dove Springs, fifteen miles north of Winslow, Gus and I settled down to ranching. At different times I owned or part-owned two other ranches in this region, one on the top of the Tonto Basin with David Horrest and Julius Krantz. I run cattle up and down the Little Colorado at all seasons of the year, times when the ground was covered with snow and times when it was hot enough to tan a Negro. The Dove Springs Ranch was the one I liked best and took the most interest in, the one fifteen miles from Winslow. We built a two-room house of volcanic rock, each room fifteen by twenty foot, and stone corrals, and thought we was settled there for life.

Wild game was everywhere you could see. After the railroad come through, we made a deal with Julius Krantz, a butcher, to furnish him venison at five cents a pound. Not much money to be made out of ranching in those days, but hunting were profitable. Black-tail deer by the hundreds all over the mountains. It were almost impossible to salt your cows at any time day or night, as the deer would come in droves to lick it and so tame you couldn't hardly drive them away. If you put salt in your pen at night, the deer outside would fight all night long like old-time Texas steers, they was that hungry for it—and twenty-five or thirty bucks in the bunch. There were no law against killing them, so we could work our cattle and kill deer at the same time.

We had no good rifles on hand, so we bought two .40-82 Winchesters, too heavy to carry on our horses but A-1 rifles. We also bought a good buckboard and drove to Mormon Crossing, about fifty miles south of Winslow, about the first of October, and pitched camp.

From then on, most of the winter, deer and wild turkey was our daily spoil, and the buckboard went to town almost ever' other day to carry in our kill. We only killed bucks, as there was plenty. Ever' trip when we sold to Mr. Krantz, he would say to bring more deer.

"I can sell all you can kill."

He were selling as high as ten and fifteen head a day to the tourists on the through trains. He would let the bucks freeze stiff, then stand them up in front of his shop and stick red apples on their horns, and a card with the price and weight. All the daily passenger trains, four or them, stopped at the Harvey House for dinner or lunch, and folks would spot the deer, fat as hogs and in plain sight. They would sure draw a crowd, and Krantz sold out ever' day. "More deer," he begged us.

We went at it in earnest. I killed 165 big bucks myself. We also took in our wild turkey kill, as the mountains was full of them.

Gus took about the same number of deer. Many had very large, fine horns, the prettiest, I think, I ever seen. All we had to do to kill them was to put out salt and hide nearby, and when they come flocking around, we would shoot them down.

Once I come on two bucks fighting, head to head, and I shot them both. When I tried to separate them, I couldn't. Their horns was locked together. I took them to town like they was, and Krantz exhibited them with their horns locked together and it drew even bigger crowds.

That first winter we made more out of hunting than out of the ranch by a good deal, with wild turkey three dollars apiece and venison five cents a pound. We sold quail, too. We would put up a V-shaped net and drive the quail into pens where we could catch them—catch what we wanted and let the rest go. Or we would pour whiskey into a cup full of wheat and let it stand overnight—we always had lots of whiskey. Next morning we would scatter the grain around the quail feeding grounds and wait. After the quail had pecked up enough of that grain and was staggering around, you could just go up to them and pick them up without any trouble. I never seen anybody as drunk as some of them quail would get.

WE WAS in danger from Injuns ever' time we went away from our ranch, though the Navajos wasn't quite so bad as the Apaches. One day while I were hunting, I shot a large buck but only crippled him. There was about two inches of fresh snow, and while trailing him I seen all at once some moccasin tracks beside the deer tracks. I walked on a little further. Then suddenly I saw an Injun jump behind a tree. He had just spotted me. Naturally I jumped behind a tree too, with my gun leveled on his tree not over fifty yards distant. He kept peeking out, and I could have plugged him through the head two or three times. But I held off because I did not like to kill him less'n he tried to kill me first.

All at once he spoke to me, "You no shoot, me go."

"All right," I said. "Me no shoot . . . go."

Well, sir, he left there twenty-one foot at a jump, so I watched him until he were out of sight, and then I left in the other direction twenty-two foot at a jump, and I never stopped until I reached camp. I told the other boys about it, and they sure gave me the laugh. But I well knew where one Injun is hunting, there is always another or a dozen close by, so no one needed to tell me to git.

During my stay in the northern part of Arizona, I become well acquainted with both the Navajo and the Hopi Injuns. Settlers had some trouble with the Navajos, but almost none with the Hopis, who are farmers of the Pueblo tribes. Of all the Injuns of my acquaintance the Apaches was the most bloodthirsty devils. Even the Comanches did not hold a candle to them. They would kill ever' white man or woman they could, regardless. And if they saw a white child or even a baby they would pick it up by the heels and dash its brains out on a rock.

All my life I were around Injuns, always felt sympathy for them and helped any that I could. They knew this and come to me, especially the old ones. Many's the time I've talked for hours with the old men. I liked to hear their tales of long past generations. I were pretty good at understanding their language, as I'd learned quite a lot of Comanche and the Injun sign language, and the Injuns in Arizona, most of them, spoke Spanish, which I could understand.

I've always found that if you treated them square, most Injuns would do likewise to you. Don't ever lie to them or cheat them, or kill one of them, unless you want to get the same done to you.

On the ranch at Dove Springs I had several Hopis, then known as Moquis, working for me. They was always friendly. I'd down a big steer and say, "Go to it, boys," and I'd give them plenty of coffee to drink and once in a while a drink of whiskey. After they got to know me, it mattered not where I were, if I needed some boys to help me, I'd send word, and pretty soon here come a whole flock of them laughing and happy to be with me. Many a time I'd come back to my rock house and find a present of a beef or a whole mutton hung up.

They never stole from me. Partly this was because they knew I were their friend, and partly because I took precautions. I hung a bearskin over the doorway when I went out, and no Injun would ever touch it or come into the house when I weren't there. They thought the spirits of their dead relatives, especially them that had been bad Injuns, went into coyotes and bears, and they would never kill coyotes or bears or touch their hides. In addition I had two pieces of trees that was burned by

Summit of Pik[illegible]
Altitude, 14[illegible] feet.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

This group of tourists stops for a rest on the summit of Pikes Peak in August, 1888. For a brief time, Benton served as a guide for such parties.

lightning and stripped, set beside my door, one section on each side. When the bucks come riding or walking up, they sure never got within twenty or thirty feet of them logs. They was afraid of trees that had been hit by lightning.

My Injun name was Cit-a-be-ta, meaning dove, because I lived at Dove Springs. They used to bother me to death wanting sugar when they was building my stone house. I liked to please them, and so would hand out sugar, a half cup to each one, and they would set around and eat it like children would. After I'd give them a lot of it, they kept coming and hollering *sugie, sugie.* Their pestiferousness bothered me, so one day when several come wanting *sugie,* I fills a dishpan plumb full and sets it outside with a cup in it.

They all begin to eat and it was finished up pretty quick. By golly, but it sure made them sick. Next morning one came to my door and said, "No workie, much sick. All boys sick." And he doubled up like he had a bellyache and grunted. No work out of them for two days, but there was no more hollering for *sugie,* either. They was like children, had to learn by hard knocks.

I had a Hopi boy named Pelecano that stayed near my house all the time because he wanted to learn how to be a real cowboy. But he sure enjoyed his Injun dances. We could hear the big drums beating—*boom, boom, boom*—when there were a dance or other doings. Those drums was in a village thirty miles away to the north, but we could hear them plain.

Pelecano would hear them and get all upset, wanting to go to be with his girl. Usually happened just when I needed him most, and I would argue with him, but he would leave his work to sneak off to the dance no matter what I said. It was always, "Me get heap big time, heap pretty squaw, heap dance."

I diagnosed his case as a good doctor would, and one day when he was ready to go I said, "Me give you big medicine so you get heap big time, maybe so."

He was mighty pleased. I had in my truck two big U.S.P. cathartic pills. These I mashed up and rolled and mixed into dough, and I told him this, "You take this when the sun right over the mountain, but no go down yet. Heap strong. Heap good for boy."

He rode off, pleased as a baby with a bottle of milk. Next morning no sign of Pelecano. It was the second day he come riding up to my house looking mighty pale and weak. I says, "Well, hello, Pelecano. Heap fun? Heap good time?"

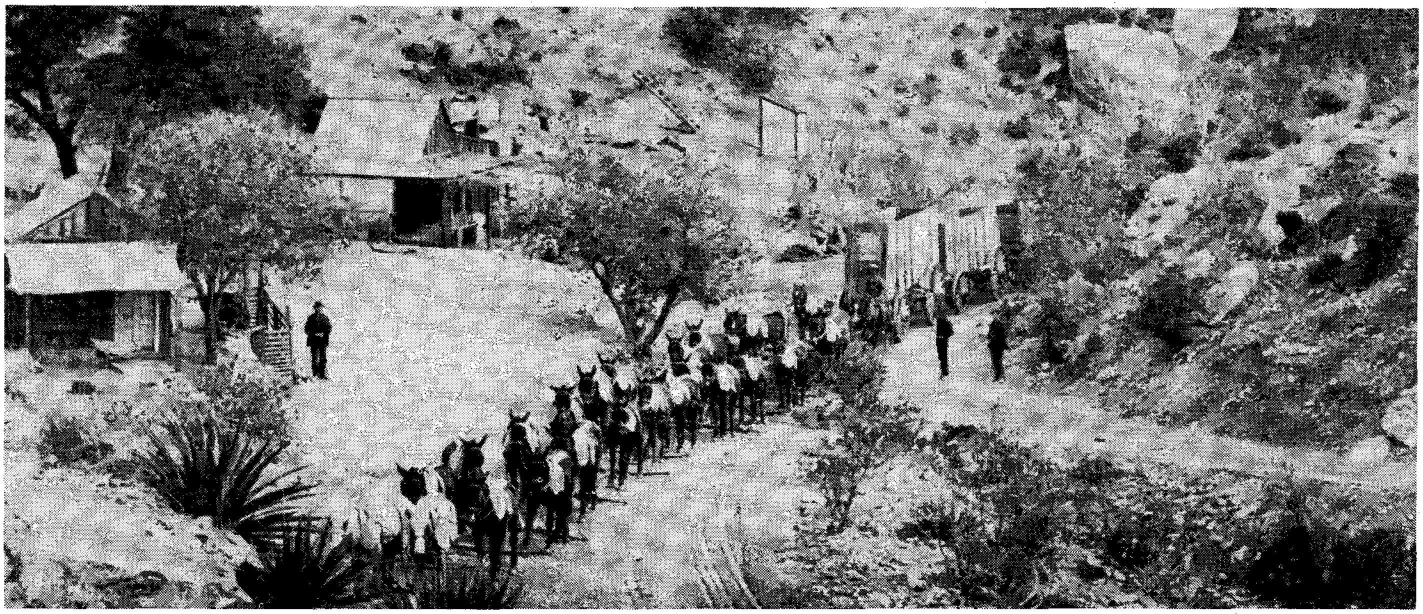
Pelecano never took no more of my fun medicine, and he stopped talking about dances, and when the big drums boomed he'd keep right on with his work, and you could see him scowling and thinking. In about a year he made a right good cowboy.

ABOUT three miles to the northeast of my ranch was Chandler Peak, and nearby a smaller butte, the sides almost vertical and flat on top, about 300 yards in diameter. Here a bunch of eagles nested, so I called it Eagle Peak. Riding near Eagle Peak, I had seen hundreds flying about above the butte.

One summer I seen thirty or forty Hopi bucks climbing up Eagle Peak, and I was much interested in how they done it, for it looked impossible. They would throw a rope to a knob above them, climb up to the knob, and throw a rope again upward to another projection. That way they could reach the top. I seen them going about from nest to nest, up on the flat top, fighting the eagles off, and when they come down each buck had two young eaglets in his arms, birds not old enough yet to fly.

It puzzled me, what they wanted them for, so I asked some questions. I knew fighting them eagles was no indoor pastime. They could strike powerful blows with their wings, and their claws or talons made a very poisonous wound that were hard to heal. The eagle is our American emblem, I well know, but he is a very destructive and unpleasant bird. I've seen cows fighting to keep eagles from their little newborn calves, for the eagles will kill the calf and eat part of it. They can kill and carry off jackrabbits and even lambs, and I have seen live snakes carried off by them, still squirming in their talons. In their nests they lay two eggs and raise two young ones, usually a male and a female, ever' year.

I asked one of the Hopi bucks, who could talk pretty good English, what the devil they wanted the eagles for. It was part of their religion. Eagles and also eagle feathers was used in their ceremonies. He told me each nest on top of that peak belonged to some Hopi family and was just like any other property, inherited by the son from the father. Ever' year each family who owns a nest goes and gets a young male and female and carries them to their village. They



Arizona Historical Pioneers' Society

Twenty-four-mule-team freighters hauled the heavy loads before the railroad spread over Arizona.

do not kill them. They keep them for some time and take their feathers and then let them go.

I made the chance, later, to ride to one of them Hopi villages and see the pairs of eagles in their willow cages. The way they made these cages was: they stuck willow whips into the ground beside a house and then curved them over against the house.

I asked a squaw, "What do you feed them?"

"Rabbit," she said.

I had previously watched their rabbit drives and wondered what they cooked the rabbits for, as they themselves did not seem to eat them. After several hundred rabbits was surrounded, each buck let fly his rabbit stick that looked like a boomerang. And he seldom missed.

When the hunt was over, they gathered a great pile of bushes and dried sticks together into several large blazes. After these had burned down to hot coals and ashes, they rolled and dragged the rabbits through the coals just as they were, entrails, hair and all. As soon as the rabbits were well crisped, the Hopis took them home and hung them up in the eagle cages.

One use I noticed they made of eagle feathers. They would pluck a small male bird and one from the female, and tie the two of them together on the end of a small stick the size of a pencil. Whenever they took a drink of water, they would poke the little stick with the eagle feathers into the ground at the edge of the pool and sprinkle corn meal over the feathers. You could always tell when a Hopi had been at your spring by the stick with the eagle feathers. And they would get much vexed at you if you pulled the stick out and threw it away, for they believed it kept the water pure for drinking.

As we lived near Walpi, one of the big Hopi villages, us cowboys often rode over in September to the big snake dance for rain that they gave in those days just about the way they do now. It has often been asked and nobody has the right answer on how them Hopis get bit by the rattlesnakes they carry around in old gunny sacks and hold in their mouths at the dance. I've seen many dancers bitten by the snakes, but no bad results. The bucks fast before the dance.

"No eat, no drink, three suns," one of them told me. After the dance I saw the squaws bring big bowls of something, and ever' buck drinks all he can hold of it. Makes 'em sick as the devil. They go and lay down on their bellies around the edge of the mesa, and heave. You can hear them at it yards away.

These Injuns have their beliefs and religion just as good as ours. They are sure they are going to a happy hunting ground, or if they commit a crime they think they will turn into animals, which might be right for all we know. When I were among the Navajos, a big chief I knew died and was buried in a little flat valley high up in the mountains. He sure took plenty along with him. I were not at the burial, as it were very private —only the high-up Injuns there. But his dying wishes was carried out. All his silver and turquoise belts, rings, and his fine silver-mounted saddle, bridle, blankets, skins—just about everything was buried with him.

Next day, ever curious, I were on the flat to see everything, and there laid nine of his best horses dead and about twenty-five head of sheep and cattle. All over that flat the bucks' horses had been rode or driven until you could see no sign of which the actual grave was.

Ever' time I went to Winslow from the ranch I'd bring back some bright-colored calico for the Hopi women and something for the children. I got so popular with them they was always wanting to visit with me and Gus.

One time I give a can of salmon to Pelecano and another can to an Injun boy with him. They begin to eat it and thought it very fine. But pretty soon one pulled out a piece of salmon backbone.

He held it up to show me and asked, "What that, huh?"

"Fish," I said.

At first he didn't understand, so I told him the Spanish, "*Pescado.*"

Up both them Injuns jumped and begun to holler, "Me die! Me die!" And they begin to heave up.

I said, "No die. Me eat 'em. Me no die." But they kept right on getting sicker and sicker.

"No die today. Die next moon," they told me.

I asked one of my old Injun friends about it and he told me this, "Many years ago there were a twelve-year drought."

He counted off on his fingers all the moons of the twelve years and said, "Long, long, long time ago," motioning with his hand away off into the far past.

"Many of my people go into a faraway big canyon." He pointed north toward the Grand Canyon. "Go down deep. Dig in bottom for water. Big flood come down river, drown them all. All turn to fish. No more eat fish. Me no eat. Pelecano no eat. No eat brother."

IN the San Juan country on the north boundary of Arizona I once talked all night with an old Injun, a man then over eighty years old. We got to jawing about horses. He asked me where I got such big horses to ride, said Injuns only had small horses.

I laughed about their horses, saying, "You no feed enough."

I had give him a little sup of whiskey several times and he felt like talking about things that had happened in the past. He said, "Way, way back, way long time back, horses little, little." He put his hand about two foot above the ground. "After while horses get little bigger, little bigger." And he raised his hand a little higher. Then he said, "At last get big like now."

This set me to thinking. I believe he was right. The horses that come up from Mexico after the Spanish got into the country was good-sized horses and good breed. They didn't look like them northern Injun ponies. The Comanches stole their horses from Mexicans on their raids across the Rio Grande. They had fine large horses of Spanish breed, and some must of had Arabian blood in them. But these northern Injun ponies was nothing like them in breed, shape, or color. My guess is that there were a small breed of ponies on this continent, before the Spanish, maybe of Chinese origin. I may be wrong.

While I was in the Winslow-Holbrook country, the Government shipped several carloads of wagons and harnesses out there for the Injuns. Gus White and I happened to be in Holbrook when these wagons was issued out, and I never laughed so much in my life. Ever' old

The Apache Kid

L.A. Public Library

The Kid (center) and San Carlos Scouts in 1880

buck on the reservation must of been there with wives and children and their ponies.

They helped each other get the wagons put together. Then they tried to figure out how to put the harness on their ponies. Most of the harness were far too big for their livestock. Gus and I lent a hand to several to get their horses right end to, and hitched harness tugs onto the wagons.

That were when the fun began. Most of the ponies acted about the way a cat would if hitched up. They would set down on their behinds, and then stand straight up on hind legs trying to shake off the harness. Or if strong and young, they would begin to pitch and buck. A few that had been used to drag poles and litters did better.

We helped one old buck get all fixed up. He said, "Me pony, sure go good, him little sleep." He put his wife and five kids in the wagon on boxes and blankets and led the horse a little ways to get him used to pulling the load. Everything went good, so he hopped up on the spring seat and drove along fine. He said, "Here on buck get home easy."

Just about then the wagon wheel hit a rock. The old pony looked around to see what were the matter. When he seen what he were dragging, he begin to kick. Unable to get loose, he begin to gallop. The road were only a trail, and first big bump, out sailed the fat squaw and all the kids into the sand, boxes and red blankets flying ever' which way. The old buck were not going to get spilled out, so he jumped onto the pony's back and pulled him down.

Well, sir, there was wagons strung along the road all over the country, harnesses too, and later on I seen several ponies running around in the mountains with collars around their necks. Before long you could buy a good branded "U.S.I.D." almost any place for $5.00. It were a good I.D. maybe, but a better one if the Government had sent along some horse trainers.

Eastern people was beginning to come out to this country to see the sights, and some got as far up north as Walpi and the snake dances. One wealthy woman among them was filled with pity when she saw the pore Injuns sleeping on the ground with only a sheepskin under them. Soon as she got back home, she shipped out just about a trainload of beds and coiled wire springs to be distributed to the Injuns. Some of the Injuns, who had got their horses trained to pull the wagons, come into Holbrook and was given the beds and springs.

Three months later I went into the Hopi country to buy some peaches, for I never tasted better peaches than they growed. They planted them on the east side and at the base of some hills where the roots could get to water, and ever' year they dried tons of them. Small, but sweet and juicy.

What did I see when I arrived but a long line of bedsprings, end to end and just covered with them peaches cut in half and drying. I had to laugh. I talked with some of the bucks, asking them, "Why don't you sleep on those beds and springs that rich lady give you?"

They grunted and shook their heads and look displeased. "No like 'em. No sleep. Heap jump all time."

I wondered what that kind-hearted woman would think if she ever came back to the Hopi Reservation.

WE COWBOYS liked to fuss around in the Injun ruins that was scattered all over that country. Out looking after our cattle and carrying our branding irons, we would do a little hunting on the side and brand any mavericks we found, and do some poking around in the ruins.

Up to then very few whites had been in the country and the ruins wasn't much molested. We found signs of ancient people on the San Juan and Little Colorado Rivers, but more was to be found further south in the big White Mountains and on the Little Verde and near other rivers and creeks. I think I have been in at least one hundred cliff-dwellers' houses. I have swung down onto ledges when I thought ever' minute would be my last, with a two- or three-hundred-foot tumble below.

Tie your saddle rope to a tree and over you go. Get footing on the ledge, and there are the ruins in front of you built into the cliff. Many times we was the first to ever visit these cliff dwellings. We often had to break in the little doors, get down on our knees. and wiggle and jerk until we could get plumb inside. There was sometimes several rooms, and we took plenty of chances climbing up and down poles and chicken ladders hundreds of years old. I know now we didn't do them ruins any good for anthropologists, but then we didn't know any better.

In some of the canyons the houses and villages was so well concealed up on the cliffs you could only get a view of them in cold weather when the leaves fell off the trees and bushes. It is quite possible some of them may still be undiscovered because we packed to them with horses over rough country, and, as I say, some of them are well hidden.

I have heard people tell, "We have been in the cliff-dwellers' houses and found mummies there because the climate is so dry." But I have my first mummy to find. The only skull we ever found were one in a cave house thirty miles south of Winslow. John Wymer found it, and it were on exhibition in Winslow afterward. You never seen such a sized skull, so big that my hat, size seven and three-eighths, set on top of it and looked like one of those toy hats you buy at a carnival. Strangest of all, it had a gold tooth in the jaw in front. It were not buried. It were in a cliff house all sealed up, and bleached very white. I could not be sure whether it were white man's or Injun's—but it didn't belong to no cliff-dweller.

We never found their burial places, but never dug none, as the floor were solid rock inside. I've heard since that the bodies and skeletons of the cliff-dwellers have been found sealed up in crevices in the rock, and that recent explorers located these sealed tombs by tapping along the walls. I've also heard that the skeletons have been found in pits or cellars in the valleys below.

Some people say that the cliff-dwellers was not a small race of people, but I think they was near dwarfs in size. I've been in dozens of their houses. I've seen a pile of worn sandals about the size for children, and the prints of small feet, and little beds not much more than four feet long made of bear grass like baskets. We could tell two people had slept in them, could see hollers where their heads had laid on the grass pads. Some of the houses had been sealed up tight, no decay or dust to rot these things, and

(Continued on page 38)

IN MEMORY OF
KILLED
MAR. 20. 1895.
MINE No. 5.
ALMY.
AGED 21 YRS.
To forget is vain endeavor:
Love's remembrance last forever.

Many tombstones bear this inscription.

KILLER MINE

By CLIFF STUART

Photos Courtesy Author

The men of the night shift were a talkative bunch as they rode the clanking rail car into the yawning, ready-made grave

IF A traveler today were to drive along Highway 89 about three and one-half miles north of Evanston, Wyoming, he would see to the left of the highway only mile after mile of fertile river bottom land and rolling ranches. He would see no evidence at all that any activity except ranching had ever embraced this beautiful land. Only if he looked to his right at the low hills would he have cause to wonder. For only here is the quiet serene peacefulness of the valley betrayed by several miles of black coal dumps, remnants of stone buildings and concrete abutments of an era long since passed. For here a community of several thousand inhabitants has vanished, leaving behind only a small cemetery, standing in silent testimony to the sorrow and catastrophe in the lives of the people of Almy, Wyoming.

The first coal was removed from what was later to become Mine Number Two in 1868 and Almy was on its way. As more mines were opened, more people came to operate them, and for Almy, Wyoming, mining became big business—the sole support of the community. The Union Pacific Railroad laid a spur line into the town and the number of mines operated by the Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company expanded to seven. By 1890 Almy reportedly had over 5,000 inhabitants, people of many races and nationalities. Permanent buildings sprawled across the valley, some relatively fine for that era, others just tar-paper shacks. Homes might be huts of railroad ties or holes dug in the ground covered with boards for roofs.

The mines at Almy offered challenges to young mining engineers that no other camp in the Rockies could. These mines seemingly had everything. Fire, water, methane gas, explosive dust, rock faults, and mountain shifts were all here to test the skills of the engineer. A mine could explode, fill up with water, cave in or catch fire almost instantaneously. In 1881, Mine Number Two exploded killing twenty-nine white men and over eighty Chinese. On New Year's Eve, 1885, Mine Number Four exploded, killing some thirty men. How many were killed or maimed in individual accidents no one knows.

Just when it was first started is a matter of conjecture, the exact date being among lost or stolen records, but when the side of the hill was dug out and a shaft was slowly cut into the mountainside, it was called Almy Mine Number Five. At first, the mining cars were hauled out by winch and dumped into waiting railroad cars, but as the mine became deeper and wider, a permanent tipple was constructed over the railroad mine sidings and a stone boiler house was built to supply power. The boiler house contained five boilers. Over the main shaft, a stone fan housing was constructed and a huge twenty-foot fan was installed to pull fresh air into the lower depths of the mine.

The main shaft ran at a slope or pitch of 11° for the first 800 feet, then dropped to a pitch of 19°. It had been deepened to 1,800 feet down the center of the coal seam with entries running to the right and left of the shaft every 200 feet. The entries were 2,300 feet long on each side of the main slope or shaft, making the mine almost 5,000 feet wide.

The "rooms" ran parallel to the main shaft, running upward from the entries, and were 35 feet wide, 30 feet high, and about 170 feet long. They were separated by pillars 35 feet wide and 200 feet long. Cross-cuts or passages were cut through the pillars every 50 to 60 feet to join the rooms together. Each entry comprised a level.

As Almy Mine Number Five continued to enlarge, ventilation became a very important factor. Two air-courses were cut when the mine was started, one on the right of the main shaft 80 feet away and one on the left 80 feet away, actually forming three separate shafts. At the front of the mine these two air-courses became an inverted "Y" over the main shaft, not connecting into it but into the fan housing. Two other air-courses were cut 450 feet to both the left and right of the main shaft the full depth of the mine and led directly to the outside at the front of the mine, forming "intakes." Air-courses were also cut on the extreme left and right boundaries of the mine, also leading directly outside, also forming intakes.

This was the most modern method of ventilating a slope mine in that period of mining. Air was pulled into the four intakes into the levels being worked, then was pulled up the two air-courses parallel to the main shaft and out of the mine. The fan sucked air out of the two air-courses, causing fresh air to flow into the intakes. In this way, constant circulation was maintained in the mine. The cross-cuts also allowed the air to flow through the rooms as well as through the entries.

THIS then was Almy Mine Number Five on the morning of March 20, 1895. Miners were sitting in the dark rooms relaxing and talking; blasting had filled the air with dust and gas, so much so that the percentage of methane gas and dust had reached the danger point. All work had to be stopped in order to allow the fan to clear the mine. At 9:30 a.m., work was resumed.

Work at this time consisted of finishing the rooms in the north (left) seventh level and the beginning of the extreme north eighth level. Four to six men made up the entry crew and they had extended the air-courses to the ninth level. Loaded cars were lowered from the rooms to the level, then lowered by rope down the 2% grade to the main shaft. Here they were coupled together, hooked to a cable, and pulled up out of the mine to be loaded into the railroad cars. Empty cars were then lowered to the miners to be loaded again.

The long day slowly wore on toward the 5:00 p.m. shift change. At 4:50 p.m. miners assigned to the night shift began to gather at the tipple of the mine. At 5:00 p.m., fifty-five miners climbed into an empty string of mining cars. With a sudden lurch the cars began the slow steep descent into the black caverns of man-made hell.

As the cars passed into the mouth of the shaft and were slowly lowered into the black depths, the daylight at the end of the steep shaft slowly grew smaller and smaller and finally disappeared altogether, leaving the fifty-five men bathed in the dim lights of their own lamps. The wheels of the cars clanked over the rails rolling steadily downward, now entering the 19% slope as the shaft dropped steeply into the inky blackness.

Men talked noisily as they passed level after level, now worked out and abandoned and boarded up, down, down the black passage past the fourth level, clanking slowly past the fifth level, the sixth level, and finally the chain of cars approached the entry into the seventh level.

Farewells were given as part of the men jumped off the cars and began the long walk into the north seventh level. There in the unfinished rooms they were greeted by the blackfaced, weary men of the day shift who nodded in recognition, discoursed quietly for a moment, then trudged doggedly down the room into the level—beginning the long walk down the entry to the main shaft to await the returning coal cars.

As the train of cars slowly halted at the eighth level, the rest of the men of the night shift climbed out and began the 1,700-foot walk into the north eighth level to their positions of work. The sweaty, dog-tired men they were replacing began to pile into the cars. At a given signal, and with a sudden jolt, the cars began to clank up the passage to the seventh level. Here, the string of cars was halted to allow the men of the seventh level to hop on. Again the signal was given and the string of cars began to carry its load of human cargo up the steep shaft to the surface.

The trip up was as silent as the trip down was noisy. Too tired to talk, many with splitting headaches from blasting powder and explosion concussion, the men were nauseated from exposure to gas and fumes. The dim lights at the end of the shaft grew dimmer and finally faded out completely as the cars were pulled farther and farther up the steep tunnel to the surface, seemingly leaving the fifty-five miners abandoned in eternal blackness, swallowed up without a trace in the deep black veins of coal in the mountain.

Again the abandoned levels were passed, one by one until suddenly there appeared a tiny speck of light far ahead. The spirits of the men began to rise as the speck grew larger and opened into the brightness of day. As the cars passed through the opening of the shaft and into the dazzling light, they left behind only the long steep 1,800-foot hole into the earth and fifty-five miners deep under the low mountain. The day shift sucked in the cool fresh air of the evening. Coughing and spitting coal dust, they were as black as the caverns from which they had just come.

It was about 5:35 as the men made their way down the hill toward Almy and home. Two stopped to talk to each other beside the tipple, leaning against a railroad car. Near the shaft entrance two men were sawing timbers to be used in the mine. Suddenly some dogs began fighting not five feet from them. They both stopped to watch. In the fan house, directly over the main shaft, another man oiled the bearings in the huge twenty-foot ventilating fan, which was pulling air up the cross-over passage like a wind tunnel.

Two men were on the slope tracks assembling empty mining cars, readying them for the steep descent into the mine to be loaded. The tipple foreman and his crew worked to ready the tipple to receive the loaded cars. Railroad cars were under the tipple ready to be loaded.

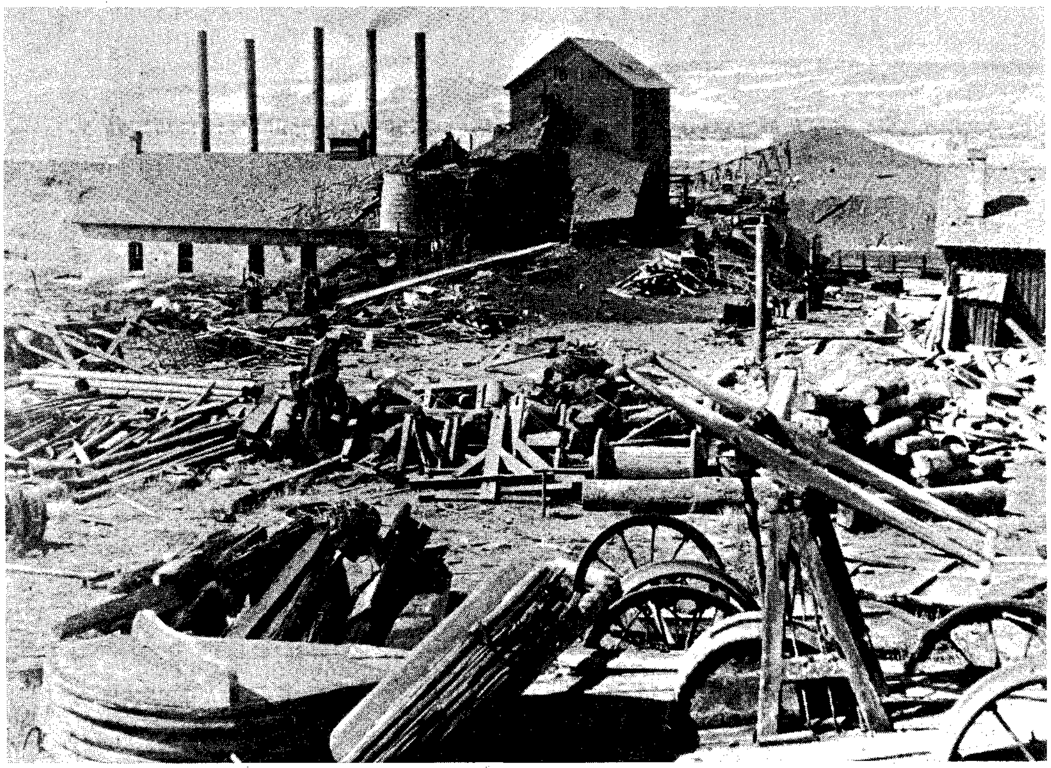
DOWN in the mine lights bobbed in the inky blackness, striking the walls of the narrow passages with a dim glow. Frequently the dull thump of an explosion echoed as a seam of coal was blasted to pieces and loaded into cars. Fifty-five miners, ranging in years from eighteen to fifty-five but most from twenty to thirty years old, labored with their shovels and drills. It was going to be a long night.

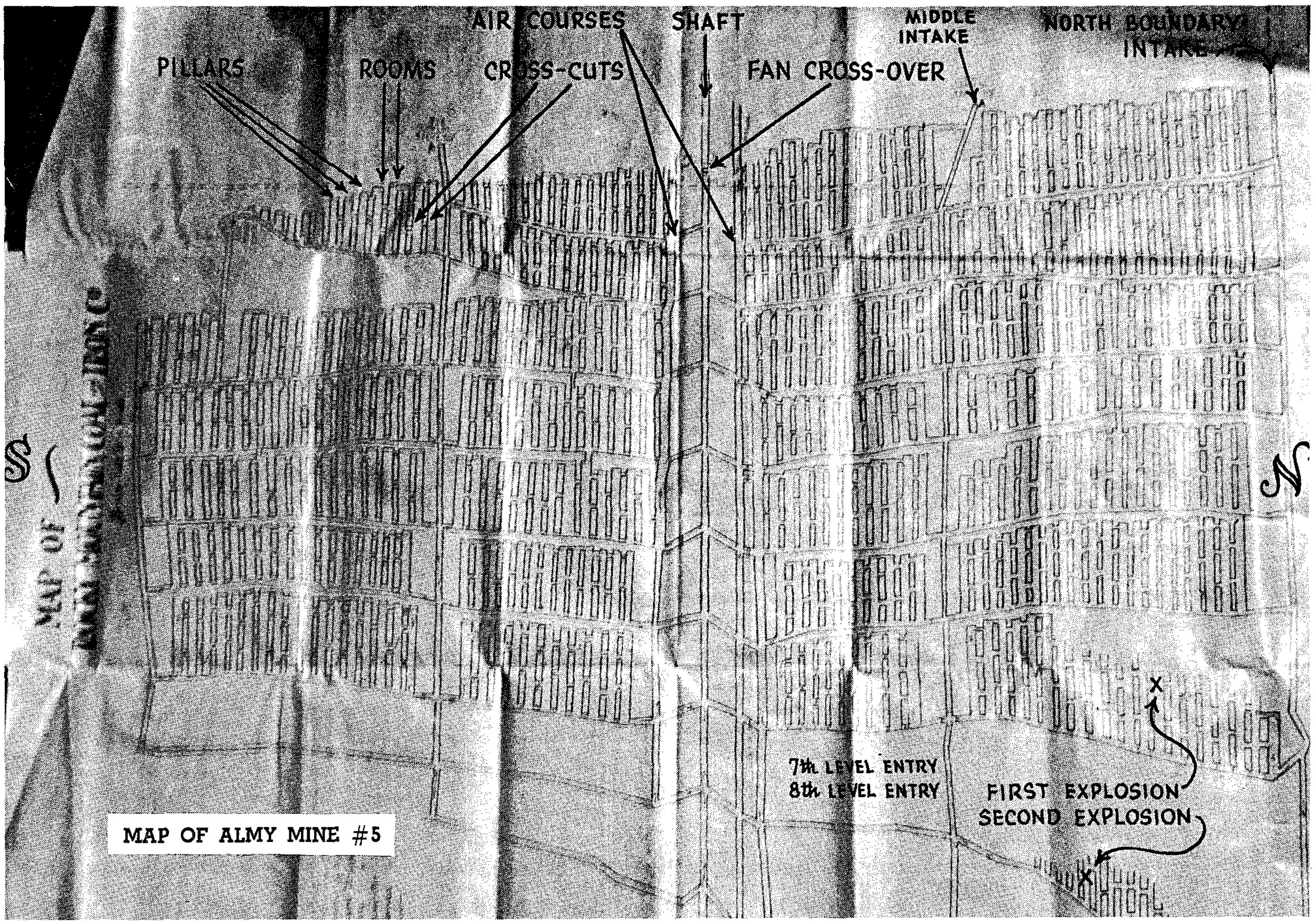
It was quite a walk to the work on the seventh level. The twenty-second room in the north seventh level was 1,540 feet from the main shaft. They were working on the lower coal in the room.

Work was also progressing in the other eight rooms, finishing the level to a full thirty rooms to the north boundary intake, 2,100 feet from the main shaft. Already cars had been lowered out of rooms 24 and 25, loaded and ready, but two broken drill bits in room 22 held them up.

Finally the hole was drilled and the metal drill was removed from the coal seam. The hole was carefully cleaned of coal dust. A five-pound can of powder was opened and the black powder was poured into the hole, being tamped in tight. A fuse was placed in the hole and more powder added. Plugging material

Almy Mine #5, showing surface damage a few days after the explosion. Entrance to the mine is just in front of man in mining car.





MAP OF ALMY MINE #5

tamped in tight around the top of the hole formed an air-tight seal and the charge was ready to be fired.

The miners ran into the adjoining rooms as the fuse was lit, sputtering, spitting, almost going out once or twice, growing shorter and shorter. Seconds ticked by in this tiny world of tunnels and coal and men waited patiently as the tiny flame of the fuse disappeared into the sealing material of the charge. Then suddenly at 5:45 p.m., March 20, 1895, the black dirty tombs rebelled, and time stopped.

There was an ear-splitting blast, followed in thirty seconds by a second loud blast, followed in another thirty seconds by a dull "whump." Flame and dust shot out of the mouth of the main shaft succeeded by a hail of timber and boards. The shock was felt for nearly a mile in all directions. And then began the shrill whistle of the boiler house bringing its message of death to the residents of the valley.

People tumbled from their homes trembling with fear. In the dusk the smoke and dust rising in a cloud over Almy Number Five was just visible. As the shrill whistle continued, wives, mothers, brothers, and relatives began to run toward the mine. Some hitched up buggies and wagons and raced to the scene.

Miners were being pulled to the surface in Mines Four and Six in case of another explosion. Men from the day shift had turned back, numb with shock and disbelief. Their mine had one of the best safety records but this explosion was a bad one—a major catastrophe.

Surface damage had been extensive. Windows in the stone boiler house were broken. The lower part of the back of the tipple housing had been blown out and that part of the building had actually been split in half from the force of the blast. The covering that protected the mouth of the shaft from slides of rock and dirt was demolished. The stone housing for the huge twenty-foot fan had been reduced to a pile of rubble. So great had been the force of the explosion that wooden timbers used as bracing inside the main shaft had been blown through the sides of a railroad car over 150 feet away. Mining cars were virtually wiped off the tipple tracks and blown to pieces, some cars lying as far as seventy feet away.

Work parties were being organized as the rubble was searched for anyone who might be alive on the surface. Two men were found in the tipple and two more on the tipple tracks. They had been caught in the hail of timber and boards from the shaft and had died instantly. Another body was recovered from the demolished fan house.

The two men who were watching the fighting dogs were both on the ground, both dead. It is said that neither man had a mark on him and must have been killed by the concussion alone. The death toll at this time, a few minutes after the disaster, stood at seven.

SMOKE had ceased to pour from the shaft entrance and the air-intakes, indicating that the mine was not on fire. This was encouraging for even a small fire could flood the mine with choking smoke, greatly hampering rescue operations.

The shaft entrance was cleared of timber, boards and other debris and people watched apprehensively as the rescue party began the dangerous job of searching for survivors. There was still a faint hope that maybe some had survived the terrible blast.

The heavy supporting timbers along the main shaft had been blown out and lay crossways in the passage. In many places "falls" from the roof had clogged the tunnel with rock and debris. Boards used to seal off the abandoned levels had been splintered and blown inwardly from the force of the explosion, reducing the flow of air. Beyond the fourth level, the shaft dropped to a steep 19% grade; from that point on, much of the fall had to be moved upward. Volunteers began working in shifts, clearing the main shaft; attempts to get down the air-intakes had proved futile.

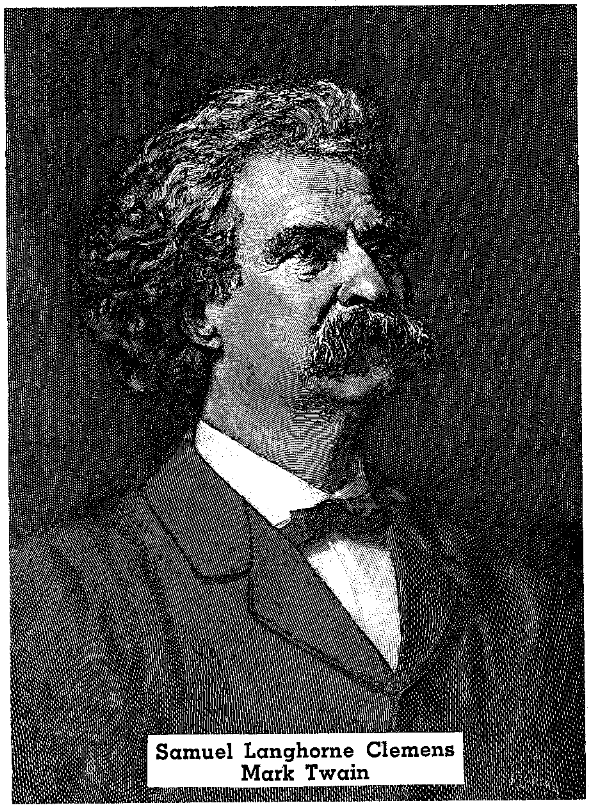
On the surface, the people waited fearfully. For some women, now quietly sobbing for the men killed on the surface, the terrible tragedy was ended. For the rest, the horrible nightmare of death and sorrow was just beginning. Volunteers from the Mormon Church served food to the men of the work parties, giving what comfort and consolation they could to the families of the dead, expressing hope and encouragement for the men in the mine.

When the first tired men came out of the earth, they announced that the rescue party had reached the seventh level. Just how long it had taken to get this far, no one knew or cared. The terrible tension of nerves and fear mounted as the people awaited word from the depths.

At the seventh level, work was halted momentarily to reorganize. Several men had been hurt by falling rock and these were helped back to the surface. The rescue party was now separated into two groups, one to start into the seventh level, the other to continue to the eighth level.

At the seventh level, hopes momentarily rose. The frayed ends of a broken rope used to lower loaded cars down from the level to the slope were not burned or even singed. The men were

(Continued on page 53)



Samuel Langhorne Clemens
Mark Twain

New Harpers Monthly Magazine—May, 1896

MEET Mark Twain!

By RAYMOND J. MAST

East was East and West was West—and both the Twain did meet...

ONCE a nobody, always remembered. That was Sam Clemens. Whether serving in the Confederate Army, mining in Esmeralda, or beginning a legendary writing career as "Mark Twain" on the *Territorial Enterprise* in Viginia City, Nevada Territory, Sam Clemens left his mark. It was in the West that he developed his shrewd, good-humored, cynical way of writing.

His urge to see Nevada came in mid-June, 1861, two weeks after he had joined the Confederate Army as a second lieutenant. Clemens didn't care much for war and resigned his position, explaining he was "incapacitated by fatigue through persistent retreating."

Clemens began a 1,700-mile journey with his brother Orion, who had accepted a position in Carson City as Secretary of the Nevada Territory. Before that summer, he had rarely ventured west of the Mississippi.

Sam didn't stay in Carson City, though. Struck by mining fever two months after he arrived in the Territory, Clemens had repaired to the Esmeralda district.

Strangely enough, he did all right at mining—momentarily, that is. In fact, with Cal Higbe, Clemens was a millionaire for over a week after the two located the Wide West Mine.

They were supposed to work the mine for ten days to establish their claim, but Higbe went on a wild trip to hunt for a lost cement mine and Sam went off to play nursemaid to a sick friend. After nine days, the two erstwhile millionaires returned to their claim to find a horde of miners in possession of it. Thirteen months later Clemens said goodbye to the Esmeralda mining district. The Wide West turned out to be worthless.

During his apprenticeship as a miner, Clemens had written humorous letters to the *Enterprise* under the pen name, "Josh." The Josh letters were satires, designed to meet the requirements of frontier humor. One such letter was a caricature of a speech given by an egotistical lecturer, to whom Josh gave the name, "Professor Personal Pronoun." Josh said he couldn't report the lecture in full since he had exhausted his supply of capital "I"s.

Because of the rousing reception given the Josh letters, Clemens was offered a job on the *Enterprise*. By his standards, the pay wasn't much—$25 a week. He wrote to his mother and sister, informing them he could earn $20,000 a year if he wanted. "But I don't suppose I shall ever be any account . . . ; I don't care a cent whether school keeps or not."

It is true that Sam Clemens didn't take to newspaper journalism as it took to him. In fact, it was with great reluctance that he entered the field. Even when he left the wild mining country of Esmeralda, Clemens wasn't happy about entering the lowly profession of frontier journalism. Reportedly walking sixty or seventy of the miles between Esmeralda and Virginia City, he drifted into the city sometime in September, 1862, not noticeably different from the other bewhiskered, dust-covered nomads who wandered through its streets.

CLEMENS' daily duty on the *Enterprise* was to write two columns—or about thirty inches—of local news and unsigned editorials, but it was for other journalistic endeavors that Clemens became famous.

While covering the Territorial Legislation and the State Constitutional Convention in Carson City, he dispatched numerous letters to his editor. Clemens liked best to write letters. He had an unquenchable urge to share all of his experiences—despite the triviality of some of them.

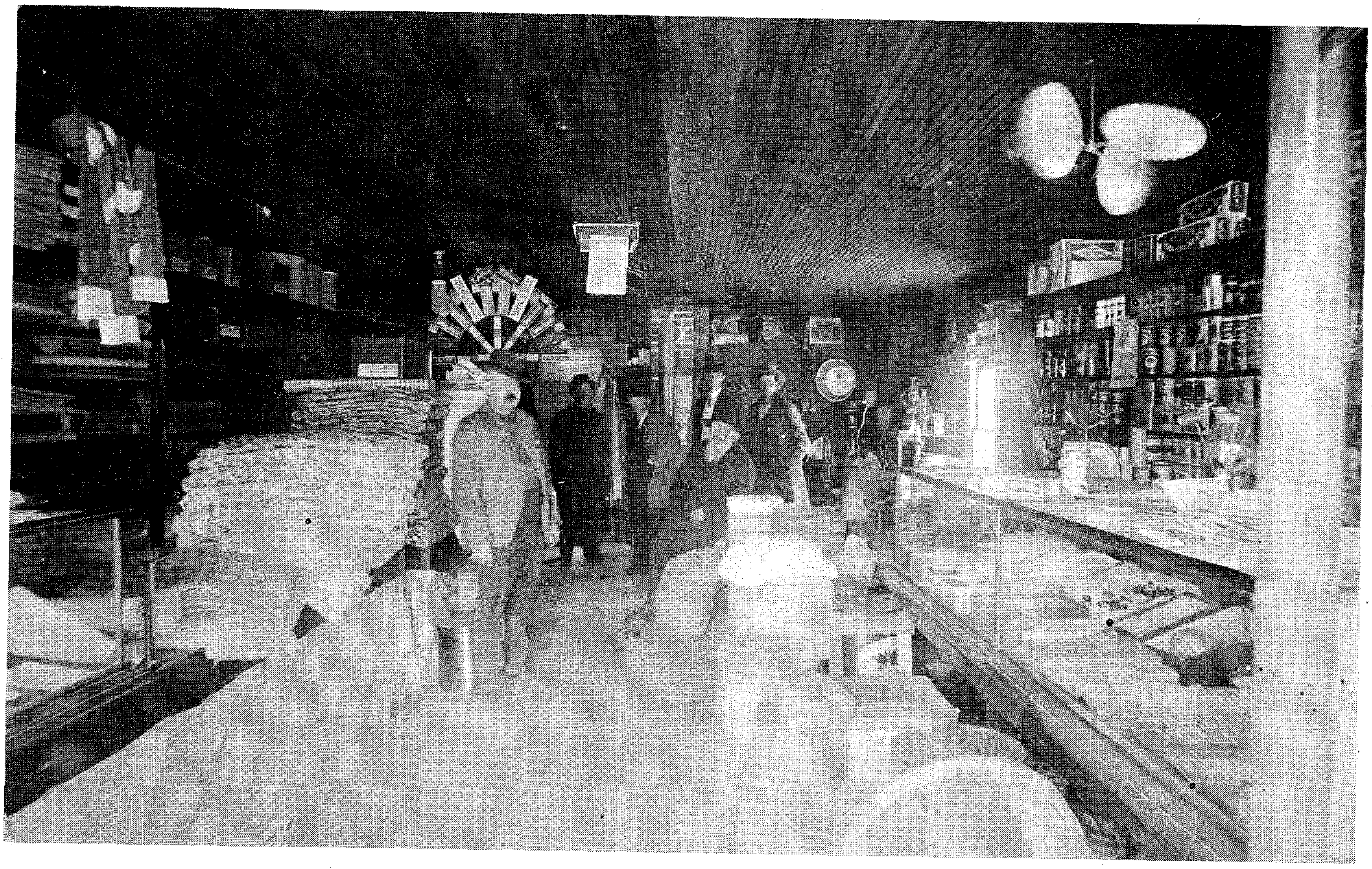
He once wrote a letter (on eight widely divergent subjects) in which this journalistic gem appeared:

"Col. Williams, of the House, who says I mutilate his eloquence, addressed a note to me this morning, to the effect that I had given his constituents wrong impressions concerning him, and nothing but blood would satisfy him. I sent him a turnip (circumference, forty inches; weight, a fraction over eighteen pounds) on a handbarrow, requesting him to extract from it a sufficient quantity of blood to restore his equilibrium—(which I regarded as a very excellent joke). Col. Williams ate it (raw) during the usual prayer by the chaplain."

Another time, one summer in San Francisco, Clemens received a letter from a Comstock belle asking him to include in his letters something of the fashions in the port city. He replied there was one damsel with a unique headdress crowned with "a graceful pomme de terre (apple of the earth) . . . who had her hair done up in papers—greenbacks."

Some of the most famous entertainers of the time made Virginia City a "must" on their Western tour. Among them was "The Menken" (Adah Isaacs Menken) fresh from Paris and San Francisco with

(Continued on page 58)



Inside the Gilles store about 1906. The author's father is at left front.

Cruelest of

By
ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.

Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS a hot, sunshiny Saturday in the late summer of 1902, and it was the Saturday that they were holding horse races. They were white man's races. That is to say, each horse owner had to pay an entrance fee for any horse he wished to run in any particular race. This fee money was added to the prize money the racing committee was offering.

A very old Indian, Mo-cho-rook, who owned two fine racing stallions and always rode his own horses whenever he raced them, was standing near the finish line in the shade of a saloon building, holding the reins of his large sorrel stallion. He was entered in a half-mile race, on the straightaway track, and from a standing start.

When the call came for all horses in the race Mo-cho-rook had entered to proceed to the starting line, the old Indian prepared to mount. He was the focal point for all eyes. Most people, white and Indian, knew he was very old, even if they did not know that the Comanche roll showed him to be seventy-seven.

He was small, possibly five feet, two or three inches tall, and weighed around 110 pounds. He always rode bareback. When, with hands on the sorrel's withers, he attempted to vault onto the horse, it quickly sidestepped. Mo-cho-rook came down on his feet and did not lose his balance, but the larger Indian boys, and some of the younger Indian men, began to give him a bad time.

It was as though they had been waiting for him to make a mistake. They were telling him he was too old even to get on a horse, let alone ride one. Some of the remarks were even more ribald. The old Indian turned his angry gaze on them and spat out an invective that tended to silence them. What he said was not in my vocabulary, and I never learned what he called them.

He turned back to his horse, shortened up his hold on the reins, and vaulted completely over the stallion, landing lightly on his feet, and then vaulted onto the horse's back. Then he proceeded to the starting line, and won himself a horse race.

I have stood near this horse's shoulders, and his withers were higher than my eyes, possibly as high as the top of my head, five feet, ten and a half inches. In other words, this horse stood seventeen to eighteen hands high.

The old fellow was almost too fabulous to believe. As nearly as I was able to discern, he was already a Comanche legend—held in awe by the other Indians, especially by the younger ones. Maybe he was the bogeyman the elders threatened the children with. This one time was the only time I ever saw anyone try to take liberties with him. I doubt that those young Indians would have done so then, but for the presence of many white people, U. S. marshals, and Indian police.

ALMOST any version of the story of the one-eyed man at the three-ringed circus could have been applied to me when I hit the Comanche country in the early days of March, 1902. I had had my fourteenth birthday in January. Everything was new. Everything was wonderful. I would not have changed a single thing.

Since I am Scotch, the love of land is as much a part of me as the color of my skin or my hair. I am not trying to sound poetic when I say that the sweep of the grass-covered Comanche prairies was soul-satisfying. West Cache Creek, then the most beautiful of prairie streams, furnished the finest fishing and swimming that I have ever enjoyed, anywhere, anytime.

There were wild ducks most months of the year, snipe, kildee, plover, doves, curlew, and some bobwhite for my gun. The young of a small variety of cottontail rabbits that lived in the prairie dog towns, and were called prairie dog rabbits, fell to my rifle. They were superior to chickens for frying, and there were few chickens in the country.

Who else but Mo-Cho-Rook would own a 33-foot lariat plaited from women's hair— Mexican, Indian and Anglo

COMANCHES?

Even the great multitude of new tasks was soul-inspiring. I went ahead with the freight wagons to the little inland town later to be known as Faxon, near where the present town of Faxon, Oklahoma, is. There was the freighting of lumber for the trading store my father planned to establish, the erection of the store building, and the freighting of the merchandise, clerking in the store, seeing all the new faces, continually meeting new people, and learning new names.

But none of these wonders was equal to seeing, meeting, and knowing the Comanche Indians. This was especially true when I sensed that one group was inclined to be especially friendly toward me and made me feel that I was, in effect, one of them. This group was made up of the older men—the warrior group. They ranged in age from the late forties upward. I remember that in my mind I classed most of them as being in their fifties. Men obviously sixty and over were very scarce.

Since apparently all primitive people are attracted by large men, it well may be that my size helped me with my Comanche friendships. In my fifteenth year I largely had my growth. I was bigger than most men, and my muscles were well developed. Within my skills, I could do a man's work, and did. I continued to grow some until I was sixteen and was actually taller then than I am now. I knew only three old Comanches who were taller than I. Quanah Parker and Comanche Jack were two of them.

I was properly thrilled. Here was living history. Here were men who had ridden the war trails to the bitter end: Adobe Walls, Palo Duro Canyon, the retreat to the Big Springs Mountains, and then to the surrender at Fort Sill, in June, 1875.

I had nothing in common with the teen-agers. They didn't work, fish, or hunt as I did. There was no common meeting ground. What I called the Carlisle group, the older young people who had been to the Pennsylvania school and were much better educated than I, by and large ignored me. I have thought since that perhaps they were a trifle jealous of the attention the old fellows gave me. There was a conscious emotional gap between these educated Indians and the old fellows.

Soon after I arrived, an old squaw man gave me some very valuable information and advice. It summed up about like this: "If a white man wants to gain the friendship and respect of the Comanche, he must stay completely apart from the Comanche women and girls." He explained it this way. Comanche women are supposed to have no communication, other than the most necessary, with men folks other than their own, and this applied with extra force to white men. Comanche men held their women to strict account as to their conduct, and a white man could cause a Comanche woman serious trouble, unaware, should he try to be friendly. I lived up to this rule in every respect. Then, in addition, I naturally extended to all Indian women and girls every courtesy I had been taught to extend to women of my own race. This, too, may have had some bearing.

I COULD not help but notice Mo-cho-rook. He was a standout in every way. To start with, he was obviously the oldest of the old Indians. He was noticeably smaller than any of the other Indian men. And what was even more obvious, he had only one wife. And of all the old fellows, he had by far the youngest wife and the youngest child. He was completely antisocial. I not only never gleaned a smile, but I never even drew a grunt from him, in the five-plus years that I knew him.

On top of all this, he had about the meanest look and the cruelest eyes I have ever seen on a human. I was later to know Geronimo, who was being held as a prisoner of war at Fort Sill. If anyone could have run Mo-cho-rook even a close second for looking mean and cruel, it would have been Geronimo.

The only time Mo-cho-rook ever came inside the store was when he needed smoking tobacco. He would have his nickel ready in his hand, would point to the Bull Durham, and when I handed him the tobacco, he would hand me the nickel. My fattest smile never brought a change in his expression. Once he had his tobacco, he would return outside. I never knew him to stay inside even during the most inclement weather.

His wife was a young, large-limbed girl with the true Comanche copper color. She had a baby boy, around a year old. He was old enough to be out of the cradle board, but that first summer was not walking as yet. He was a healthy-looking little chap and, like all Indian babies, well behaved. I was later to learn that this child was the only one ever born to Mo-cho-rook, by any of his numerous wives. His squaw nearly always stayed in our store until they were ready to go home, and she bought all their supplies. He was one of the few Indians who never found it necessary, at one time or another, to run an account until Grass Money time.

Sometimes Mo-cho-rook would butcher a steer and bring at least part of it into town to sell. More properly, I should say to let people buy it. The extreme selling effort he made was to pull the tarpaulin back so that you could see the meat, if you walked up. He hauled the meat in the back end of a small hack, or spring wagon, and I assume he took home whatever he failed to sell and dried it.

When you indicated the cut you wanted, he waited until you showed him how much money you had; then he would cut your meat with a very sharp hunting knife that had about an eight-inch blade. He had no scale to weigh your meat, nor did he have anything to wrap it in. You carried your meat home in your hand, unless you had the foresight to bring something to wrap it in. He gave you good value for your money. I recall weighing his meat only once, and it ran about five cents a pound. This was only half of what a white butcher would have charged you, had there been a white butcher around.

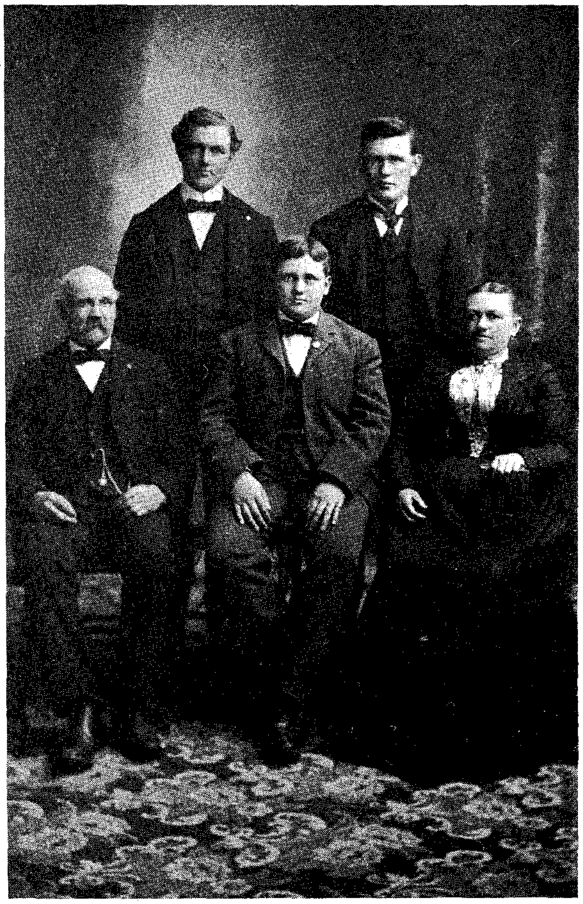
Fresh meat was hard to get. There was no ice for the first two or three years, and a butcher didn't have much leeway in warm weather. Meat had to be sold the first day. We were entirely dependent on people who would bet that they could sell a beef out before it spoiled. Generally speaking, you only got to buy fresh meat on Saturdays when there were the most people in town.

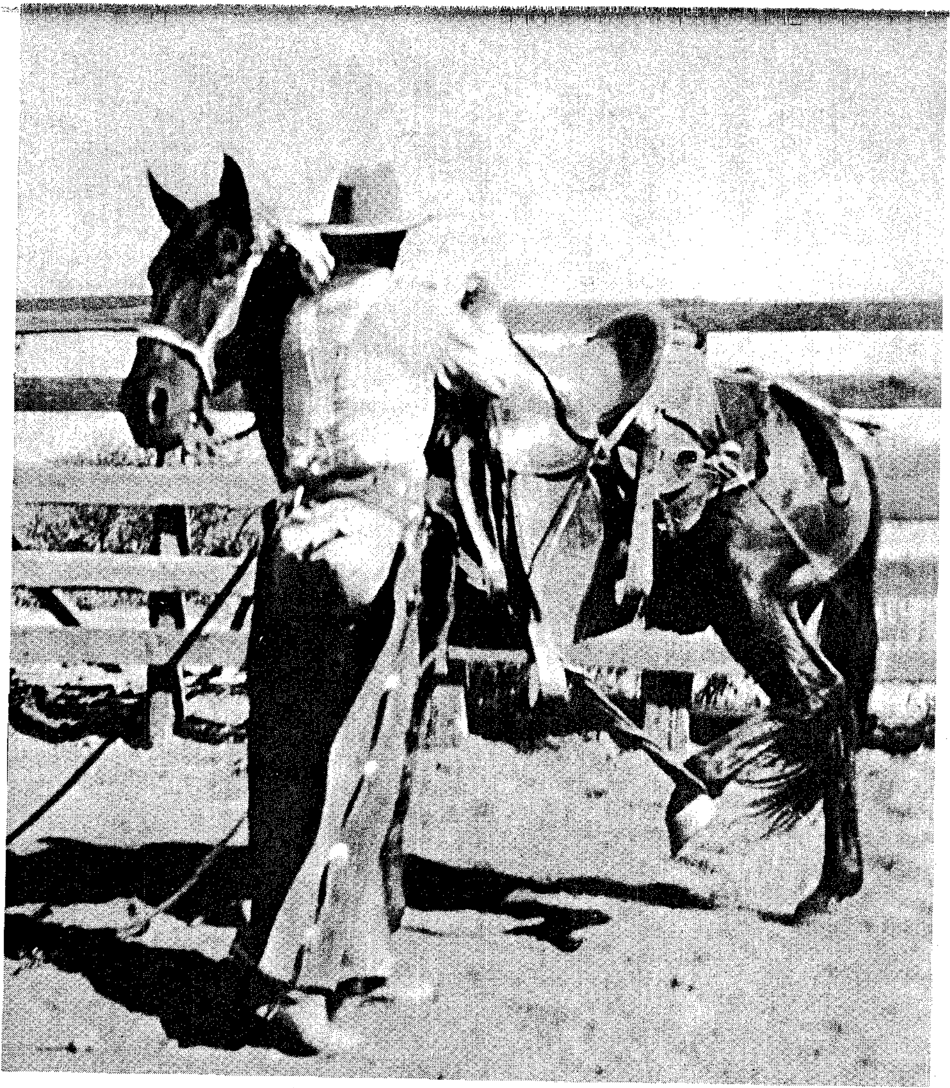
I was making every effort to gain a working knowledge of the Comanche language, and anytime I had a friendly Indian in the store I would be writing down the names of things and acquiring useful phrases. Several months passed before I had learned enough so that I could ask some of the old fellows about Mo-cho-rook. The young men didn't care to discuss him. It could have been that they felt he was Bad Medicine.

One day I braced an old chap who was

(Continued on page 52)

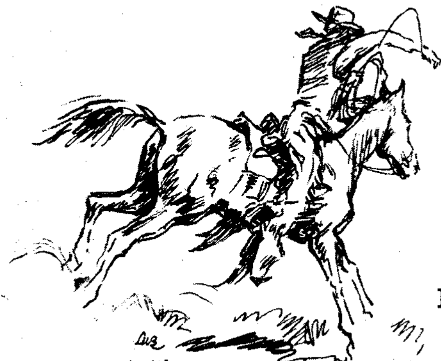
The author and his family, photographed just before the move to Oklahoma Territory in 1902.





An unruly bronc is about to be busted.

From "Life on the Texas Range" by Smith-Haley
University of Texas Press



Rough String

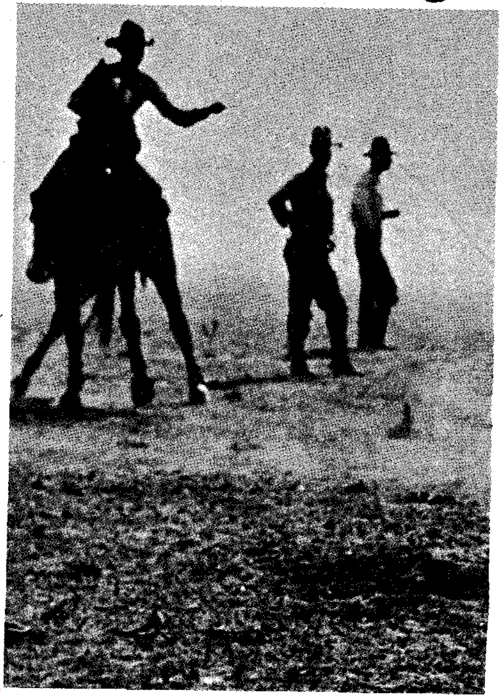
By MILT HINKLE

Milt wasn't a man to beat a bronc on the head. From the shoulders back, yes, but not on the head. Nevertheless, when he rode in from a horse camp, the wild ones were ready for a one-rope corral!

BACK in 1905, I worked for the L. F. D. in Texas. I remember that we started the cow wagon about the middle of April, when the grass was up so our horses *could eat it.* It was after we had gathered and shipped the two- and three-year-old steers and spayed heifers, and had dipped all cattle for the scab. It took us until the last of June to work the ranch. During this time we rounded up well over 75,000 head.

The wagon pulled into headquarters and we all moved into the bunkhouse for a rest of several days before riding the fences, putting out salt, fixing the many big windmills and greasing them. And we had to get ready for the roping and riding contest on July 4 at Plainview, a town fifty-eight miles from Canyon, and to get some needed rest before we started the branding wagon which always started after July 1 each year. Each ranch had from one to four head of old outlaw bucking horses to take along to the celebration. There was the X.I.T., The Drag Y, the X.L., the Mashed O, the Mule Shoe, and the Long S. (A short while before, a part of the X.I.T. had been sold.)

Most of the ranchers would carry their own chuckwagons in order to have a place for the boys to eat and get a little sleep. Every year there was a parade, a big free-for-all barbecue, races to see who had the fastest horse, riding of the bucking horses to test which ranch had the hardest horse to ride—and most of all which ranch had the best rider.



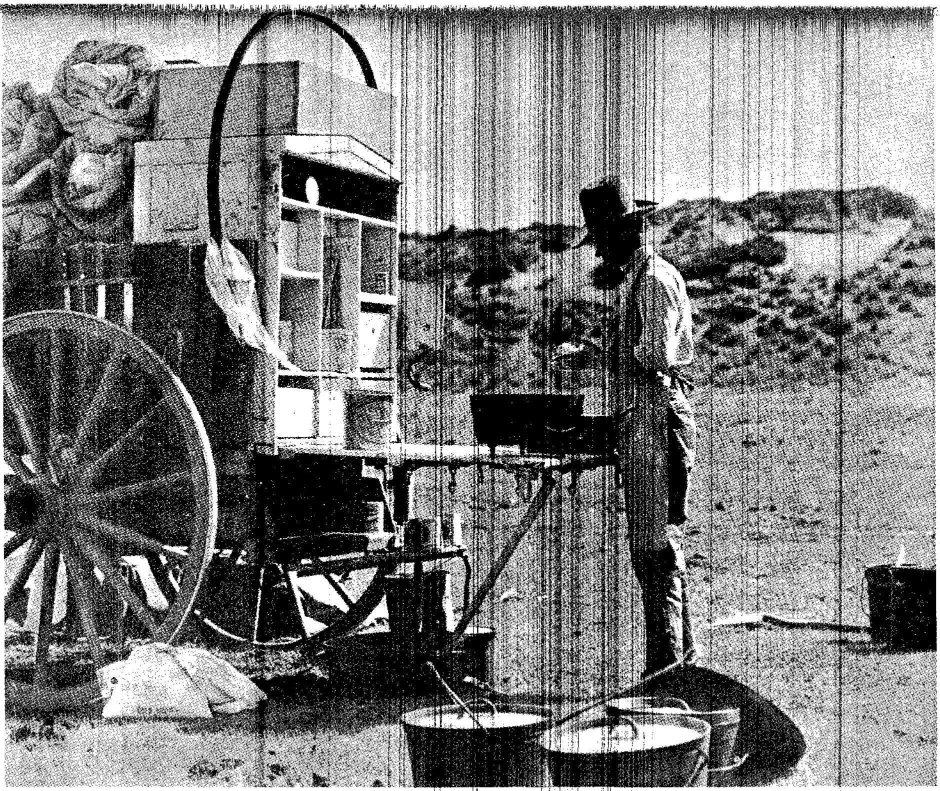
Now you believe me or not, but there were only five rough-string riders. All of the ranches had good straight riders—good ranchhands—but few of them could ride the outlaw bucking horses. The five were Ernest Hoffman from the Mashed O Ranch; Luther Swaner from the L. T. D.; George Chamblis, then working for the Long S Ranch, owned by the Slaughters; Rawles Miller who lived near Plainview and broke horses for all ranches; and myself from the L. F. D.

The top bucking horses were selected by the wagon bosses. Their names were put on small pieces of paper torn from one of the tally books, and we drew out of a big hat the horses we were to ride in the contest. An old-time cowboy by the name of John Kitchen who was the father of a young rider named Johnny Kitchen, was the judge.

Hoffman and I were the only two who were not bucked off. What horses! The judge called it a draw between Hoffman and me, with the understanding we were each to ride the other two top bucking horses that had not been ridden. This was agreed. I lucked out and rode old Windmill, a real bucking horse who later was sold to Kit Carson's Wild West Show. My pal Hoffman was not so lucky, as Vinegar Roan, one of the Long S Ranch horses, dumped him.

Phelps White, owner of the L. F. D., did a lot of bragging; Hamlin Hill only said a few words—said he was glad to see the L. F. D. boy win. The prize money was only $25.00 first, $15.00 second, and $10.00 third. The money meant *nothing; it* was the honor for the ranch. Hoffman and I split all the money.

A big dance was held that night on an open-air platform built on the ground. There was lots of dancing by me and lots of red-eye drinking by the others. While they were celebrating, I was having a time with the single girls, as well as with some married ones whose husbands were drinking.



From "Life on the Texas Range" by Smith-Haley
University of Texas Press

Sourdough biscuits in the making

AFTER a big time at Plainview, it was back to the ranches to brand the calf crop. We knew it would take us twenty-five to thirty days to work the range and brand twenty to twenty-two thousand calves.

We headed for the north pastures in order to work south, and made camp about mid-afternoon by a windmill called North Star. The rest of the day we just rolled out our beds, washed socks, shirts, and so on. Some of us sat around the wagon talking about the big time we had at the celebration and just looking across the great Staked Plains—all those many miles of open level country covered with an abundance of short but good buffalo grass. You could see cattle grazing at this time of day—just before sundown—and what a sight. Wild antelope, by the hundreds, mixed with the cattle. The breeze blowing across the prairie, life out in the open, working with cowboys and cows, it was a life I loved.

We were up at daylight and to the chuckwagon for the best meals ever cooked, by the greatest of all ranch cooks, Buttermilk Smith. Herewith I give you his recipe for making sourdough bread. I remember just how he made the mix.

To start, be sure to use an earthenware crock, one gallon size or larger, and one cake of yeast, dissolved in a quart of warm water. Add two teaspoons of sugar and one quart of sifted flour. Mix in the crock good, then let set until light and slightly aged (thirty to forty hours). Do not let it get too sour. Don't let the sponge chill.

Now, in a pan, sift and hollow out the flour. Pour two cups of the sourdough starter into the hollow, add one-half teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of sugar, and one tablespoon of baking powder. Just sprinkle it all over the sponge, then mix well to a soft firm dough.

Lift out on a lightly floured board or table, and roll with a large bottle or rolling pin. Pat the dough to a thickness of about one-half inch (if you like big biscuits) and cut out. Place in a well-greased pan, or your chuckwagon Dutch oven. Be sure to grease the tops of biscuits and let them set in the pan from four to five minutes before baking.

They should take about ten to twelve minutes to brown in an oven of 500 degrees; if baking in a Dutch oven, be sure it is good and hot with coal under and on the lid. The closer the biscuits are crowded into the pan, the higher they will rise.

To keep the starter going, always add a cup of warm water and whatever flour is needed to reach the consistency of the first starter. Then set aside until your biscuit time again. With patience and practice, you should make as good biscuits as Old Buttermilk Smith, the greatest of the chuckwagon cooks.

Horses roped, the cowhands were ready to start the roundup of the north pasture. Hamlin and I knew the pasture would be easy as it was only about ten miles square and we could see the cows with their new crop of baby calves.

We did not make a circle, just directed our men which direction to go, with instructions when they reached the fence to split up and drive the cattle toward the wagon. We would hold the herd there for the branding of the calves. We had no branding corrals in those days, no branding chutes, no squeeze chutes. We roped the calves right out of the herd and dragged them to the fire where the branding irons were heated red hot over cow chips.

It was right here on the same Staked Plains, on this luxurious grass, that the first single branded cow was put in 1876. In 1870 Texas had a population so sparse that half the state still belonged to the Indians and buffalo. On the fire at this branding we were near buffalo bedding grounds, and thirty years later, we were using the buffalo chips along with cow chips to heat our branding irons.

Before Texas put a single branded cow here where we were working on the Panhandle Plains (which began to be stocked in earnest in 1887) they had driven millions of longhorns up the trail, and here in this pasture the old trails passed. Deep ruts in the ground as much as a foot deep and eighteen inches wide still showed.

After 1888, the north flowing stream of longhorns became a dribble, my dad said. By 1895, the trails out of Texas were all fenced across or plowed under. Dad helped build the fence on the old X.I.T. Ten million cattle, it has been authoritatively estimated, were driven over the trails between 1886 and 1890.

NOW back to our branding. We had sent a couple of men with the windmill wagon and team to the grounds where cattle had bedded down for the night and chips were plentiful. Some big gray flats would burn good, but the round brownies were the best, as they had lots

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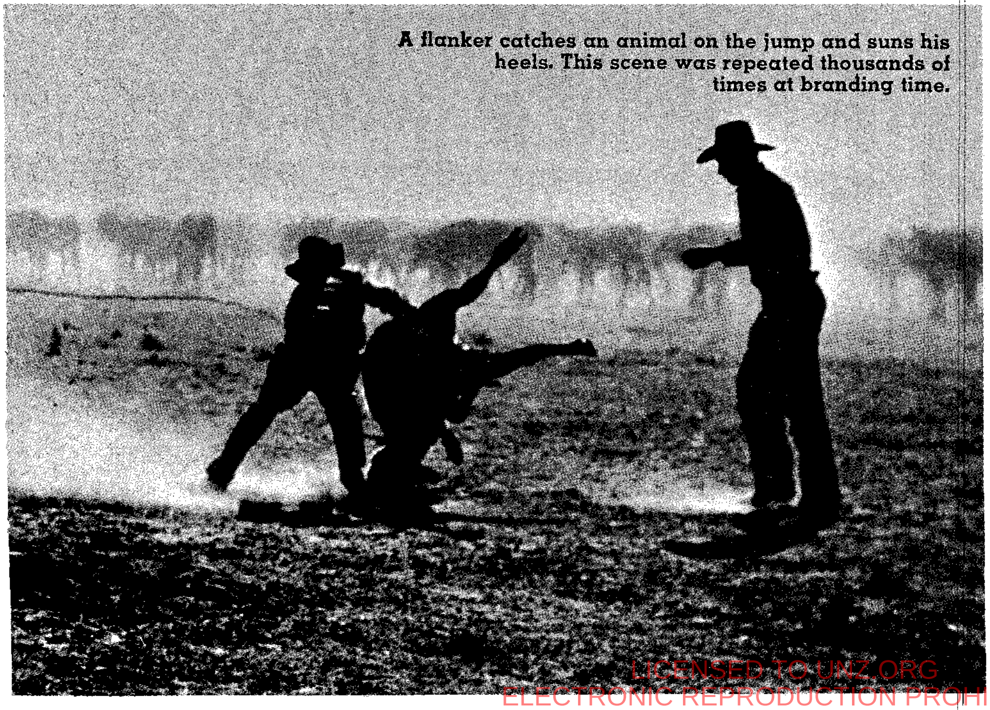
Rider

From "Life on the Texas Range" by Smith-Haley
University of Texas Press



A flanker catches an animal on the jump and suns his heels. This scene was repeated thousands of times at branding time.

MARKED FOR DEATH!

By DOROTHEA MAGDALENE FOX

CHICO CANO SAID THAT JOE SITTERS HAD TO DIE—THAT HE WOULD SEE TO IT PERSONALLY. AND HE DID...

JOE SITTERS first became a member of Company D of the Frontier Battalion of the Texas Rangers in 1893. He also served as Custom Inspector and river guard on the International Border during the turbulent times of cattle rustling and Mexican outlawry along the Rio Grande. Because Sitters had gone through hellfire and gunsmoke, he was once interviewed by the famous author, Zane Grey, before he wrote, *The Lone Star Ranger*, the popular western novel that was based on the life of an outlaw who roamed the Border Country.

How the law enforcement work of the Texas Rangers enabled the men to stalk and track down their enemies until they "got their man," is revealed in Grey's book. Dedicated to El Paso's famous Captain John R. Hughes and his formidable Texas Rangers, the preface quotes Ranger Joe Sitters' vernacular speech about the bustling Border—"It shore is 'most as bad an' wild as ever."

Grey talked to some of the troopers who had been wounded in a skirmish and noticed that Ranger Sitters stroked a bad bullet wound that had not yet healed, while Ranger Vaughn talked with a bandaged head. The men recounted the story of their ambush in unfriendly territory. It was to these patient men of tough fibre, that he dedicated with praise his tales of .45 calibre law in frontier Texas when that state was raw, rough and red with blood.

Mrs. Mattie Sitters Baca, a daughter and the youngest of Joe's six children, recalls an exciting, and often dangerous, childhood.

"We were raised on a ranch near Valentine. Father was a rancher before he became a Ranger. My mother was left alone a great deal. Father was often away on long pack trips. He could never tell us where he was going because of the nature of his work. When the informers or mysterious persons came to talk to my father, he and the men would go down to the corral. My brothers were never allowed to hear what was discussed, but I always tagged along after my father. I was the little one in the family, too small to understand. When Father was home I was always at his heels.

"I was always proud of him. I can remember his wide-brimmed light felt hat. the large cartridge belt around his waist, the long slender Winchester which he carried, and the high black boots that he wore in the brush country.

"My mother was Margarita Hinckley from San Elizario. Grandfather was John Hinckley who owned the old mill there. But Mother was born in La Mesilla, New Mexico, where she attended the convent school. Mother's people were part Mexican and German while Father's people originally came from Alsace-Lorraine, and settled in Castroville, Texas.

"Father was born and raised in Castroville and Rio Medino near San Antonio. He had bright blue eyes and reddish blond hair. His eyes saw everything, and he was quick with a gun, too!" laughed Mrs. Baca.

"We had many happy days at the ranch in Valentine. Each of us had a horse to ride, six of us! We were all proud of our own horse and saddle, but my sister, Maria, was the proudest of all. She had a beautiful saddle that came from Pancho Villa."

Mrs. Baca's grey-green eyes smiled as she said, "Father had become acquainted with Villa and they became good friends. Villa knew Dad had a ranch. One day he asked if he had any daughters.

"'Yes, I do,' answered my dad.

"'Do you have a daughter Maria?'

"'Yes!'

"'I like that name,' said Villa. 'I will give you a fine Mexican saddle for your daughter.'

"Father was surprised. We were all excited when Dad came home with the beautiful gift. And Maria! She was so proud of that heavy hand-made Mexican saddle!

"Father and Villa had often met on both sides of the Border. Many people, including my father, thought that Villa was a good leader of his people. Even Captain John Hughes spoke well of him. He often said that when Villa gave his word, he kept it, and he was always a true friend. He never proved to be a traitor, and Captain Hughes admired the strong loyalty of the man. To him that was an essential quality in friendship between men, and a quality especially needed in law enforcement work."

Mrs. Baca then explained that, later, the Rangers could not associate or be seen with the Mexican leaders because of the Revolution and the tense feelings along the Border.

"MY FATHER was injured in a skirmish in 1913 while he was still living in Valentine. He was moved to El Paso for hospitalization at Hotel Dieu. He soon recovered, but he was always in danger.

"One of the worst outlaws along the Border was Chico Cano who had a big band of ruthless Mexican smugglers. He constantly taunted my father and his men. He hated Dad and he said he was 'out to get him.' Dad was a Custom Inspector then—a regular river guard along the Rio Grande. It was tough, exacting work.

"Dad had been with Captain Hughes' Rangers as a private, and of course, the salary was not big. When a chance came to go into the Customs Inspection work, Dad chose that because the salary was more, twice as large, I believe. He requested a transfer from Company D Rangers to the Customs Department. Captain Hughes did nothing to stop his men from leaving the service.

"Various departments often needed the experience of the Texas men. At one time a certain Customs official secretly visited Captain Hughes to request names of good fighters who would be able to stop the outlawry raging so rampant against the Texas cattlemen."

Mrs. Baca went on to explain that the situation was trying then because many "Eastern dudes" had been appointed to the Border. They knew nothing about tracking and fighting an enemy in brush country and wild mountain canyons. While these men had book learning and were able to pass rigid written tests, they did not know how to fight Mexicans on their own grounds when there was a great deal of natural protection for the enemy. The dudes were popped off easily and the outlaws stole more Texas cattle than ever. Smugglers also carried more contraband than ever back and forth across the Rio Grande. The Mexicans were having an easy time after the dudes were hired.

These conditions made the Texans furious. They wrote their opinions and complaints to Washington in scathing letters. Finally the effects of their demands reached down to the local level; the El Paso Customs Official was advised to get proper assistance. He consulted Captain Hughes, who recommended Joe Sitters and another Texas Ranger to aid him in his difficult work.

Sitters was trained to track like a wolf. He had not lived in the rough frontier country for nothing; he knew how to read sign like an Indian. His practiced eyes could spot all of the barely discernible traces which a passing animal or man leaves.

It was Sitters' job to round up the trouble-makers. Several weeks earlier the dude officials had met with ambush. On top of that they were not able to follow the trail of the "wet steers" which the Mexicans had brought into Texas under their very noses.

When Sitters joined the Custom men to lead the party, three weeks had already passed. It was also February when the stark stirring winds blew and dislodged some of the traces, yet Sitters soon saw the signs along the river. He pointed out a broken twig here and a dangling hair that was caught on a branch. He amazed the raw recruits as

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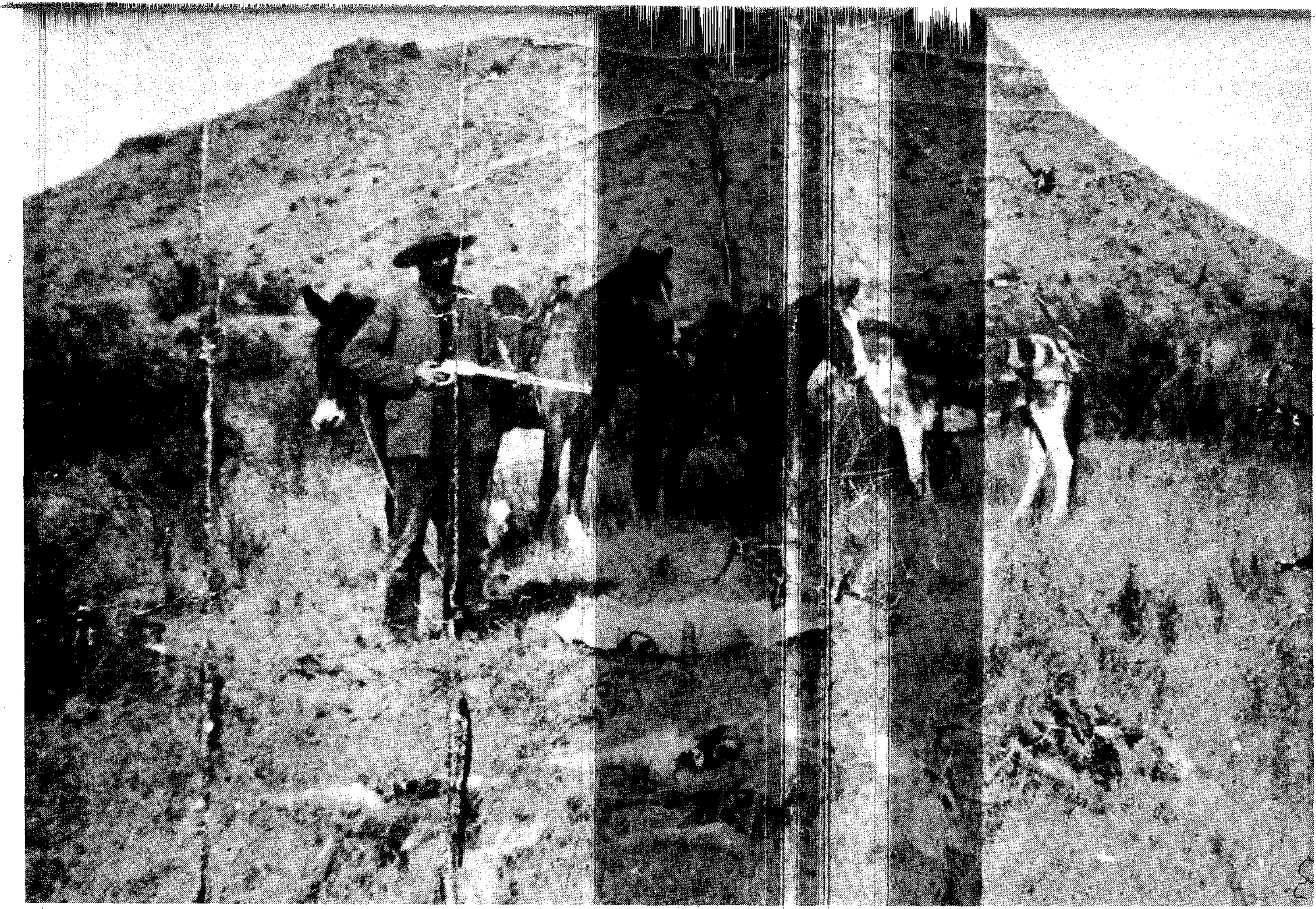
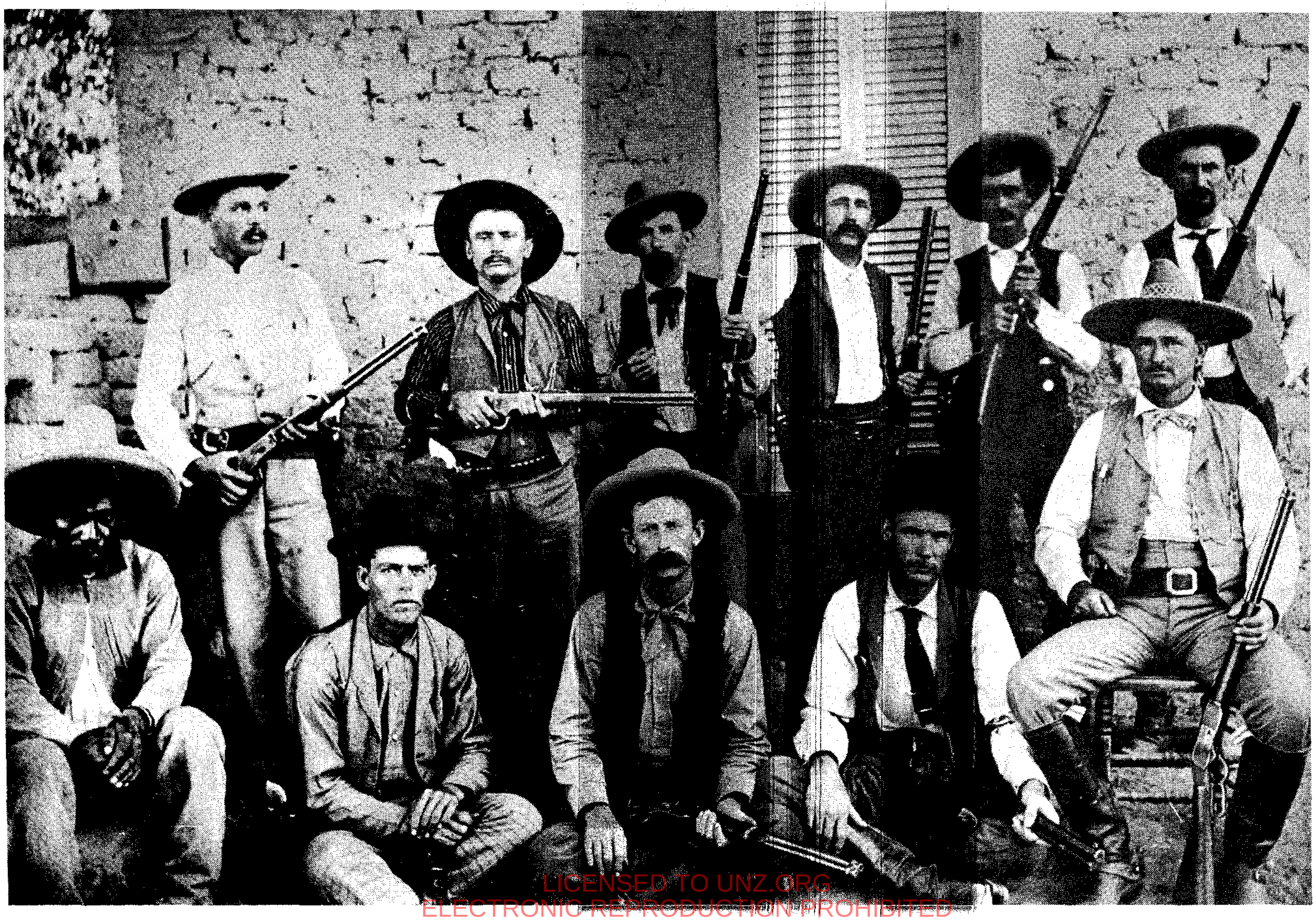


Courtesy Mrs. Elfego Baca

Ranger Joe Sitters, above, on a mission near Candelaria. Note deer in foreground. When Sitters was out hunting, he did not use pack mules. He preferred to kill deer to eat on the trip. Below, Members of Company D—Frontier Battalion Texas Rangers, stationed at Ysleta, Texas, in 1895: Standing, from left: F. M. McMahon, Bill Schmidt, James Latham, JOE SITTERS, George Leakey, and T. T. Cook. Seated, from left: a Mexican prisoner, George Tucker, Wood Saunders, Sergeant Carl Hochner and Captain John R. Hughes.

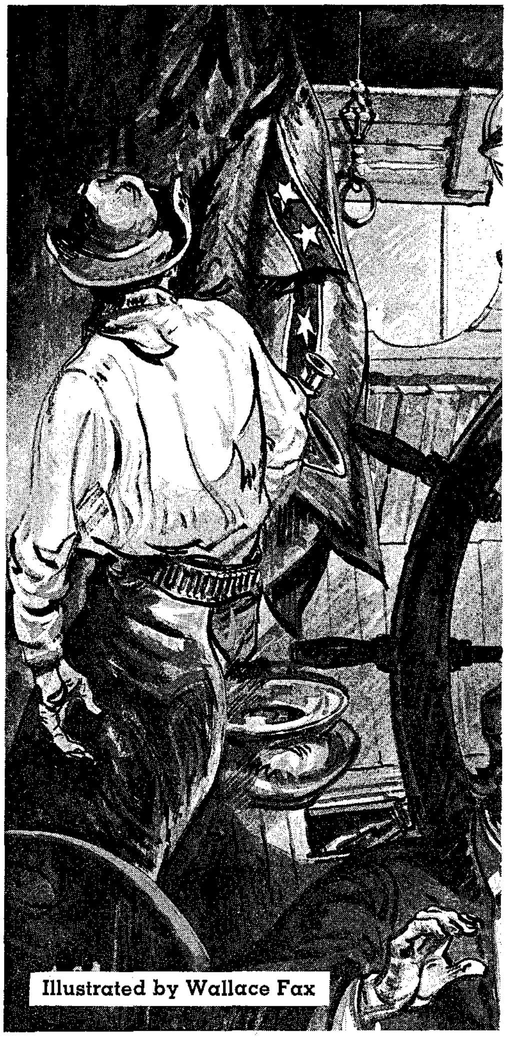
Courtesy Marshall Hail, El Paso Herald Post



Piracy on the COLORADO

By FRED L. KULLER

If there's a moral to this story, it's "never stop your steamboat to help a man in distress on the bank." It may seem unkind, but it'll save your bullion!



Illustrated by Wallace Fax

ONE sweltering morning in the middle of June, 1880, a dusty soldier waited anxiously at the upper end on Cottonwood Island in the center of the Colorado River, some thirty miles above Fort Mohave. As he paced back and forth along the bank he glanced occasionally at the thick cottonwood groves along the west side of the river to be sure that his two horses were still tethered among the trees. Now and then he paused mechanically to check that his Henry rifle was fully loaded. But always he quickly returned to his vigil, fixing his eyes at the bend in the river above the island, and straining his ears for any signal of the approaching steamer.

Earlier that morning twenty miles upriver at the mining camp of Eldorado Canyon, Captain Jack Mellon had directed the loading of over half a ton of silver bullion onto the deck of his steamer, the *Gila*, and had personally placed a strong box containing nearly 300 ounces of gold into the small safe in his cabin.

The entire proceedings had been carefully supervised by a primly dressed Philadelphian, Wharton Barker, the secretary and treasurer of the Southwestern Mining Company. Barker had just completed his first visit to the mines since the company had taken over the property the previous year, and he personally planned to escort the precious cargo downriver to Yuma where it could be placed in charge of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The bullion, worth roughly $40,000, represented nearly five months' production from the mines that had been accumulating since the last visit of the *Gila*. During the low stage of the river from late fall to the middle of spring the water was too low for steamers to go above Fort Mohave, and all commerce to and from the isolated camp in Eldorado Canyon abruptly ceased. Thus the bullion had collected until the steamer returned in late spring.

As soon as the bullion was loaded aboard, the *Gila* gave a parting blast on its whistle and churned out into the swiftly flowing current. Shortly before noon she rounded the bend above Cottonwood Island. But the ensuing events are probably best told by an eye-witness, William Balderston, who was taking the steamer down to Hardyville, and who later related the story to the editor of the newspaper published at nearby Ivanpah. This account was reprinted in the *San Bernardino Times* of June 24, 1880, under the heading: "PIRACY ON THE COLORADO."

"WE PRINT the following from the Ivanpah paper of the 19th. inst.: Mr. Wm. Balderston, the deputy recorder of the Eldorado Mining District, arrived yesterday from Hardyville bringing news of a bold act of piracy which occurred on the Colorado River on Tuesday last. Mr. Balderston left Eldorado Canyon for Hardyville the morning of that day on Capt. Mellon's steamer *Gila*, which was freighted with bullion for the Southwestern Mining Co.

"The trip was rapid and uneventful until the steamer reached the bend immediately above Cottonwood Island. At this time one of the Indian deckhands rushed up to Capt. Mellon announcing that there was a 'sojer' on the upper end of Cottonwood Island who appeared to be hailing them. As they drew nearer, the Capt. was able to determine that the man was indeed a soldier and that he was apparently in distress.

"The Capt. ordered the wheel reversed and sent the first mate and two Indians to fetch him in a skiff. They returned in a few minutes with a thin, dusty fellow who carried only a Henry rifle. On being questioned, he stated that he had come up the river with a companion on a prospect and that they had become separated while hunting game on the island and that he supposed his partner had gone back to camp to gather a search party.

"Capt. Mellon sent an Indian to the galley to fetch the soldier some grub and was just starting to give the order to proceed down river when the soldier leveled his rifle at him and demanded that he instead surrender the strong box.

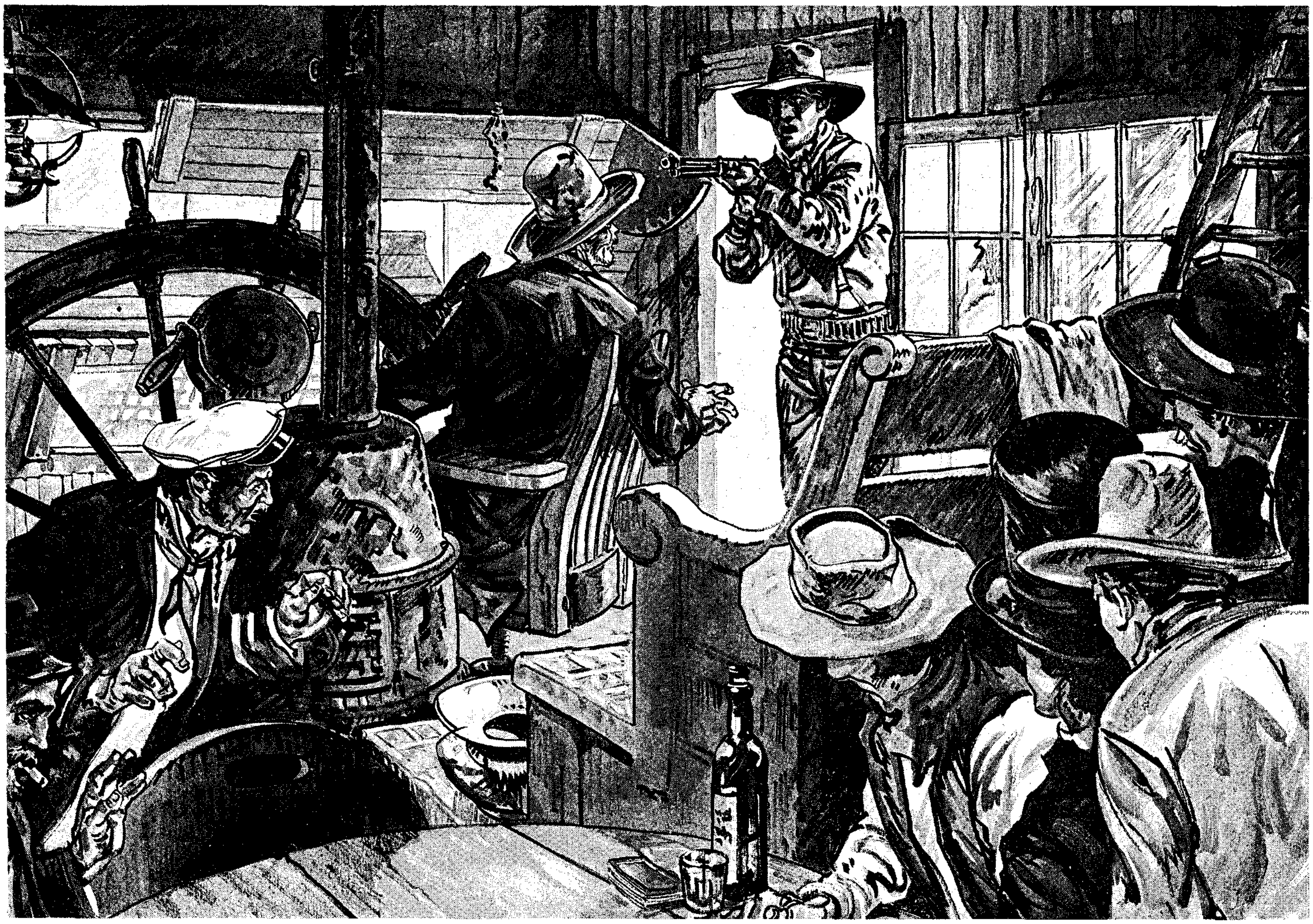
"At first the Capt. claimed ignorance of any 'strong box' but the soldier objected, that he had been at Eldorado the evening previous and knew that it was to be taken aboard. The soldier further demanded that he, Mr. Balderston, and the first mate throw their side arms onto the deck and he assured them of his determination to empty the rifle on them if they did not comply.

"Thereupon Capt. Mellon said, 'Alright boys, look like he's got us trumped,' and they threw down their firearms, which the soldier kicked into the river.

"Holding the rifle at the back of Capt. Mellon's neck, the soldier led all three to the Capt.'s cabin, where he forced the Capt. to open the safe and surrender the strong box. About this time, Mr. Wharton Barker, treasurer of the mining company, who had been in his own cabin, entered the Capt.'s cabin unaware that an act of piracy was in progress. The soldier ordered Mr. Barker to surrender his arms, which he instantly did, producing a small British bulldog pistol. He then demanded that he turn over the key to the strong box, but Mr. Barker denied having such.

"The soldier was somewhat angered by this and concluded to take a fancy to Mr. Barker's 'gay and festive' suit of clothes, demanding that Mr. Barker exchange them for his own modest duds. Mr. Barker maintained that this was outrageous, but the bold pirate insisted, giving him a short lecture upon the Henry rifle, whereupon the treasurer generously 'volunteered.'

"The soldier's garments were of a much leaner cut than those of the treasurer and though the soldier looked quite handsome in his end of the 'bargain,' the treasurer, being a rather stout man, had considerable difficulty 'making both ends meet' as it were. Mr. Balderston roars



with laughter everytime he tells of the distinguished treasurer stuffed like a 'sassinger' into that dusty, tight-fitting soldier suit, and he threatens never to let him live it down. We suppose that it will be some summers before the honorable Mr. Barker pays another visit to Eldorado.

"The soldier directed the skiff to be lowered again and the strong box placed in it, then to round out the bill he ordered two of the Indians to load the bars of silver bullion which were stacked conspicuously on the deck. But after placing only a few hundred pounds into the skiff the soldier apparently became fearful lest it sink and he ordered the Indians to stop, graciously allowing the treasurer to keep the 'change.'

"He then leaped into the skiff and with a wave of his rifle the bold pirate bid farewell, shoving off for the west bank of the river. The first mate put out for the cabin in a tearing rush and emerged with a rifle with which he fired a few parting 'farewells' of his own, but apparently to no avail as the soldier kept at his oars, not bothering to return the gesture.

"The *Gila* reached Hardyville that same afternoon and a posse was organized and set out Wednesday morning for Cottonwood Island. When Mr. Balderston left late Thursday they had not yet returned. We expect, however, that they will be coming this way, since midday Wednesday a wiry 'hombre' passed through camp bound for Pioche, so he said, and his piercing blue eyes and blazing beard suited perfectly Mr. Balderston's description of the bold pirate. Furthermore he was fitted up like a California street dandy, and the boys all took him for a montebank, but he treated the topplers at McGinty's and thereby won the endearing support of all present, ourselves included.

"Had the boys known of his bold and daring exploits they all swear they would have treated him to a round. There is much speculation now about his whereabouts and we expect to hear more when the posse arrives."

THE following week the *Times* copied a further short item from Ivanpah:

"Sunday last, as we had expected, the posse dragged in here following the cold trail left by the great pirate of the Colorado. They report having found the tracks of two horses leading away from the river bank where the skiff was found abandoned, but they lost the tracks on the ridge above the river and they searched the mountains to the north and south for some distance before proceeding here.

"When they reached Crossman's Spring Saturday last, however, they found a horse that had been recently shot, apparently having broken its leg, but they found no trace of a camp. Learning of his passing through here four days earlier the posse concluded to give up the chase and let the company recover its own bullion.

"Recalling that the pirate was traveling light when he came through, some of the boys concluded that he must have been carrying only the gold with him at that time and deduced that he may have hidden the silver bullion somewhere around Crossman's Spring when he had to shoot his other horse. A party led by Dick Maning and joined by Mr. Balderston went out to the spring Tuesday but returned Thursday evening having discovered only the dead horse. Dick still thinks the bullion must be there, however, and vows to return."

Evidently Maning's later expedition was also unsuccessful, if in fact there was one, for the existing copies of the *Times* after that date make no further mention of the buried silver at Crossman's (now Crescent) Spring.

But the story does not quite end here —for there is one final short chapter to this lost treasure account that was told to the author nine years ago by old Ike Allcock, long-time resident of Eldorado Canyon.

Ike was in his late nineties and claimed to have come to Eldorado Canyon in 1878 and had remained in that part of the country ever since. When I asked him about the steamboat robbery he said that he had been over in the Hualpai district in Arizona when it occurred and that he never did learn too much about it. But when I mentioned that some of the bullion might have been buried at Crescent Spring, he did recall that during the mining excitement there, shortly after the turn of the century, a miner had found a bar of silver while digging a shallow well a few hundred feet north of the spring.

This caused quite an excitement in its own right, he said, and everybody there started digging wells but no more silver and very little water was dug up. Since the eye-witness account of the robbery states for certain that more than one bar of silver was taken from the

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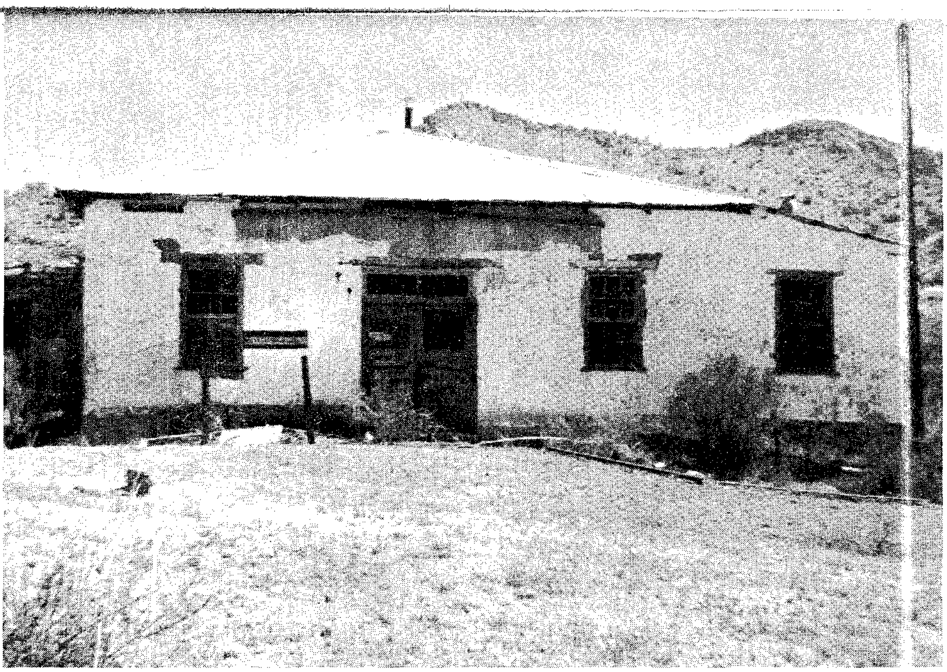


Photo by author

Ruby General Store and Post Office, in which the Fraziers and Pearsons were murdered.

Bloodstained
GHOST TOWN

By JAMES A. LONG

IN THE Oro Blanco Mountains near the southwest corner of Santa Cruz County, Arizona, (elevation 4,219) sleeps the ghost town of Ruby, a once lively mining town originally known as Montana Camp. To the south, like a great stone sentinel guarding priceless treasure, towers lonely, forbidding Montana Peak for which the mine and camp were named.

Discovered by the Spanish in the 18th Century, along with Tubac and Calabasas, the gold, silver and associated minerals of the Oro Blanco district have provided colorful and violent history. After skimming the cream from the placer fields, the Spaniards moved on, and the workings lay undisturbed for many years.

Then came the American prospectors—possibly Charles Poston and mining engineer Herman Ehrenberg who fought off Apaches and worked the rich Tubac silver mines in 1854—to revive the old placers in Montana Gulch. Further prospecting led to discovery of rich gold-silver veins north of Montana Peak; and in the 1870s, the ten Montana claims were located and fabulous Montana Mine was started. Cabins and shacks sprang up and became the shirttail town dubbed Montana Camp.

Old records state that the Montana operated in the 1880s, but production was limited because of poor roads and the cost of transporting ore with horses and mules.

"In 1891, a large body of high-grade ore was discovered in the Montana Mine by J. W. Bogan and Company, who pronounced the Montana a veritable 'bonanza' with several crosscuts showing the ore body to be thirty feet wide with random samples assaying eighty to ninety ounces of silver per ton. . . ." reported the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society.

"Julius F. Andrews came to Montana Camp in 1895 to take charge of the camp store which he ran for the next eighteen years. When mining took an upswing in 1909 he made application for a post office, the one at Oro Blanco then being inactive. With the Montana in operation, people moving in, and new buildings springing up, the camp's mail became a problem. On April 11, 1912, the Government honored Andrews' application, and . . . honoring his wife, whose name was Lillie B. Ruby, he named the new post office 'Ruby.' " (W. C. Barnes files, Arizona Pioneers Historical Society.)

Philip Clarke was twenty-five years old when this picture was taken in 1913, just after he had purchased the Andrews store and Post Office in Ruby.

Courtesy Tucson Citizen

Philip M. Clarke, who made a meteoric rise from cowboy to rancher-store owner to prominent Arizona banker, purchased the Andrews store and post office in 1913. Two brothers, Alex and John Frazier, Canadians, were hired by Clarke and put in charge of the business. Shortly thereafter, the astute Clarke, noting the expanding community, erected a new adobe-frame structure, about forty by eighty feet, atop a low hill some 400 yards north of the old building. The store and post office, forty by fifty, occupied the front and faced the street; living quarters were built in the rear about five feet higher than the store, with a short flight of connecting stairs.

IN 1915, the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, owned by Guggenheim interests, leased the Montana, and the valley's first big operation began. A heavy stamp mill was installed, and the ore-hauling contract awarded to Paul Bell who brought from California the first heavy caterpillar tractors seen in Arizona. When I visited Mr. Bell and asked about the tractors, he smiled grimly and said, "I hate to recall those monsters, but they were a kind of three-wheeled outfit with caterpillar tracs and a large bullwheel in front for steering. They were known as the 'Best Tracklayers' and they traveled two miles an hour in high gear; they pulled two, sometimes three, trailers loaded with thirty to thirty-five tons of ore. They were a holy terror to drive with every bump and ridge making the bullwheel rise from the ground.

"You see, they couldn't be steered with the tracs like a modern 'dozer; the driver was helpless until the bullwheel came back down. And traveling two miles an hour, often less, it took two days or more to make a trip; but they were tough brutes and hauled the ore. We finally made a new road which came out at Oro Blanco; it was mighty rough and steep, but lopped off several miles and soon paid for itself.

"The Goldfield Company developed the Montana shaft to 250 feet, and then discovered its expensive equipment would not efficiently extract the values from the refractory ore. Upon learning this the Guggenheims—they had invested a million—waxed so wroth that they ordered the machinery dismantled and the foundations blown up."

In the three-year period, 1916-19, the Goldfield Company recovered $250,000 in gold and silver from the stubborn rock, about sixty per cent of the total value.

Within four miles of the International

"Ruby" was an appropriate name for this town.
Renegades considered her a jewel too dear to pass up!

Border, Ruby was a soft touch, an open invitation to trouble with renegades, gun-smugglers and murderers. Few residents were left and virtually no law existed. On February 27, 1920, the time was ripe, and the sleepy little village hit the headlines!

A Mexican ranchhand went to the store for supplies, found the door locked, and looked in a window. One look was enough! "Madre de Dios!" he screamed, and crossed himself as he ran to notify old John Maloney, ex-Indian fighter turned justice of the peace.

Old John saddled his horse and hurried to the store. The place was a shambles! Lying in the middle of the floor—shot to death—was Alex Frazier; alongside a counter, bleeding, moaning, mortally wounded, lay his brother, John.

Quickly sizing up the grisly crime, old John turned to the ranchhand and gruffly barked: "Gutierrez! This here's a job fer the sheriff! You take my horse and ride like hell to Nogales; tell the sheriff the postmaster's been shot—murdered! Now get goin'!"

Gutierrez made the thirty-five mile ride on old John's horse in two hours. After hearing the ranchhand's story, Sheriff Ray E. Earhart called in Oliver Parmer, Arizona Ranger.

The Ranger set to work at once, but his best efforts failed to turn up one worthwhile clue—the killers had vanished. On March 7, 1920, John Frazier died of his wounds without having been able to give any description of his murderers. Meanwhile, Frank Pearson and his attractive wife, Myrtle, had taken over the store and post office.

A YEAR and a half passed with the criminals still at large. Then, on August 26, 1921, they struck again, killing Pearson and his wife and looting the Ruby store and post office. With the entire state aroused over the brutal murders, the Federal Government authorized a reward of $5,000 for each of the bandits, "dead or alive."

For a firsthand report of the Pearson outrage, I drove to Patagonia to interview Mrs. Woody Gatlin (sister of Mrs. Pearson), a participant in the bloody fracas and an eye witness. Although she refused to be photographed, Mrs. Gatlin without hesitation kindly consented to relate the story.

"On the morning of the murder and robbery," she began, "Frank and Myrtle and Margie (their four-year-old daughter) had gone riding. They left Irene (Pearson's half-sister, then sixteen) and me in charge of the store. Presently a Mexican (later identified as Martinez) came in and asked for Mr. Pearson. Irene told him that Frank had taken his family for a ride, but would probably return before noon. The Mexican said that he would wait, then went out of the store.

"The family returned from their ride at about eleven o'clock, put their horses away, and came into the store. I had gone upstairs, and a few minutes later I heard shots and screams from the store. I opened the door and looked down at a terrifying scene. There were seven armed Mexicans in the room! Two clutched Irene's arms and were dragging the screaming girl toward the front door; two others had Myrtle (Mrs. Pearson) backed against the northside counter threatening her with their guns; the remaining three clustered around Frank whom they had already shot. On the south side of the room next to the post office, little Margie crouched in a corner crying her eyes out.

"I saw a pistol lying on a table and picked it up. I don't know why I did so, for I didn't know how to use it. I pointed the gun at the bandits, and one of them fired at me! It was a near miss; the bullet came so close that it seared my face and left a long, livid welt. My appearance with the gun created a short diversion, and, in the confusion, Irene grabbed Margie and carried her outside where she hid herself and the child in a bushy canyon. Although mortally wounded, Frank managed to get his gun and fire it, but he died as he pulled the trigger and his shots went wild, the last one ricocheting across the floor as he fell. I fainted."

Mrs. Pearson was forced to open the safe, after which they shot her. As she lay on the floor dying, one of the gang brutally knocked out her five gold teeth with his gun butt and put them in his pocket. They looted the safe, took levis, cartridges and other merchandise, as much as they could carry, then skipped across the border.

Meager descriptions enabled officers to recognize two of the gang as Placido Silvas and Manuel Martinez. Silvas was soon run down and captured. Several months later, Ranger Parmer spotted Martinez as he tried to sell "five gold teeth" to the bartender in a Sasabe cantina. Tried and convicted in a Nogales court, Martinez was sentenced to be hanged, and Silvas was given life.

ON July 13, 1922, Santa Cruz County's new sheriff, George J. White, and Deputy L. A. Smith loaded the criminals in a car and started for the state prison at Florence. Near Continental, Martinez somehow got his hands on a heavy wrench, and, catching the officers off guard, struck the sheriff on the head with the tool. The car careened over the bank and crashed so fast that the deputy could do nothing. The two dangerous prisoners, seemingly unhurt, escaped.

When help arrived, Sheriff White was dead. Deputy Smith, although badly injured and unconscious, was still alive. Rushed to a Tucson hospital, it was found he had a broken collar bone, several broken ribs and internal injuries.

Posses took up the murderers' trail, and, two days later, Harry Saxon and his men caught up with the killers. Hiding under a mesquite tree almost forty miles from the wrecked car, still handcuffed together, the two Mexicans were half dead of thirst. They were taken to Nogales and later transferred to the state prison.

Silvas began serving his term, and, following several delays, Martinez was hanged September 10, 1923. The other gang members were never located.

The Eagle Picher Company of Saint Louis secured an option on the Montana in 1926, and on April 4, 1927, purchased the ten claims outright. By November, twenty carloads of equipment were on the ground, and construction of a 250-ton per day flotation mill was started, with Frank A. Lerchen named manager.

As construction and development continued, many workmen were needed, and people flocked to Ruby from all quarters. The community, almost overnight, expanded to 2,000, with over 300 miners employed in the Montana Mine. Living quarters were wholly inadequate. Old adobes were reroofed; the mining company built temporary shelters; shacks were slapped up and tents utilized. And that summer a fine, new four-room school was erected and up-to-date playground equipment installed.

Heavy production required a great amount of water, and the supply became so depleted that Eagle Picher was forced to curtail operations in 1930. Then began the tremendous job of installing a ten-inch water line, seventeen miles from

(Continued on page 71)

M. C. Hubbell (inset), and one of the Coleman trucks in which he hauled ore from Montana Mine to the railroad siding at Amado, every day—six days a week for seven years, except July 4th and Christmas.

WITCHCRAFT

None of the earth's people seem to have escaped the Black Art. Even among the Apaches, there were those who had the Power and used it for evil . . .

About the author: James Kaywaykla, who died June 20, 1963 at age eighty-nine, was one of the few old Apaches who would talk freely of the past. He never got over his indignation at Mauricio's being credited for the killing of Victorio. After the massacre at Tres Castillos, Nana sent warriors back to bury Victorio and his men who had formed the front guard for the people who rode into the trap between the mountains and lake. There were so many victims that it was impossible to bury many, but they did cover the bodies of Victorio and his warriors with stones. They found Victorio's own knife in his heart; and they found that two others had died by their own hands.

Kaywaykla was the youngest child taken to Carlisle among the 130 sent from Florida. And he was one of the thirty-one who survived from among the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches at Carlisle. When he completed his work at the school his people were at Fort Sill; his mother, grandmother, stepfather, and great-uncle Nana, whom he called "grandfather" were still living. He married Dorothy Naiche. Her two sisters and brothers are still living on the Mescalero Reservation. Naiche died there. So did Kaytennae.

AS ALL children do, I wanted toys. I was not old enough for a bow and arrows, not even for a sling. I participated in games such as "creep and freeze" perhaps the earliest taught to an Apache child. All of our play was designed for survival. Small children learned to use primitive weapons; older ones were instructed in the skills of combat. When I asked Grandfather Nana for a spear, he smiled and shook his head. I found a piece of well-blanched bone which fitted the contour of my hand. It made a good weapon.

When Nana saw it, he was disturbed. "Throw it into the fire; it is evil. It is the jawbone of a bear."

I looked at Grandmother; she nodded and I obeyed.

Nana spoke, "I shall sing four prayers so that there may be no immediate danger. In the future Kaywaykla must never eat the meat from the head of any animal. If he disobeys, great harm may result; he may even die. See that he obeys."

"Is a bear different from a deer?" I asked.

"Very different. Apaches do not eat the meat of a bear. We do not use its skin. We kill it only in self-defense, as we do a person. A bear is much like a man, for it can walk erect. And we speak of its fore-arms as arms, never as legs."

"Why?"

"There are many of us who believe that the Ghost of the Wicked returns to earth in the body of a bear. Some say they do not think so, but I notice that they do not eat its meat nor touch its hide. You are never to do so; you are never to eat the meat from the head of any animal. You heard your grandfather."

It had not been long since the butcher at the Issue House at Mescalero Headquarters at Blazer's Mill had given Grandmother the head of a beef. She built a fire in a pit, let it burn to coals, threw vegetation into it and on it placed the steer's head, face down. Upon it she heaped more green vegetation and covered it with earth. For two days she kept it tamped to prevent the escape of steam. When she removed the head, she peeled the skin off and gave us the delicious tender meat. I had never tasted better.

I WAS curious about bears. She told me of one who had befriended an Indian woman. Lost from her people, she had trailed them for days. As she toiled up a steep ridge, just before reaching the crest, she was confronted by a bear who stood up and barred her passage. The woman fled to her left and skirted a clump of junipers only to meet the same bear. Then she went far to the right and reached the summit without interference. From it she saw the camp of the Mexican cavalry at the foot of the ridge. Had she not been turned twice she would have been seen and captured. That seemed to indicate that the bear was her friend—perhaps one of her relatives.

By JAMES KAYWAYKLA as told to EVE BALL

There were people, Grandmother said, who had the Power of the Bear. Bishi was one. He trained a bear to carry his meat when he hunted. It helped him hunt, too, and it talked with him. Of course, when Ussen made people, all talked the same language in the beginning—the men, the animals and the trees. With a deer on his back, Bishi's friend would go very close to camp; then he would say, "Take the meat from my back now. If the Apaches see you, they will think you are a witch."

I asked about witches.

"They are people who have Power, but who use it for evil. It is very difficult to explain, but they are dangerous, and must be avoided. Never have any association with witches."

"What can they do?"

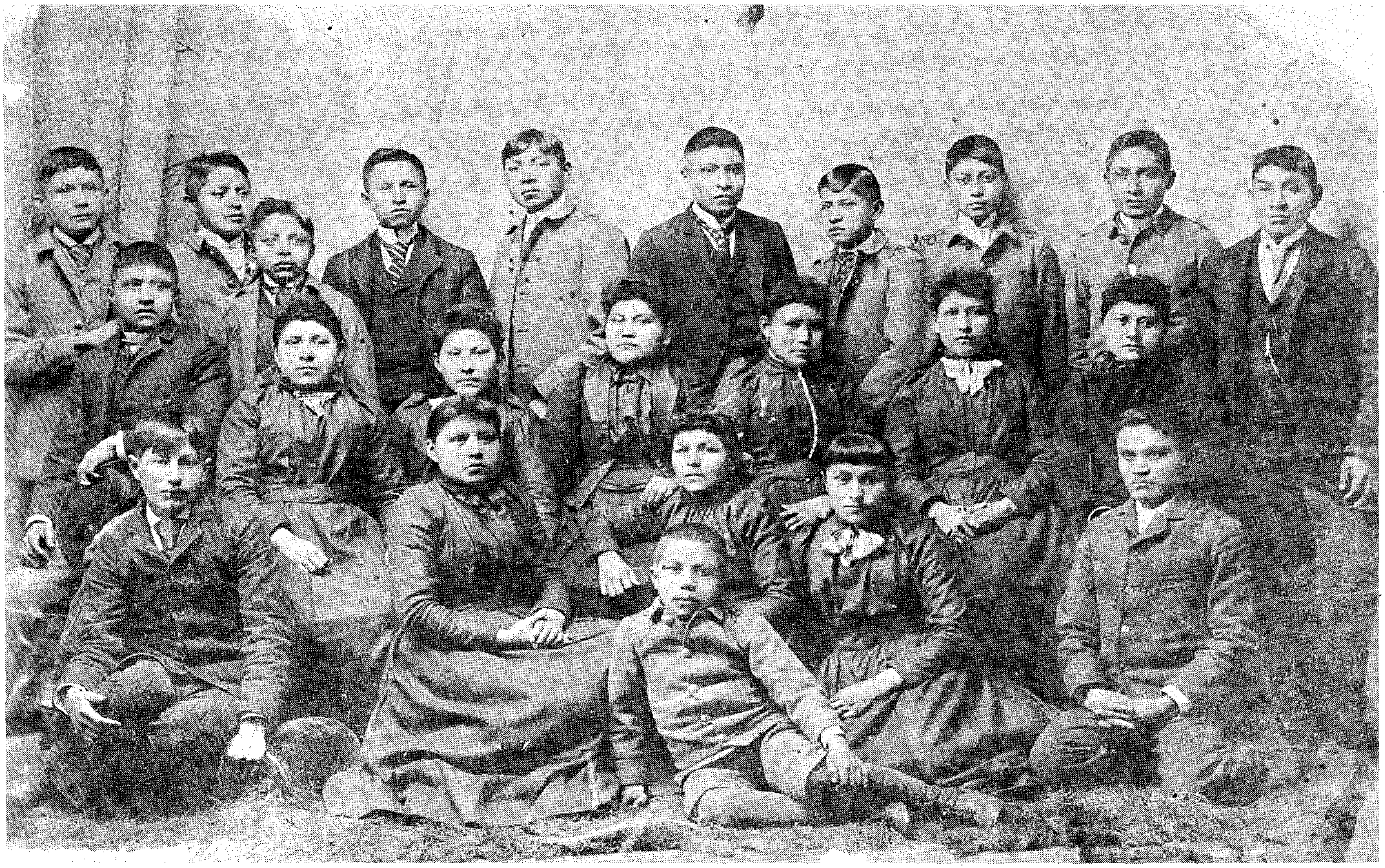
"Much evil. They bring tragedy to the loved ones of those they dislike; they harm their enemies. Some of them use their eyes for bewitching others—as an owl does. Some make crude dolls, resembling the ones they wish to harm, and cut their heads off. Their victim meets with some terrible trouble, or is killed. How, I do not know. But it happens."

The ones suspected of practicing witchcraft are watched closely. The Apache does not condemn without evidence; if he obtains it, he becomes the executioner. He is very careful, therefore, to avoid false accusations. If a charge against a person is brought, the Chief selects a jury and a trial is held. People known to tell lies may not testify, even though they have witnessed the act for which the accused is tried. That tends to discourage falsehood.

Few crimes are punished by death, none by imprisonment. With all the tortures attributed to the Apache, it can never be said that his cruelty approximates that of the white man who confines his victims in cages.

Their worst crimes are punished by banishment. The renegade flees; he no longer obeys the Chief, for he is an outcast. His only association is with others of his kind. Such men brought much trouble both to Cochise and Victorio whose authority they flouted. To secure ammunition they attacked any traveler who passed, regardless of the promise made by the Chief who had banished them. They precipitated the vengeance of the military, as did those who kidnapped Mickey Free and brought about a war with Cochise. They were a greater menace to their own race than to the white people.

SATURDAY was Issue Day and Grandmother took me on horseback to Blazer's Mill where the Warm Springs Apaches on the reservation received rations just as the Mescaleros did. We



Photos Courtesy Author

James Kaywaykla is the little boy at center front. This picture was made about 1888 at Carlisle School in Pennsylvania. Others identified are: Ace Daklugie, fourth from left in the back row; and Jason Betzinez is fifth. Daklugie married Ramona Chihuahua, fourth from left in the second row. Next to her is Viola Massai, who married Eugene Chihuahua.

went into the store and Dr. Blazer gave me a red and white striped stick, sweet and very good. Nana talked with him in Spanish. There was a new agent, one whom Dr. Blazer assured Nana was honest and would not steal and sell supplies sent for the Indians as Godfroy had done.

A lawyer at Lincoln (Alexander McSween) had been on his trail. He had run his hand into flour intended for distribution to the Indians and had found bran. So Godfroy was gone.

"Jail?" asked Grandfather, hopefully.

"Oh, no; he was permitted to resign. After all, he's in the Indian Service, and it's just taken for granted that agents steal."

When we returned to the Rinconada, we found a messenger waiting for Nana. Victorio had raided a mule train near the border, capturing quantities of ammunition intended for the cavalry. Grandfather was to meet him in the Floridas, south of Deming. In those mountains the Chief had a cache, one of several between our headquarters at Ojo Caliente and the border.

Victorio divided his bands and sent one in charge of my uncle, Suldeen, to hide supplies near Standing Mountain (Cooke's Peak). My uncle passed Fort Cummings, where there was a good spring. He passed so close that he watered his horses without a shot being fired at his band. Then he returned to the Floridas.

"Nothing but ammunition?" complained Grandmother. "No calico?"

"Much calico," said the runner, "but we got that from another train. Blankets, too. and food. All the caches are to be replenished."

Kaytennae, later to be my stepfather, smiled, "If the Chief's plans succeed, you can have your choice of colors. But our great need is always ammunition. With it we can resume fighting."

I admired Kaytennae, for he was a great warrior, one of the best. He was young, handsome, and modest. Never have I heard Kaytennae boast, and I later lived with him many years after my mother married him.

Three days later, our great Chief Victorio arrived. From his clothing nobody would have known his position, but his bearing spoke for him. Boys ran to take his horse. He handed the reins to one and walked slowly to Grandmother's brush shelter. She offered food and water, but he shook his head. He looked about till he saw my mother, wrapped in a blanket, sitting by the fire.

He dropped beside her and said, "My daughter, I bring sad news. Your husband is dead."

She bowed her head and drew a corner of the blanket over her face. When the Chief left, she went to our shelter, and with a butcher knife cut her long hair. Then she set about the preparation of the evening meal. After all but she had eaten, she withdrew. Nobody mentioned her loss, for it was unnecessary to express sympathy in words.

I WENT with Grandmother to the central fire where I heard Suldeen tell how my father died. When Victorio left the Rinconada, three Mescaleros accompanied his band. One of these was suspected of possessing Evil Power, and of all the Warm Springs band, only my father befriended Deskoshin. Even the other Mescaleros avoided him. My paternal grandfather, Sanchez, attempted to warn my father, but he would not listen.

Suldeen was to go to Mexico with Victorio's band, and they sent my father and another ahead to scout. Each was skilled in determining the proximity of an enemy, and each was cautious. In spite of that, they rode into a group lying in ambush and both were killed. That two such highly skilled men would have acted so foolishly was owing to only one cause—witchcraft. They were buried and the Chief ordered that their names were not to be spoken.

With the three Mescaleros still in his band, Victorio turned north. Grandfather Sanchez, as next of kin, was obligated to avenge the death of his son. My people not only exacted a life for a life, but they took *many* for each Apache killed. Cochise was said to have been satisfied with ten to one; but I think Nana may have exacted many, many times that.

Without absolute proof Sanchez could not act. He reasoned that the man who had by witchcraft caused my father's death, would betray his guilt by attempting to slip away from the band unobserved. That meant that he would leave shortly before dawn, and probably not until the dark of the moon. Sanchez slept during the early hours of the night and kept watch toward morning. Victorio, of course, knew his intention and cooperated by having the horses tied some distance from where they slept.

Late one night Sanchez heard stealthy movements and found that Deskoshin was slipping from camp. Grandfather took his rifle and followed. The guilty

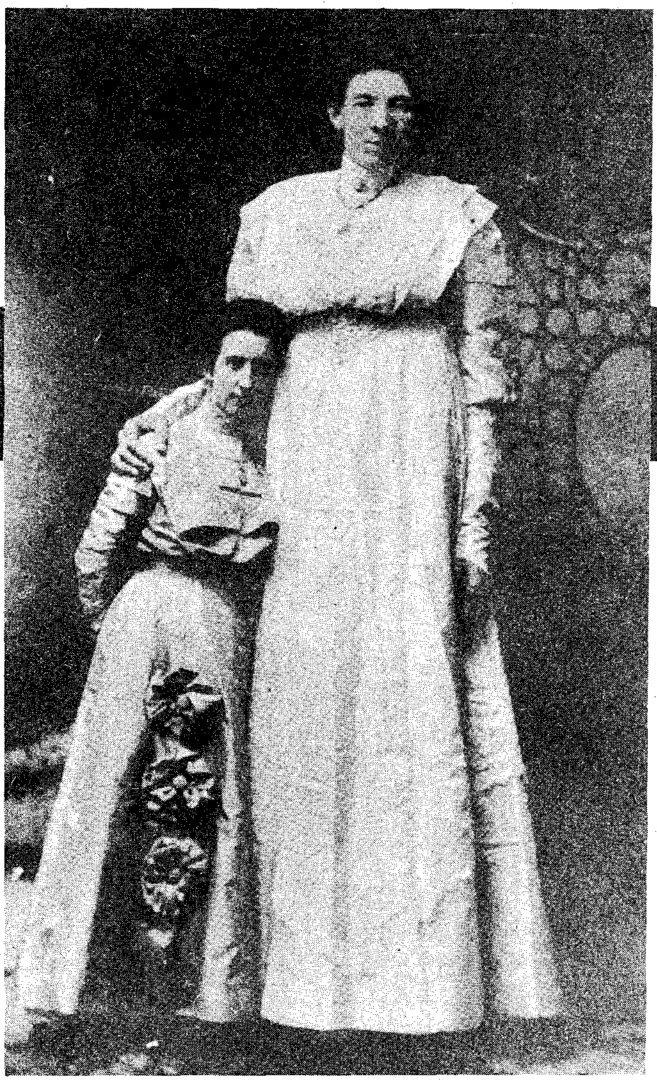
(Continued on page 72)

EIGHT FEET FOUR

To countless hundreds, she was just the tall lady in the circus; but to her "homefolks" she was a beloved and gracious friend, no different from other girls except in her unusual size

By BESS MEREDITH

Photos Courtesy Author



IT WAS a red-letter day in my young life when first I met Miss Ella Ewing, great lady of the circus, and during her lifetime the tallest woman in the world, measuring officially eight feet and four inches in height.

I am glad that I did not just view her in a circus sideshow as thousands of people had already done, but that I really got acquainted with her in the big general store at Gorin, small town in northeast Missouri which was the common shopping center of both our families. Ella Ewing would have been unforgettable under any circumstances, but the fact that she chatted gaily with me as an equal, highlighted and enhanced my memory of that first meeting. I was to meet and greet her many times after that.

It is hard to adequately describe Ella's appearance since she sort of blitzed people with her height. She was "way up," if not way out, weighing not more than 290 pounds. Ella was not terribly grotesque, though she was terribly out of proportion because of the extreme length of her legs and arms. Standing or walking she seemed to be on stilts; seated, she did not seem so abnormal, but it was the getting up that was astonishing. It was fantastic to see her as she gradually went up and up and up.

To support her great frame, Nature gave her very large feet. Even at age sixteen, her shoes were sixteen inches long and at greatest width six and one-half inches (from a pattern preserved by a friend). At maturity, she required size twenty-four, made on a last turned especially by her St. Louis shoemaker, who used one of her shoes for a time as a sign over his door. A few still exist and one is permanently on display in the museum of the state capitol at Jefferson City, Missouri.

Ella was very sensitive about her "post no bills" feet and in every contract she wrote a clause that her feet must never show. She was indeed fortunate that she lived in the long skirt era, but she took a further precaution. When boarding or leaving a train, she had a short curtain set up alongside the steps to conceal the outward thrust of shoes from the protective hemline.

But the real Ella Ewing was not the one of lofty stance, tastefully dressed in a twenty-five yard exhibition gown and wearing good jewelry. The real Ella shone in her kind dark eyes and plain strong features. The real Ella was the one who, by effort and force of character, overcame the myriad problems of being a giantess; and the going was rough.

THERE was no problem apparent when she began her education at the rural district school. Not until about age ten did she start growing away from school girls her own age. Within two years, she had become increasingly cramped by school desks and also the furniture of her own home. Friends remember how she had to stoop to enter doors that were everywhere too low, and sit sideways at tables when she ate or played cards. Ella acquired the habit of hunching from necessity and not from an effort to defy nature. But it resulted in a moderate curvature of the upper spine and prevented her measuring still a few more inches. Thankfully she stopped acquiring this vertical mileage at the age of eighteen or nineteen. Throughout her school years, her greatest suffering came from having the ideas of children her own age and the size of children much older. Still, she persisted until she completed the training offered, amounting possibly to the standards of a present-day tenth grade course.

Her first public appearance almost became her last. Ella accepted an invitation to read the Declaration of Independence at an old-time Fourth of July celebration near Gorin. This she successfully accomplished, but as she walked rapidly away from the crowd, she noticed an increasing number of young children following her in true Pied Piper fashion. Their open-mouthed wonderment brought a poignant realization of her great difference and seemed a preview of a frustrating future. It was more than the sensitive girl could bear; giving way to tears, and unable to be comforted, she hurriedly left the grounds to return home. It was some time before she could be persuaded to again appear in public.

Then one day at the urging of friends, she accompanied them to the county fair to see the sights, only to find herself the most absorbing sight of all. It made her wretched but gave one of her friends an idea—why not capitalize on this very curiosity? He argued that since she was going to be stared at anyway, she should permit the curious to pay for the privilege. He urged her to buy a tent and appear at the fairs in neighboring counties.

At first, both Ella and her parents adamantly refused, but finally Ella agreed to try it as an experiment because of two powerful incentives. She wanted to make life easier for her parents and she longed to build the home of her dreams—one commensurate with her great size.

That first appearance was an ordeal even though she was flanked on each side by her six-foot, two-inch father and five-foot, six-inch mother. As she stretched out her arm, her father easily stood under it. They were booked continuously in that and subsequent seasons at county fairs.

Ella's first out-of-state exhibition came when she was just twenty-one. Accompanied as usual by her parents and neighbor manager, she is said to have received $250 per week for a long engagement at the Columbia Exposition held in Chicago in 1893.

In this way she came to the attention of an alert showman, P. T. Barnum, who eagerly signed her for a tour with the Barnum-Bailey Circus. That was the start of a circus career which was to last for seventeen years. (She also had interim engagements with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Shows and Sells-Floto.) In later years, her cousin, Miss T. Blackwood or her friend, Maude Wilson, acted always as her companion-secretary.

Soon after joining the circus, she realized her dream and built a home that provided the ultimate in comfort. Still standing, though falling into ruin, it has fifteen-foot ceilings, ten-foot doors and seven-foot windows. It was embellished outside with three chimneys, a front piazza, and window shutters on the two stories.

Inside, there were chairs, tables, couches, and even a specially made piano with elongated legs. There were also six-foot high dressers with drawers only at the top. Her bed was nine and one-half feet long. Huge closets held her extensive wardrobe.

In this pleasant retreat, she loved to entertain the friends of her girlhood with lively accounts of her travels. She frequently took time out to do this; had she worked steadily, she might have become wealthy, but she wanted only enough to live in comfort. When Ella died on January 10, 1912, at the age of forty, she left only a modest estate.

SOME of her contemporaries who are still living recall her graciousness. She was very beloved. One of them says, "She was a perfectly normal girl and woman. When we girls met Ella in Gorin on Saturday, she was so delighted to see us that she embraced each of us in turn. Later as a young woman, I slept with her in her long, long bed, feeling very insignificant, and I remember that when Mrs. Ewing came to call us for breakfast, she bent over Ella and awakened her with a tender kiss as though she were still a child."

Another friend recalls Ella's delight with her infant daughter, and that she whimsically withdrew one of her large rings and slipped it down over the tiny hand as a bracelet, a gift that was always cherished.

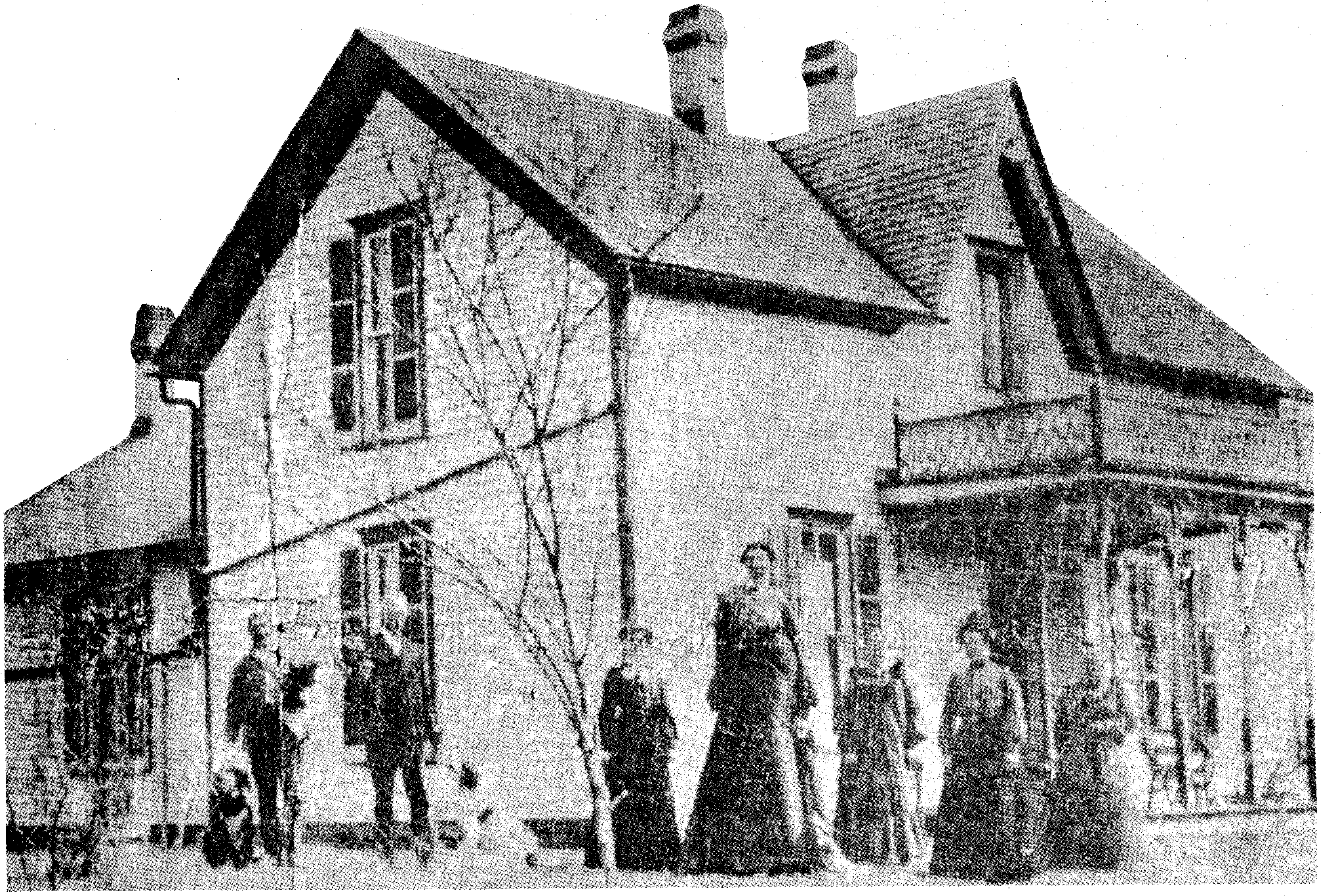
Still another remembers her strong religious convictions and attendance at the Harmony Grove Baptist Church. Because of her activities there, she was designated as a delegate to a national convention, but she shrank from such a conspicuous assignment. Her baptism upon joining the church was an immersion in the nearby Fabius River. In northeast Missouri she was often called the "Saintly Giantess."

Her friends remember Ella's sense of humor, and how she laughed at the Gorin dentist because he braced his chair with numerous boxes before permitting her to sit down in it. She once went suddenly into her slow rising act for youngsters who had sneaked up to her front porch to get a peek at her. The process of following her ascent unbalanced them and almost cracked their little necks.

In death, as in life, there were problems involved. The undertaker, still living, remembers that the entire force of a burial case firm worked all night and half the next day to complete the nine-foot long white, plush-covered casket in which her body lay in state. (The entire cost of the funeral did not exceed $280.) He still owns the horse-drawn hearse which bore her to the cemetery, and remembers that, in order to close the door, the casket had to be shoved forward under the driver's seat. He says it would have pleased Ella that all the mourners were lifetime friends who genuinely grieved at her untimely death after a year's illness. She is buried beside her parents in the cemetery of the country church at Harmony Grove. A large gray stone bears the inscription of all three and her grave is enclosed by a cement rail.

Ella's life had been outgoing, full and in some ways rewarding. She had shown other handicapped people that they, too, could turn their faces to the sun and she demonstrated that character and refinement may well be found in a circus sideshow.

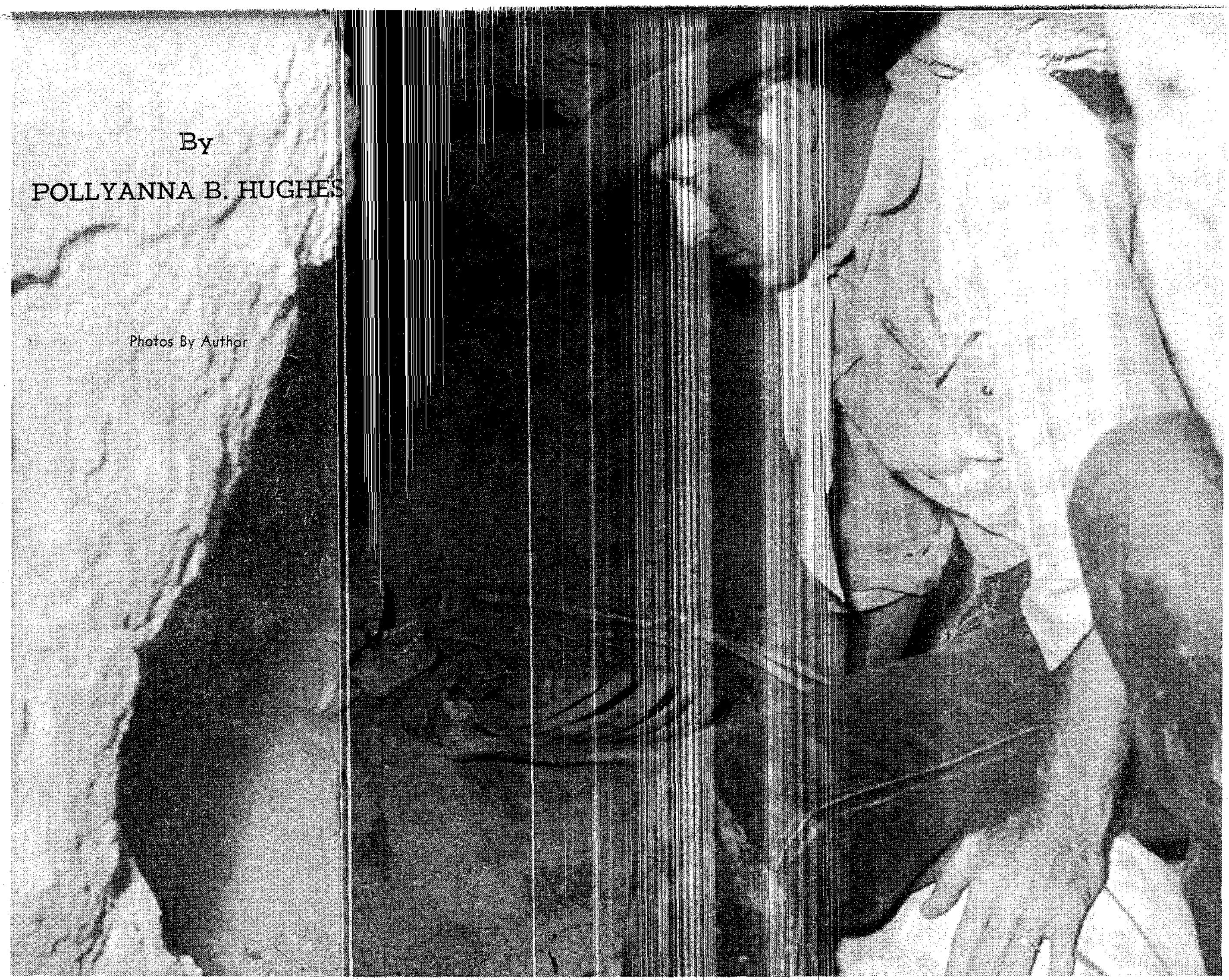
Miss Ella Ewing (below center), stands with members of her family in front of the Gorin home, built with oversized doors, windows and ceilings to permit Ella to live and move around without stooping.



By

POLLYANNA B. HUGHES

Photos By Author



Jim Sorenson sits at the entrance to the small tomb in which he discovered the remains of the Indian. Tomb is now sealed with glass.

JIM SORENSON is a lanky, cowboy-type fellow who operates a replica of a frontier town, called Six Gun City, as a tourist attraction near the entrance to Palo Duro Canyon State Park in the Texas Panhandle.

Jim and a crew of six-gun-totin' jeans-wearers put a lot of effort into luring the passing tourists through their rustic gates and into their saloon, livery stable, general store, museum, jail, and other frontier-type buildings. The saloon is for looks only. The livery stable has horses for rent and there are pony rides for kiddies. The general store serves liquid refreshment—soft drinks, iced tea, and coffee. The museum is building but still closed; so is the jail, but there are stagecoach rides for visitors and Jeep rides into the rugged canyon terrain which is a part of Six Gun City's territory. Cabins are for rent. Anything a tourist might want, Jim has tried or is trying to provide. It's enough to keep a lanky fellow lanky.

One of the cowboys at Six Gun City noticed some little shallow caves carved out under the massive caprock which rims the canyon. Yep, Jim agreed, they might be enlarged enough to offer another center for tourist action. He set the boys to digging out sand and debris, and in a few days the diggers had a labyrinth of several small caves nearly ready to wander through. Then someone dug some dirt out of another little rock-enclosed cave nearby.

It had taken only one day to reveal to the workers that late evening was the best time for the job they had undertaken. The caves faced the afternoon sun, and in July in the Texas Panhandle, it was pleasant work only after that sun went behind the horizon. Torchlights were used for digging after dark.

So it was by torchlight that Jim moved out sand in the little single cave and ran into a wall of rock. He hollered for help. There was plenty available. Jim's sons, Mike and Jack, were digging in one place. Gary Butler, Tolbert and Dave Burch, Ralph Sadler, Dan Burch, Tim Ford and Jerry Sadler also were wielding shovels nearby.

The big rock wall was taken out, a rock at a time, and behind it, more sand and debris were shoveled out. Then Jim began to find bones. He dug more carefully, wondering what he had dug into.

About 10 o'clock at night, Jim recognized what he had discovered as a human pelvis. That is when Mrs. Sorenson and Mrs. Tolbert Burch got interested and came down to help with the digging. Everyone stayed until 3 o'clock in the morning when the complete skeleton had been carefully uncovered as it lay in the little cave.

"I didn't know whether to call the sheriff or an archaeologist," Jim Sorenson said later.

He called both, first thing next morning.

L. S. JOHNSTON, sheriff of Randall County, and Jack T. Hughes, archaeologist for the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum in the nearby town of Canyon, Texas, went out to Six Gun City—eleven miles from Canyon—and looked at the bones and other materials Jim had taken from his little cave and the remainder of the bones which had been left inside.

"It's all yours," Sheriff Johnston said to Hughes.

What Sorenson had unearthed, Hughes and other archaeologists who were called in agreed, was the tomb of an Indian who lived about 600 years ago.

Sorenson didn't like the idea of disturbing any man's grave, even a grave that was hundreds of years old. He set about putting things back in order.

Workmen were called to fence off the area of canyon rim where the skeleton was found. Behind the fence, steps were constructed leading down the pathway to the little cave, and along the pathway between it and the yawning chasm a sturdy guard fence was built. Then Sorenson carefully put back the bones and the treasured possessions of the Indian, had an electric light installed inside, and glassed in the front with bullet-proof glass. Now the Indian is laid out just as he was placed at the time he was buried, in a location where anyone who wants to may drive up, walk in, and see.

This Indian was an important man, judging from the possessions entombed with him. He might have been a chief. Consider the wealth represented by what was buried with this man. There was a knife bigger than most Bowie knives—eleven inches long—carefully and beautifully flaked of black flint from Cen-

ENIGMA of Sorenson's Cave

By the light of flickering torches in the late hours of the night, the cowboy recognized his find as the remains of a human being

tral Texas. Two equally well-flaked knives of clear chalcedony from the badlands of South Dakota also were with the skeleton. All the knives were broken, or "killed," as was the custom when Indians put weapons with the deceased.

Near the Indian's neck was a seashell—from the ocean hundreds of miles away—decorated with a design of rectangular turquoise beads from the Southwest alternated with shiny jet from the Rocky Mountains. The stones were cemented on the outside of the shell, making a pattern.

Along the right side of the skeleton were about 200 tubular bone beads. In addition, there were many small disc-shaped turquoise beads and one larger bead of pink stone. Four arrow points were with the skeleton, two in his right hand. One of these points was made of flint from the famous Alibates quarry north of Amarillo.

Rockhounds who visit Palo Duro Canyon today consider the tooth of a phytosaur a prize find. The phytosaur was a crocodile-like animal which lived during the Triassic Period millions of years ago. Rockhounds today know this. The ancient Indian, however, had collected a phytosaur tooth, probably in this same Palo Duro Canyon where the teeth are numerous. He probably wore it around his neck, since it was found near his head.

"Now what would that Indian have thought when he found a tooth like that?" one viewer of the burial wondered. "Indians knew animals. Indians lived by knowing animals—their habits, their tracks, their insides and outsides. What did that old boy think when he found a fossil tooth like that? It didn't fit any animal he'd ever seen or heard about."

WELL, first off, the experts pointed out that this Indian was no "old boy." He was between seventeen and twenty-two years of age at the time of his death. The archaeologists believe the person was a male, but extensive study has not yet been done to prove that.

Preliminary measurements indicate that the Indian was about five feet tall and delicate in build. His teeth had no cavities. They were not worn. Older Indians' teeth of this era when food was ground on stone often are worn. The young Indian had three wisdom teeth, the newest of which showed no wear at all. One of the wisdom teeth showed a little wear, and one was pretty well worn down. The Indian was somewhat buck-toothed, too.

Those wisdom teeth are one of the clues the archaeologists used to determine how old the lad was when he died. Wisdom teeth erupt in most races of man between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five. Sutures in most people's skulls begin to close at the age of twenty-two. The sutures in the Indian's skull had not begun to close. From these two lines of evidence, the scientists conclude that the Indian in Sorenson's cave was between seventeen and twenty-two years of age when he died.

The Indian had a high and very broad skull, a broad face, and a broad nose—what archaeologists call "brachycephalic." This, along with other evidence, could identify him with people known as Panhandle Culture who are thought to have lived in the Texas Panhandle area from about 1200 to 1450 A.D.

Nothing found with the skeleton can be defined as belonging exclusively to one or another of known, dated, prehistoric Indian groups. The arrow points found with the burial belong to a style called Harrell Points by Texas archaeologists. These points have not been found with materials older than 1100 A.D. nor younger than 1500 A.D.

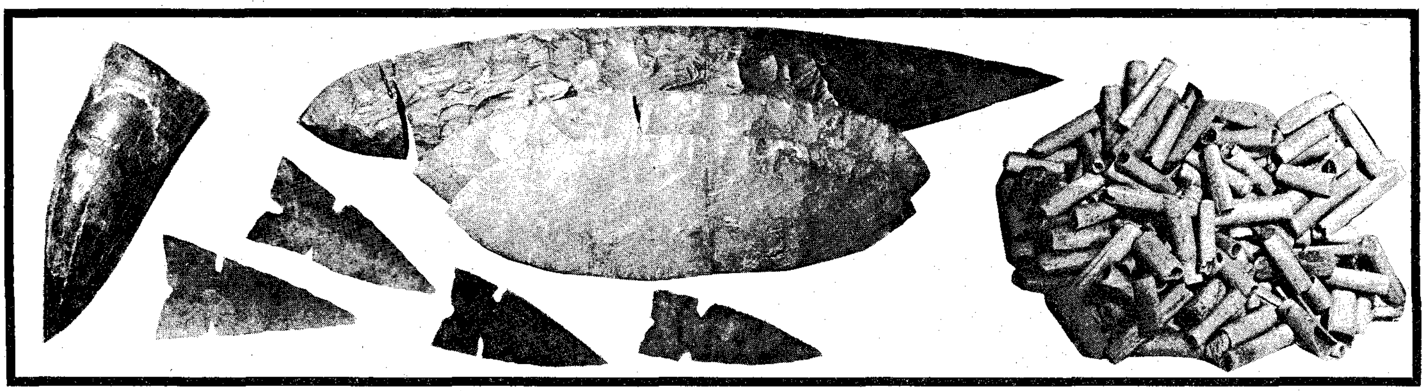
The Indian was placed in his burial chamber in a scooped out area about two feet deep. His head was placed to the west—toward the "happy hunting grounds"—and his feet were drawn up to the right into the fetal position, for his return to Mother Earth. His arms were straight down at his sides. The stone wall into which Sorenson ran while digging undoubtedly was placed there to protect the grave from possible damage by coyotes, wolves, mountain lions or other animals which lived in the Palo Duro Canyon area in early days.

Since the Indian was so young, the immediate question everyone asks is: What caused his death? In his breast bone is a small hole, but the bone around it is healed. He evidently survived this injury, which might have been caused by an arrow. The cause of his death is as yet unknown, but some abnormal growth on his cheeks may be a clue.

Sorenson was anxious to get all the information he could about his Indian. He persuaded three other archaeologists to join Hughes in examining the site, the skeleton and the materials found with it. These were Jim Word of Floydada, Texas, vice-president of the Texas Archaeological Society; Dick Carter of Amarillo, long a worker in Texas Panhandle archaeology and a member of the Texas Archaeological Society, and Miss Ernestine Green, until recently a teacher of anthropology at the University of Hawaii and temporarily visiting in Amarillo before going to Thailand to do archaeological work.

The archaeologists agreed that Sorenson had unearthed a find of scientific importance. Luckily for the general public, the prehistoric mausoleum is in an already established tourist attraction where it may be seen by simply driving into Six Gun City's rustic gates and walking a few steps down the canyon rim.

Two chalcedony knives and an eleven-inch-long knife of black flint were found in the tomb. They are shown below with arrowheads, bone beads and a tooth from a prehistoric phytosaur.



NUGGETS

RED MOUNTAIN GOLD

By H. D. Wernex

"THERE'S gold in them hills." A hundred years ago a Montanan could make that statement and back it up. There are a few men left today who are sure the old phrase still holds true.

While the lure of the yellow metal was bringing swarms of men to Alder Gulch, others were shaking the dust from the sagebrush on a hill called Butte. But the Hungry Hollow Boys left Butte and struck out for greener pastures twenty some miles southwest to Red Mountain. In a short time fantastic tales of wealth emerged from what was to become known as Red Mountain City, also known as Old Highland.

Red Mountain crowded more quarrels, claim jumping, murder and hell into its short life than any comparable town in Montana's gold-conscious years. Men stole each other's gold, then settled it in gunfights, then banded together to hunt down other killers and dispose of them.

The discovery of gold at 10,000-foot Red Mountain was made July 26, 1866, and has been attributed to E. R. and J. H. S. Coleman, Thomas Rutter, D. R. Parker, William Crawford, J. B. Dunlap and Tom Hall. They became known as the Hungry Hollow Company.

In its lusty days, more than 600 log cabins lined the narrow street, some two stories high. Red Mountain's population at one time was greater than that of Butte.

Now all that remains are two log cabins, one badly leaning, the other the old brewery with its roof collapsed. Heavy timbers have crushed the many jugs, crocks and equipment associated with the business. The cellars of other buildings are buried in the brush; trees have taken root where streets once crossed. Still much in evidence is Boot Hill though all its head markers are gone. Here lies buried Shotgun Liz, sharpshooting hurdy-gurdy girl of frontier dance halls. Nearby, a naked gnarled tree marks the resting place of the only horse thief to be hanged at Red Mountain. No one ever succumbed to illness at Red Mountain after the vigilantes took over. But also miners no longer had to bar their doors and sleep with their gold.

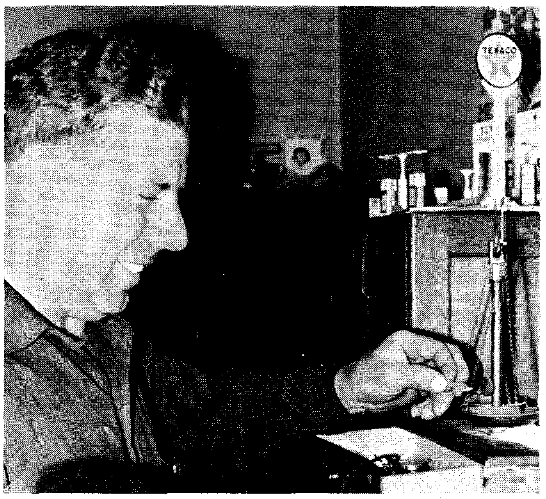
Over ten million dollars is reported to have been taken out of Red Mountain or the Highland area—the beginning of many family fortunes. The claims on the main creek above the mouth of Horse Canyon were the most profitable; the Only Chance, Ballarat, the Wilbur claims were some of the best paying.

One unnamed miner, after six weeks of digging and no gold, traded his claim to Green Campbell for a pair of boots. In a short time Campbell hit pay dirt and became wealthy. Butte gold brought $11 an ounce; Silver Bow, $13; but Red Mountain gold brought $18 to $25 in greenbacks.

Red Mountain's glory lasted less than a dozen years but sporadic mining has been done from time to time and occasionally a few prospectors find pockets of value. In 1916 John Kern, sole resident of the area while working the old Rod Ligget claim, struck what he thought was a rotting timber but proved to be a single nugget weighing five pounds, sixteen pennyweight.

After old Red Mountain seemed to have completely played out, John William and Howard Stratton took in heavy equipment and are working claims held by their father in 1891. They are presently working the Jane Claim near the once productive Highland Placer. The Stratton brothers are convinced, with a boost in gold price, the Highland area will once more produce wealth.

Below left, the daughter of a present-day miner inspects the old brewery at Red Mountain. Below center, Howard Stratton, son of an earlier-day miner, weighs up a few nuggets. Present-day miners (below right) work over an old mine in Kelly Gulch in the Red Mountain area.



TAV-I-AN

By Kathryn D. Groesbeck

MEN WERE taking gold out of river beds and sand bars near Sutter's Mill in California and thousands of pioneer Latter-Day Saints were migrating across the continent on their way to the Great Salt Lake Valley the year Mrs. Martha (Tav-i-an) Lincoln was born—1848. At least, that is the year of her birth according to the present records of the Ute Indian Tribe of the Uintah and Ouray Reservation at Fort Duchesne, Utah. She died September 26, 1964.

When, many years ago, the former agency building of the Utes at Whiterocks burned to the ground, what earlier records there were of Tav-i-an were lost. No one remembers anything about her parents.

"Lincoln," says Mrs. Faye Jensen, who is employed at Fort Duchesne and who was known as a friend of Tav-i-an's, "was not the real name of this old lady. Her husband's Indian name just sounded more like the English name of Lincoln than like any other name so that name became his on the records." Incidentally, Abe was also part of his name along with Tow-i-up. Tav-i-an's husband was born in 1849. He died in 1925. The couple had no children. The records say that a half-brother, Tareapont, was born in 1850 and died in 1931.

Some of the friends of Tav-i-an believe she was older than the records say she was. In connection with that, they tell about Mrs. Mary Reed Harris, whose father was a white man, one of the first to settle in Ashley Valley in eastern Utah, and whose mother was a Ute. Mrs. Harris died at 101 years in 1961. Mary, they say, was a young girl when Tav-i-an was a grown woman.

Be that as it may, anyone who visited Tav-i-an during her last days in the Stewart rest home for elderly citizens at Roosevelt, Utah, could well believe the present records to be accurate enough. Tav-i-an appeared to be all of 116 years.

Along with her people Tav-i-an was expelled from the homeland of the Uncompahgre Utes in the green hills of the Colorado Rockies long ago. With them in that sad hegira she was brought to the dreary reservation of eastern Utah. There, near the Ute headquarters, at that time at Whiterocks, she eventually made her home, not too far from the site where old Fort Robideaux once stood.

Courtesy author

Courtesy Ute Bulletin

Martha Tav-i-an Lincoln and friend, Robert Tapoof, photographed in 1961.

Mountain streams continue to cool the area, most of it primitive today just as it was long ago. There, for around a century, Tav-i-an lived, doing with few conveniences, chopping her own wood for fuel, cooking her own food, and eating it in Indian fashion while sitting on the floor of her kitchen. She liked Indian bread, boiled eggs, pork chops, and orange soda pop.

When a touch of pneumonia threatened to take her life, Tav-i-an was taken to the home for the aged in Roosevelt. Frail, weak, and aged though she was, she wished to the last, says Mrs. Jensen, that she could return home and take care of herself.

Tav-i-an spoke no English and did not understand the English language. Yet, she was always gracious when small favors were sent her way. Only when others became overly solicitous for her welfare did she become annoyed at the rest home.

On April 18, 1962, Martha Tav-i-an Lincoln was presented a belated centenarian badge from the Central Old Folks Committee of Utah. Governor George D. Clyde of Utah came to the rest home in Roosevelt where she resided to present it to her and to pay his respects. And an Indian girls' club in Whiterocks, called Tav-i-an, has honored her by using her name for the club.

Time dimmed the eyesight of Tav-i-an and her illness took its toll of her strength. Yet her mind remained alert.

Possibly that tiny Uncompahgre Ute lady in Roosevelt, Utah, was the oldest lady of her race—the matriarch of the Utes.

A RECLUSE OF THE OLD WEST

By Edna G. Landin

"TODAY I met the dirtiest man I ever saw in my life," said my husband upon his return from Gleason, a ghost town located about sixteen miles northeast of Tombstone, Arizona.

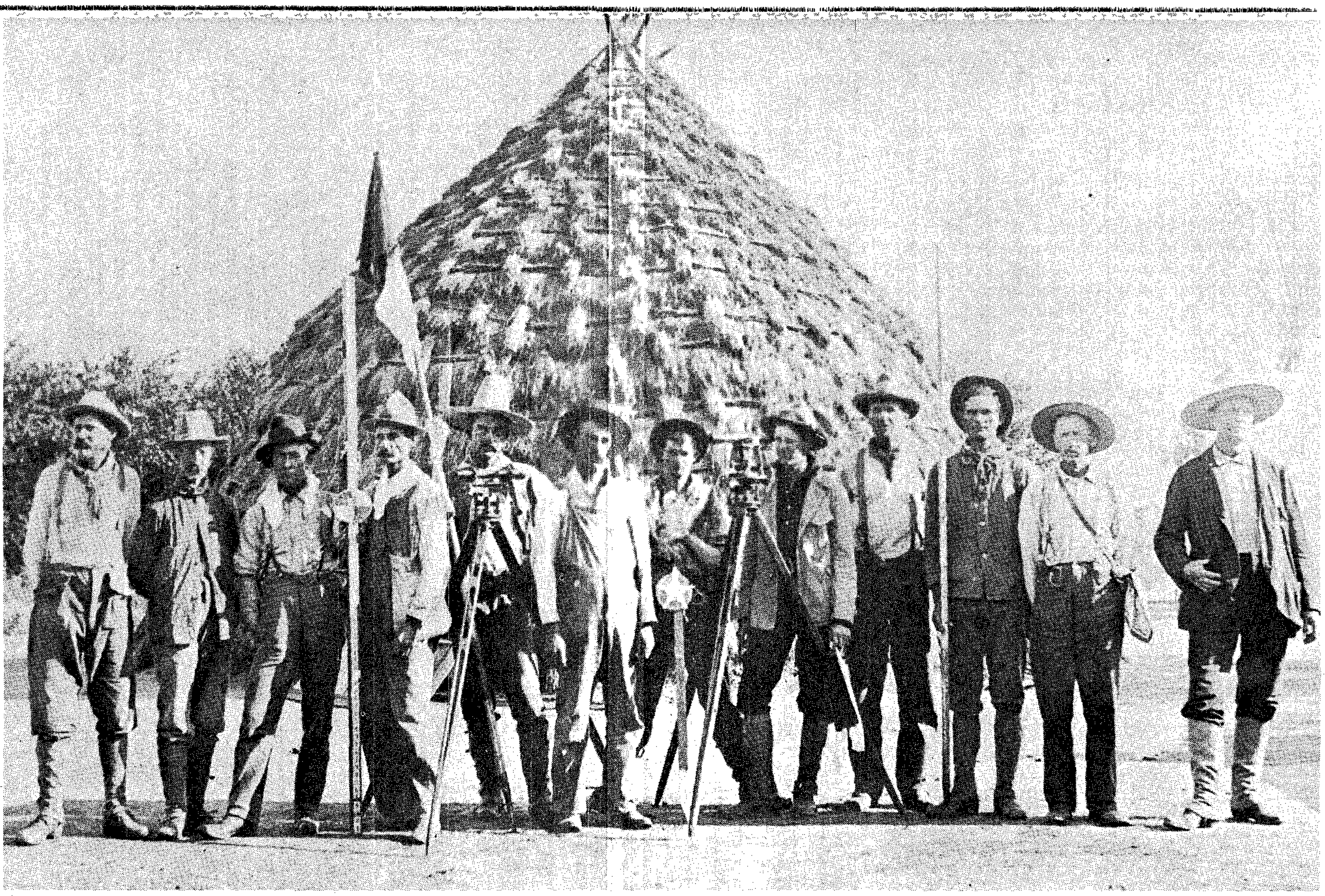
That was my introduction in 1949 to "Hoxie," a former graduate of the University of Rhode Island, who, as he approached the "Golden Years" became fed up with civilization, and sought haven in this deserted phantom village. Here he lived, alone with his dog, among the adobe ruins of an old hospital building.

No longer was Hoxie isolated, for we often stopped off to visit him, intrigued by his colorful character and his outlook on life. There in the abandoned building he had set up a machine shop, which attributed to his grimy appearance. At the time, he was working on the perfection of an automobile jack which, as he prophesied, "would be the best jack on the market after I remove a few bugs." Even though this man was fed up with civilization, he was still trying to contribute something for the benefit of humanity.

Among the equipment in his shop was a 35-inch lathe for which a friend offered him $1,000.00. Hoxie was not interested, saying, "What would I do with the money?"

Outside of the building Hoxie had stacked up deserted mining equipment,

(Continued on page 68)



Courtesy Author

The group above is believed to have been making a survey for the Rock Island Railroad in the early 1900s.

THE QUIET MEN

By G. L. SAVAGE

They mapped the West—and settled with a chronometer and level what otherwise might have been settled with a gun

THE EARLY engineers who ran the boundary lines through the Indian Territory and the Oklahoma Territory outlined the lakes, placed the dams, and surveyed the roads, made life smoother for the generations who followed them.

Many were army men and some were civilians working under their supervision, but they all had one thing in common; they enjoyed their work. They were quiet men who kept their plans secret, for some people would buy land cheap and sell it back to the Government for a high price if they knew just where to buy.

The clothing they wore, tan khaki for the Army Engineers and tan whipcord or corduroy for the civilians, blended in with the colors of the dry grass and rocks where they worked. Summer and winter they all wore the same type hats. They were made of gray felt with wide brims and high crowns with four dents in the crowns, one over each eye in front and two corresponding ones in back. Their high-laced boots were usually made with kangaroo uppers and buffalo leather soles. They never wore out.

Some preferred heavy wax-coated puttees that laced or hooked up to their knees, for they needed protection from the bugs, snakes and sand burrs.

The outsiders who worked with them were well screened, for the Corps of Army Engineers had a reputation for honesty that was the envy of many great banking concerns. Although they handled millions of dollars in public funds, there were no monkeyshines in the auditing, down to the last penny. Each man kept his own expense account and recorded it when the day was finished. Each carried a little leather-bound expense book in his shirt pocket and listed such items as he was allowed to buy. The items were listed on each page with train fare at the top. Then came Pullman, hotel, meals, hack, livery, which might include riding horses, pack mules, or maybe a surrey with the fringe on top—or better still, one with a heavy black imitation leather top that could be put up or down. They were also allowed money for telephone and telegraph charges. All telegrams were sent in code.

There were a few empty lines for miscellaneous expenses and every item had to be accounted for, whether it was a water bucket and dipper, or a few sticks of lumber for stakes.

The men all looked pretty much alike. They were so accustomed to bringing far away places close to their vision as they gazed through their levels, that petty everyday affairs had little place in their lives. Looking away where a dust devil swirled in a dry arroyo, an engineer would see a blue lake rippling in the sunlight. It was not a mirage, but a possibility that he would bring to reality.

One engineer who worked in outlining the lakes of Oklahoma and marking the places where the dams were to be built, put it this way, "When we get through, farm women will never again have to break their backs carrying water in pails to do the family wash." He was right, for the wires that bring electric power from the dams to the farm homes not only pump the water for the women, but do the wash as well.

Engineering work may be carried on for years before coming to completion. First comes the dream, then the hard footwork and the drawing board. The engineers in the Territories kept on working quietly and secretly through changes in the White House from Democrats to Republicans and back again. They paid little attention to politics until the time came to complete a project. It was then up to Washington to get the money to finish the job.

WHEN AN engineering crew moved to a new location for work, they took over an office in a Government building if one were handy, or if not, then any place they could hang their big gray hats. Beautiful Lake Texoma had its beginning in an upstairs room in the old Indian Capital Building at Tishomingo.

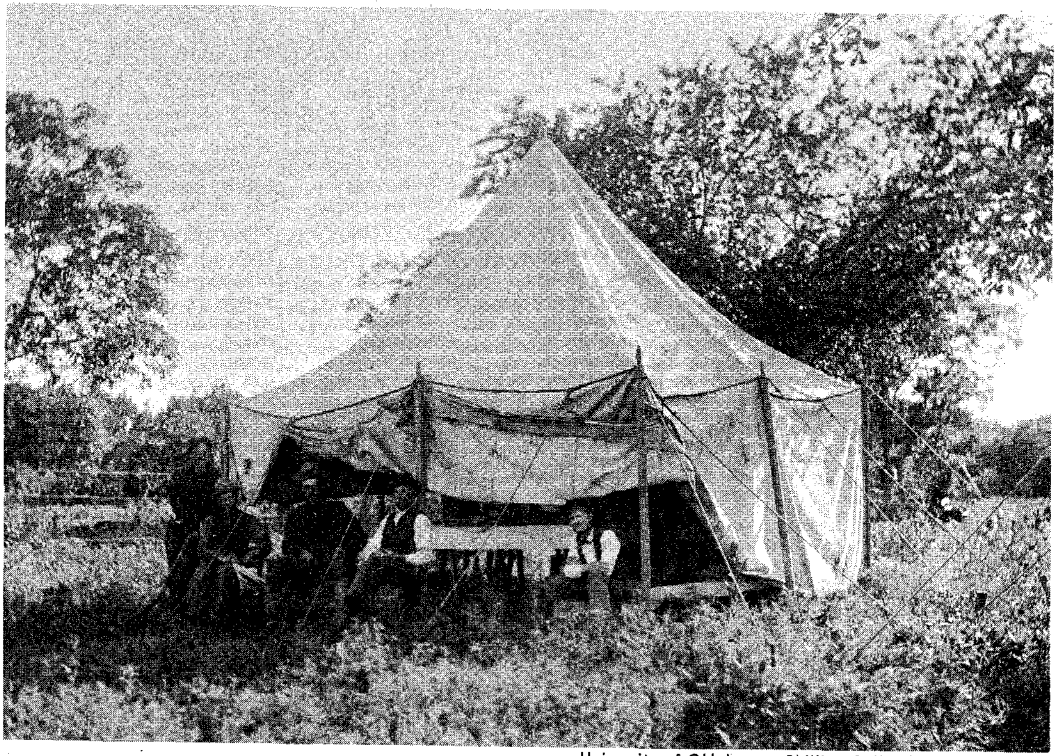
When no Government buildings were convenient, any old office with an outside window would do—or a farmhouse in an out-of-the-way place—or a tent under the blackjack trees.

Office equipment consisted of a drawing board, a few thumb tacks, a couple of "saw horses" with clean pine boards over them for a map table, some place to prop up the tripod and rods, a wooden box full of sharp stakes, and another with an armload of dynamite sticks in it. The chronometer and level were cradled like the king's jewels and cared for as carefully.

When the crew went on an extended camp they made up quite a caravan. There was a covered wagon with army tents and supplies, the chief in a buckboard with his precious instruments and dynamite wrapped in a rubber-coated tarpaulin under the seat, along with hunting guns in a wooden case, fishing rods, a good microscope, and some sketching pads and pencils.

Other men who made up the crew rode in buggies with strong iron tires on the wheels or rode horseback. The cooks were usually ranch hands who knew how to get their game as well as cook it. Their cook table and cupboard was made up of the chuck box on the end of the wagon. Campfires were made from dead wood along the streams or buffalo chips out on the prairies.

A lackey boy was hired to go along and sharpen the stakes at night to be used in the next day's work. He carried water to the men while they were on the job, as well as making himself handy around the camp. He also rode in the seat of honor by the chief and learned the first rudiments of engineering from him. Many highways today cover the footprints of little boys who stood on their tiptoes to get their first look through a level.


University of Oklahoma—Phillips Collection

Dining tent in surveyors' camp, thought to be on the Wichita-Kiowa-Comanche Reservation about 1900.

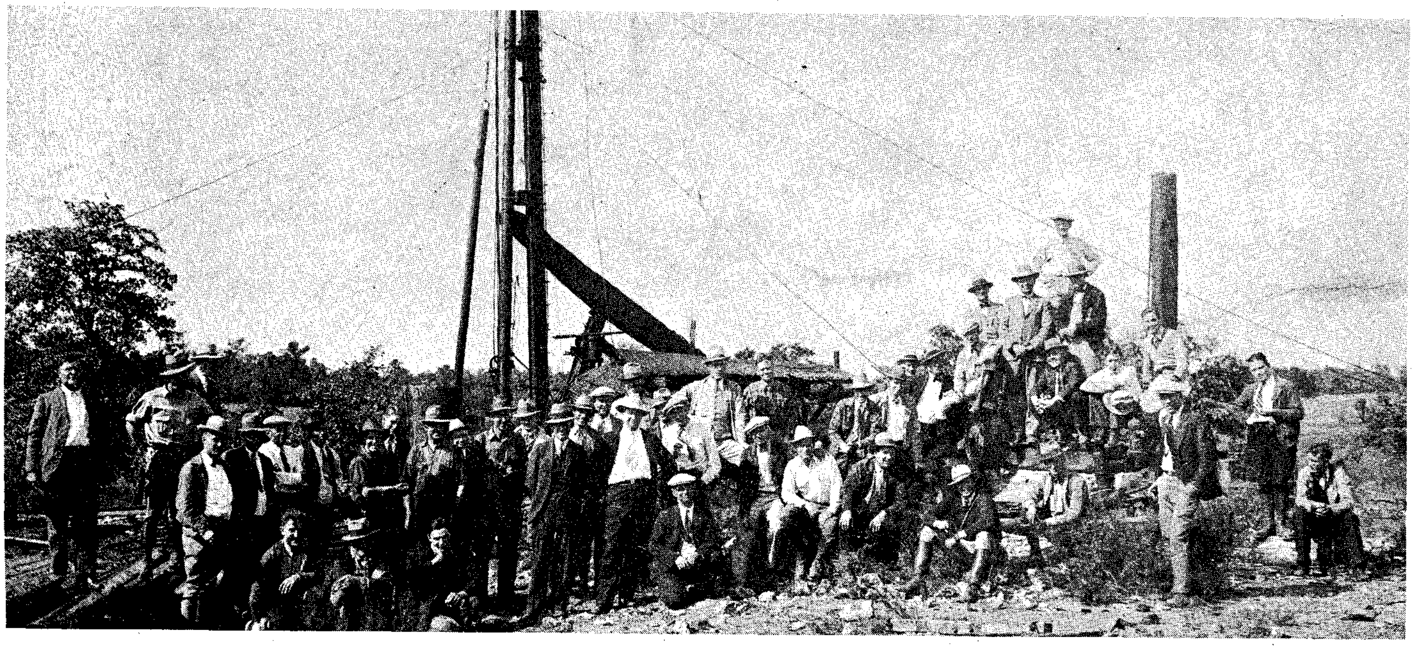
The men hired by the Government around the turn of the century were well able to adjust themselves to their surroundings. They could break bread with the mighty or share "cush" with the Chickasaws. Most were well educated and had studied geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoology. They knew enough about art to sketch what they saw, and enough of journalism to write good daily logs of their trips.

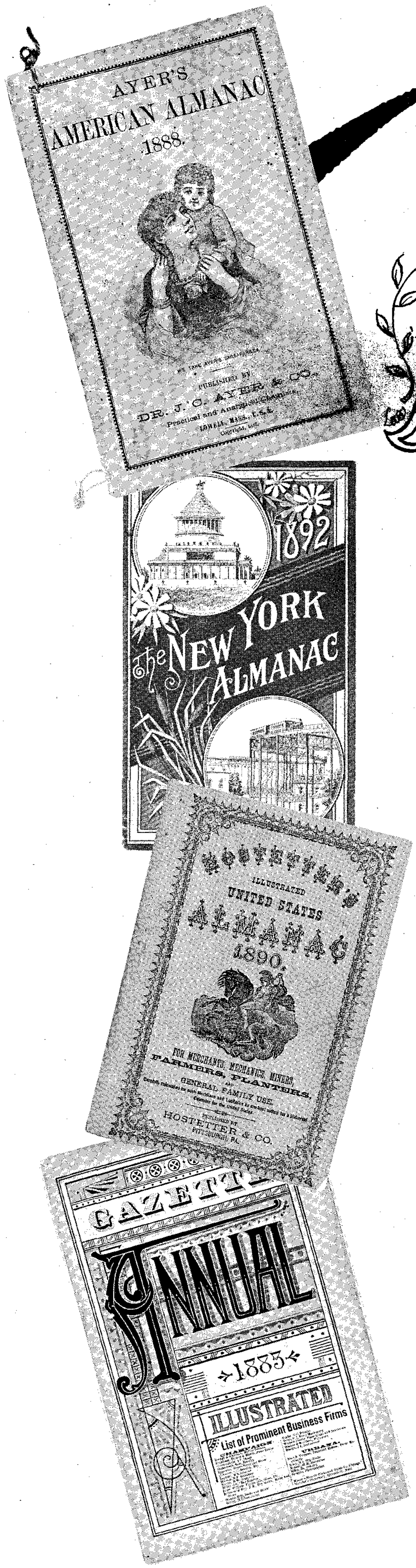
Now they are gone, but the work they started when they tramped along the outline of a valley where clear crystal streams flowed through, to plan lakes for the towns that would be built there, or finding a place to put dams that would hold sluggish rivers from drunken rampages at springtime, is still going on.

Today, petroleum engineers and geologists follow the trails the Army engineers marked out a long time ago. And last year more than three hundred million tons of freight were transported over the inland waterways.

They came to a West without boundaries and played their role in conquering it—with a telescope, not a gun.

Scouts, land men, production superintendents, geologists and engineers on a trip to the Arbuckle Mountains, October 25-26, 1929.





Remember THE FAMILY ALMANAC?

YOU DON'T see one so often today but, at one time, the almanac was the last word in decision making. Old-timers will tell you that you didn't plant corn or pull a tooth unless you checked with the almanac first to make sure that "the sign was right."

As Webster defines it, an almanac is "a book or table, containing a calendar of days, weeks, and months, with the times of the rising and setting of the sun and moon, changes of the moon, eclipses, hours of full tide, stated festivals of churches, stated terms of courts, observations on the weather, etc., for the year." It was this to be sure, but much more. The calendars and tables were usually a vehicle used to advertise patent medicines and dispense practical advice.

Perhaps you have had a few problems around the house lately that can be solved with a tip from the almanac. Got a balky horse? *Standard Farmer's Alnanac* of 1905 recommended, "When a horse balks, no matter how badly he sulks or how ugly he is, do not beat him; don't throw sand in his ears, don't use a rope on his forelegs or even burn straw under him. Pat him gently on the head a moment; take a hammer or even pick up a stone in the street, tell the driver to sit still, take his lines, hold them quietly while you lift up either front foot, give each nail a light tap and a good smart tap on the frog, drop the foot quickly and then chirp to him to go. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will go right on about his business, but the driver must keep his lines taut and not pull or jerk him back."

Or, maybe you are troubled with flies. Here's the solution. "Have good screens on all windows and doors. On days when the flies seem inclined to 'settle' on the doors, take a cloth, wet in coal oil, go outside, and rub over the screen two or three times a day. The flies will quickly go away. If they get in the house, open the doors and windows of the room, pour a little kerosene in a pan, and set fire to it. This will rid your room of the flies much more quickly than if you 'whipped' them out."

Could it be that your problem is of a more personal nature? If you haven't been feeling quite up to par lately, we can fix that too. Maybe you've had a touch of scrofula (a much dreaded disease in past generations, a glandular form of tuberculosis). *Ayer's American Almanac* of 1888 gives this description of the disorder: "Scrofula is the result of a latent poison, vitiating the vital forces, weakening their power, and disordering their functions. Often hereditary, it is one of the most terrible of diseases and, at the same time, most difficult to cure. In constitutional scrofula, the skin, if naturally fair, is often delicate, with spots of bright color; if dark, it is sometimes rough and dry, with a pasty, unhealthy look. The muscles and limbs lack firmness; the joints are weak; and the whole system is deficient in stamina. Eruptions often appear on the scalp and elsewhere, and there is great liability to disease of the lungs, liver, and kidneys, and of the digestive apparatus."

Sounds pretty serious, doesn't it? However, if this fits you, don't worry. We have the cure (and for most anything else with which you're afflicted). A preparation is offered that "cures" scrofula and all scrofulous taints and disorders, eruptions and eruptive diseases of the skin, erysipelas, rose, or St. Anthony's fire, pimples, face-grubs, flesh-worms, pustules, blotches, boils, tumors, salt-rheum, tetter, scald-head, ring-worm, sores, ulcers, rheumatism, mercurial disease, neuralgia, female weaknesses and irregularies, jaundice, affections of the liver, stomach, and kidneys, dyspepsia, general debility, emaciation, catarrh, and, in many cases, consumption." You can't miss with a drug that will do all that.

IF YOU'VE got a toothache, that's a bit different. Better check immediately to see where the sign of the zodiac is. The idea is to have the tooth pulled when "the sign is in the feet." If you have the tooth out when the "sign is in the head" there are sure to be complications.

Almanacs tried hard to be humorous, also. One example will be enough to illustrate this.

"Any letters for Mike Howe?" asked an individual of a clerk at a post office window.

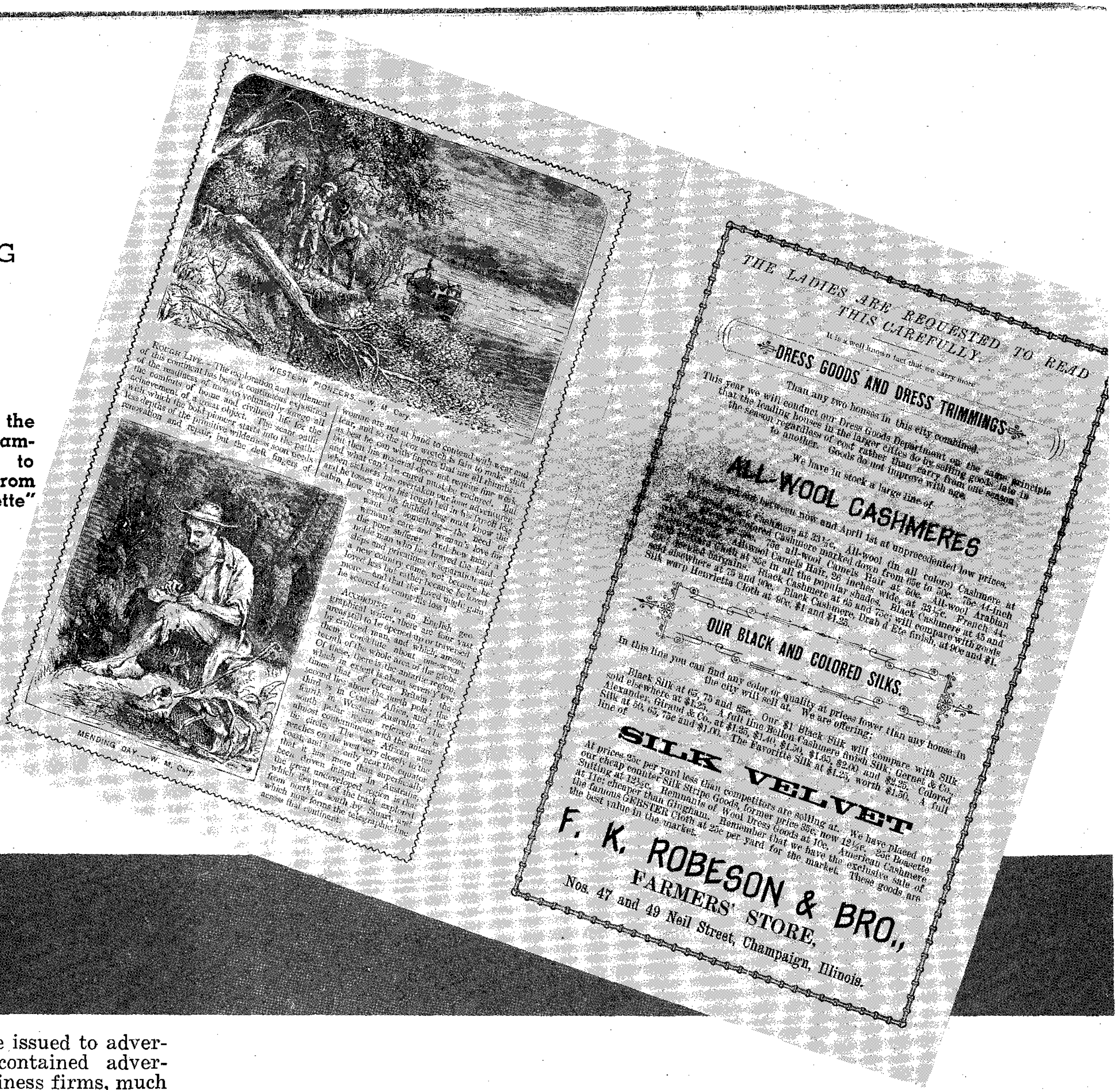
"No letters here for anybody's cow," was the reply. One joke of this caliber should have been enough even in 1875!

By

FRED L. KING

A typical example of the almanac era . . . with samples dating from 1883 to 1905. Page at right is from the 1883 "Annual Gazette"

Almanacs Courtesy Author



WESTERN PIONEERS.—W. M. Cary.

ROUGH LIFE.—The exploration and settlement of this continent has been a continuous exposition of the readiness of men to voluntarily forego all the comforts of home and civilized life for the achievement of a great object. The scant outfit with which the bold pioneer starts into the pathless depths of the primitive wilderness soon needs renovation and repair, but the deft fingers of woman are not at hand to contend with wear and tear, and so the poor wretch is fain to make shift as best he can with fingers that are all thumbs; but then his material does not require fine work, and what can't be cured must be endured. But when sickness has overtaken our lone adventurer, and he tosses upon his rough bed in his far-off log cabin, how even his faithful dog must know the want of something—the need of woman's care and woman's love for the poor sufferer. And how many a noble man who has braved the hardships and privations of separation and a new country came, not because he loved less but rather because he loved more—and that the loved might gain he scorned to count his loss!

ACCORDING to an English geographical writer, there are four vast areas still to be opened up or traversed by civilized man, and which, among them, constitute about one-seventeenth of the whole area of the globe. Of these, there is the antartic region, which in extent is about seventy-five times that of Great Britain; the second lies about the north pole; the third is in Central Africa, and the fourth in Western Australia. The south polar region referred to is almost conterminous with the antarctic circle. The vast African area reaches on the west very closely to the coast, and it is only near the equator that it has more than superficially been driven inland. In Australia, the great undeveloped region is that which lies west of the track explored from north to south by Stuart, and which now forms the telegraphic line across that continent.

MENDING DAY.—W. M. Cary.

THE LADIES ARE REQUESTED TO READ
THIS CAREFULLY.

It is a well known fact that we carry more

DRESS GOODS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS

Than any two houses in this city combined.

This year we will conduct our Dress Goods Department on the same principle that the leading houses in the larger cities do by selling goods late in the season regardless of cost rather than carry from one season to another. Goods do not improve with age.

We have in stock a large line of

ALL-WOOL CASHMERES

[illegible] between now and April 1st at unprecedented low prices. [illegible] Cashmere at 33⅓c. All-wool (in all colors) Cashmere at [illegible] Colored Cashmere marked down from 65c to 50c. 75c 44-inch [illegible] 75c all-wool Camels Hair at 50c. All-wool Camels Hair, 26 inches wide, at 33⅓c. All-wool Arabian [illegible] Cloth at 35c in all the popular shades. Black Cashmere at 33⅓c. French 44-[illegible] Black Cashmere at 65 and 75c; will compare with goods sold elsewhere at 75 and 90c. Black Cashmere, Drab d Ete finish, at 90c and $1. Silk warp Henrietta Cloth at 90c, $1 and $1.25.

OUR BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.

In this line you can find any color or quality at prices lower than any house in the city will sell at. We are offering:

Black Silk at 65, 75 and 85c. Our $1 Black Silk will compare with Silk sold elsewhere at $1.25. A full line Bellon Cashmere finish Silk; Gernet & Co. Alexander, Giraud & Co., at $1.25, $1.40, $1.50, $1.65, $2.00 and $2.25. Colored Silk at 50, 65, 75c and $1.00. The Favorite Silk at $1.25, worth $1.50. A full line of

SILK VELVET

At prices 25c per yard less than competitors are selling at. We have placed on our cheap counter Silk Stripe Goods, former price 35c, now 12½c. 25c Bossette Suiting at 12½c. Remnants of Wool Dress Goods at 10c. American Cashmere at 11c; cheaper than Gingham. Remember that we have the exclusive sale of the famous GEBSTER Cloth at 25c per yard for the market. These goods are the best value in the market.

F. K. ROBESON & BRO.,
FARMERS' STORE,
Nos. 47 and 49 Neil Street, Champaign, Illinois.

Not all almanacs were issued to advertise medicines. Some contained advertisements of general business firms, much the same sort of ads we see in the newspapers and magazines of today; many were beautifully illustrated.

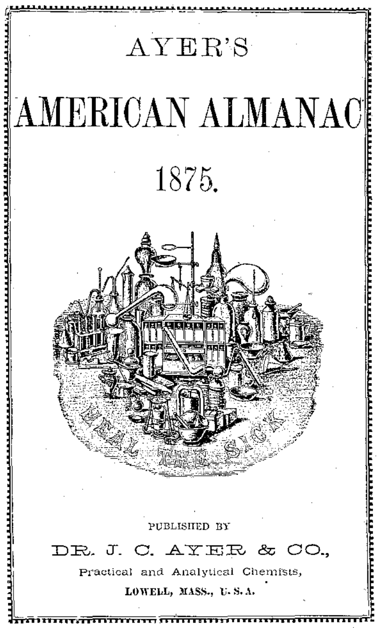
Almanacs contained small bits of general information simply to make them interesting reading. Often there were tables of life expectancy and various other charts. The following table is from *Hostetter's Almanac* of 1890.

UNION LOSSES DURING WAR

Cause of death	Officers	Men
Killed or died of wounds	6,365	103,673
Died of disease	2,795	221,791
Drowned	106	4,838
Other accidental deaths	142	3,972
Murdered	37	487
Killed after capture ...	14	86
Committed suicide	26	365
Executed	....	267
Executed by enemy	4	60
Died from sunstroke	5	308
Other known causes ...	62	1,972
Causes not stated	28	12,093
Total	9,584	349,912

If you get an opportunity to read an almanac of fifty or one hundred years ago, your most likely reaction will be one of amusement. Still, the confidence inspired by its friendly counseling must have given much peace of mind and comfort in earlier days—to the "old gentlemen" and "delicate females."

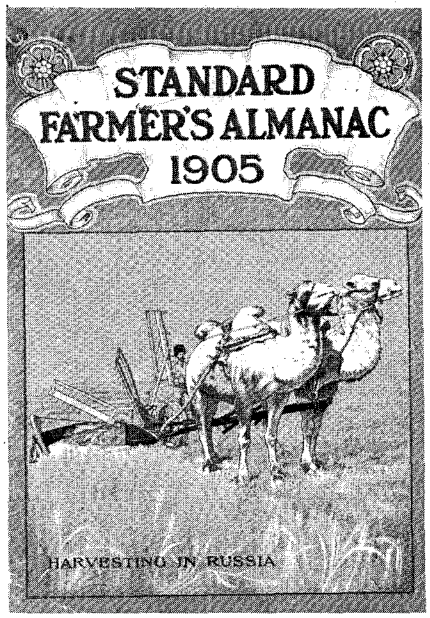
Oh for the good old days when life was simple and the solution to all of your problems could be found in one small pamphlet!



AYER'S
AMERICAN ALMANAC
1875.

HEAL THE SICK

PUBLISHED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.



STANDARD
FARMER'S ALMANAC
1905

HARVESTING IN RUSSIA

(Continued from page 11)

basket and beds and sandals was strong and in good condition. We found a few little dolls twisted out of grass that looked like children had played with them.

We never saw any cooking pots, but found grinding stones and pestles which they used to grind their corn into meal. We found small kernels of corn—red, blue, and white—and very small corn cobs. Also brown bean and squash seeds, some of the same kind grown by the Injuns today, and squash nubbins as big as teacups. One of the cowboys planted some bean seeds he found and said they grew just as good as modern ones, yet maybe they was a thousand years old.

About the only valuable things we found was turquoise and onyx, lots of nice pieces with holes bored in them so they could be wore as ornaments. We didn't find much decorations, and the few pieces of pottery we located was not decorated. I guess they was too busy to spend time on such things.

In many of the dwellings we found red cedar poles about one and a half to three inches thick, straight and slick as though polished from long use. They was eight to ten feet long and pointed on one end, and because we found them in dry corners where not a drop of water could get at them, they was in good condition. They must have been used to spear animals or fight other tribes with. We also found ladders made of cedar poles with bear grass tied between them about ever' eight inches for the rungs. One reason I believe these people must have been small is that the rungs of the ladders was so close together.

All signs showed us they worked mighty hard carrying stone and mud up the cliffs from the creek bottoms to make those houses. On the tops of the mesas and in the valleys below, we found signs of farming—overgrown mounds where they must have had irrigation ditches, and in places the ground had been leveled off.

Lately I been thinking of the way we go into those Injun villages and tear everything to pieces and dig up the old graves. The day may come when some race of people in the future will be digging up our graves trying to find out what sort of tribes we was and studying to make out our language. Say, won't they have a job on their hands? And some of us will be setting up in their museums like young 'possums, same as we have put them Injuns. How would you like that? Ever' kind of Injun, ignorant as we think he is, is a true-born and original American, and we whites are just a bunch of mongrels.

Once in a while, when we was poking around those old ruins, hardly any light and very musty in there, we would get a mite spooky and jump a foot if one of the boys stepped on a stick and it cracked under his boot. Superstitious? Maybe. But in all those places we never run onto a ghost or anything of that sort. So maybe you'll believe me when I tell you how we *did* meet up with ghosts and they near scared the daylights out of us.

SOUTHWEST of Winslow near the Chavez Hills and the Pass was an old stage station. Here when the first stages was running a through route, a family had stayed overnight and had been slaughtered by the Apaches—men, women and children.

Never since then had anyone stayed overnight in the place, and it had long ago been abandoned. But it were well located for a stopping place, as water were handy, and good grass. We cowboys would pull up there, water and unsaddle our horses and put our beds down for the night in one of the old rooms. Pretty soon we would hear horses' hoofs and the sound of wheels and the creak of old springs. When the sounds got close, a voice would holler, "Whoa!" and the hoofs and wheels would stop, and then the voice would say, "Hello, in there!"

We boys would throw the front door open, but not a soul were there, no horses, no wagon, no stage, nothing. Then our hair would sort of stand up on our heads and usually we would saddle up and leave there on a high gallop.

Well, one night I pulled in there with Gus and two other cowboys. It were in the fall; turned dark about seven o'clock. We was feeling a little shaky, but we lit a candle and played poker for a while. About eight-thirty, sure enough, here come the galloping horses. Then the wheels slid a little and a voice called, "Whoa!"

Just as he hollered, "Hello, in there!" one of the boys blew out the candle and jumped for the door. The moon was in the first half, so we could see pretty well. But not a living thing were near. We pushed out together and ran around the place, making a circle three hundred yards around it—not a soul! Not a mark or track anywheres.

After some chinning, we decided to stick it out. But we moved outside to a tree about one hundred yards away from the house. Everything stayed quiet, and we was feeling mighty brave. Finally we laid down and was just getting to sleep when inside the house some dogs begun to bark. Sounded like two or three of them. We set up, pulled on our boots, and walked over nearer to the house. Just then the barking turned to growling, and we heard many blood-curdling screams of women and children, the curses of rough men, and chains clanking. Screaming and cursing grew louder than ever, mixed with the growling of dogs. Suddenly all were dead quiet. Not a sound.

While the racket lasted we had been froze in our tracks, but the dead silence got us. Ever' one of us made a bee line for their horse, slung on the saddles and blankets, and rode two-three miles before we ever said a word. Then we each had to tell what we had heard, and we all agreed that the noise come out of the house and also that no living people or dogs was anywhere near there.

We didn't go back.

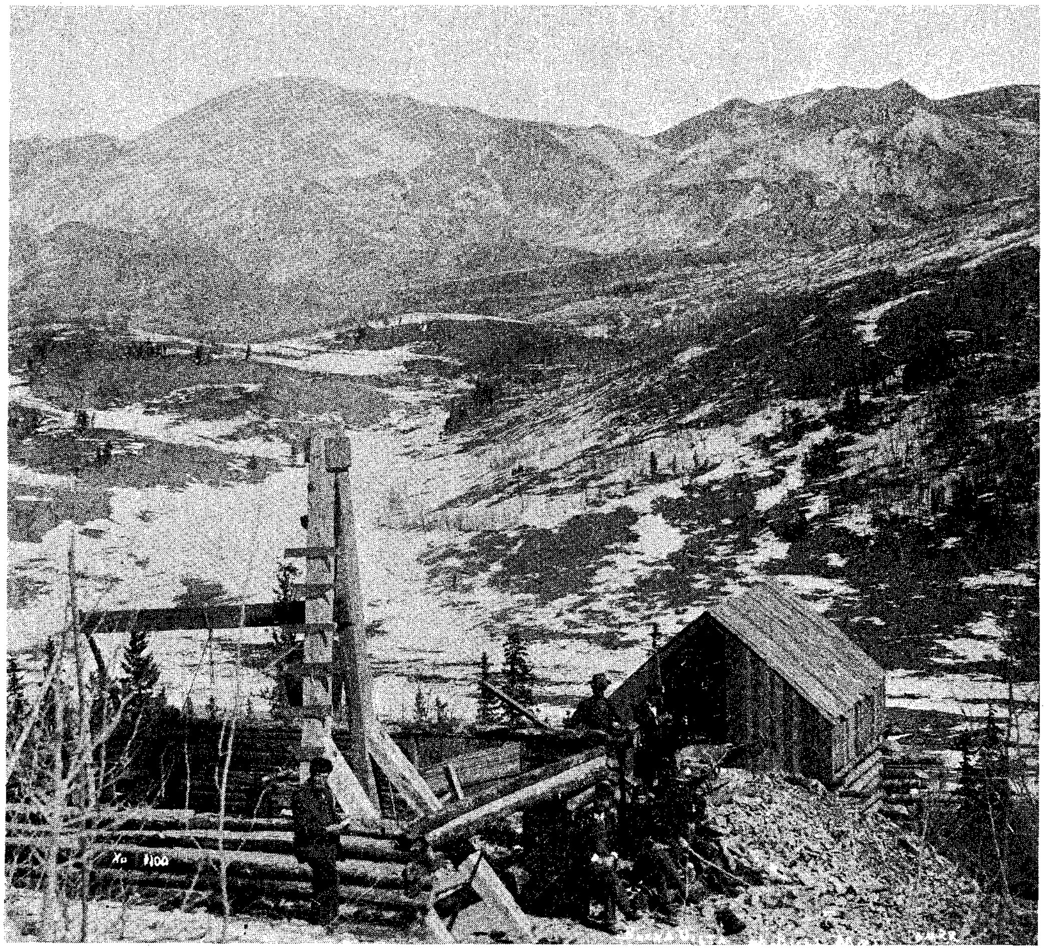
We told a lot of other fellers about it, and some said they had heard and seen the same and wouldn't go near that place for no amount of money. However, one cowboy, George Perry by name, laughed loud and long and made all kinds of fun of us, said he sure would bet us *fifty dollars he could go alone* and stay there all night. We covered that bet pronto. He had heard so much about that haunted station from us and others that he decided he would make no failure.

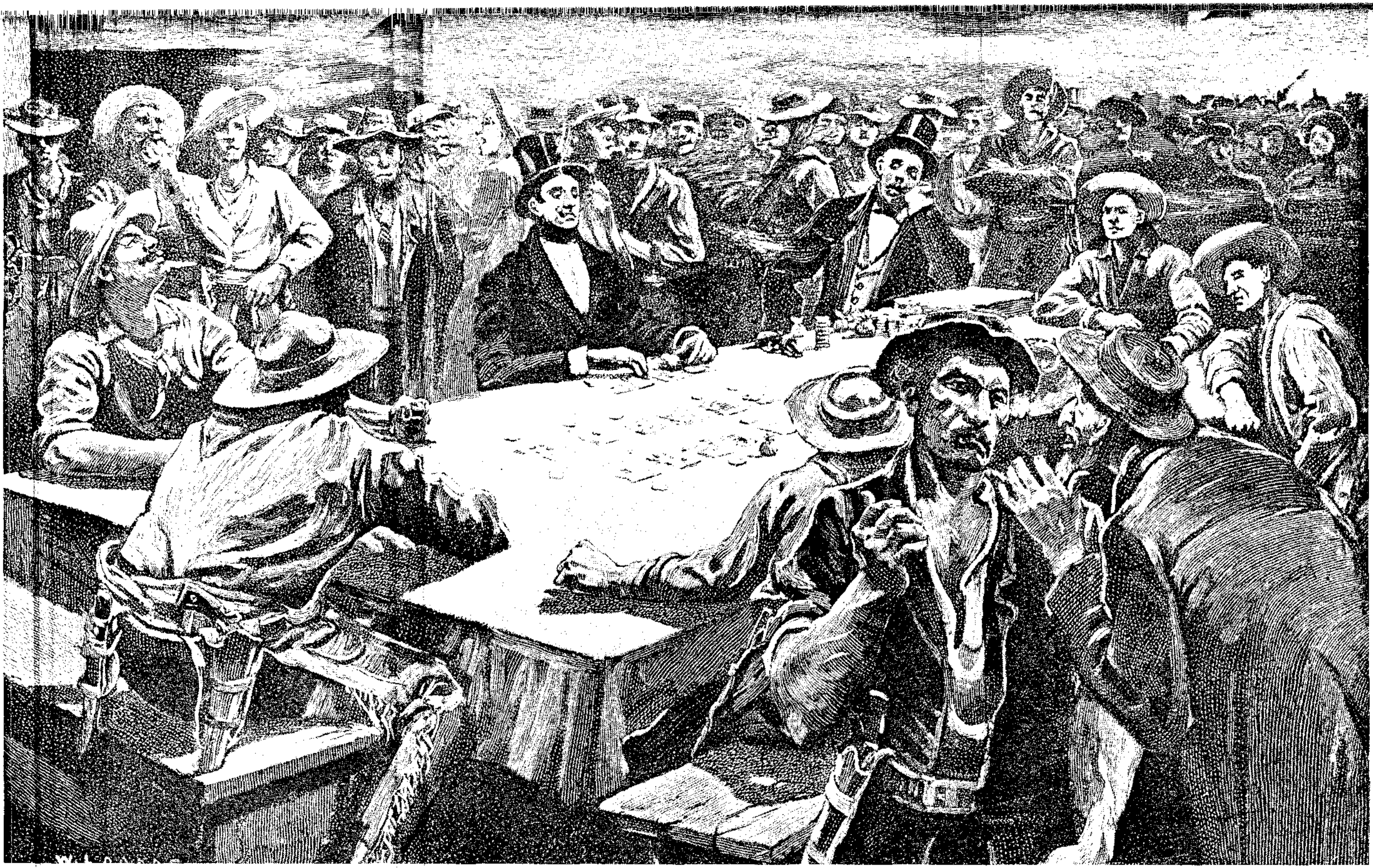
When we got to the stage station, he went inside and fixed his bed comfortable and then took a chain he had brought along and fastened hisself by his leg

(Continued on page 40)

Mining operations in the Cripple Creek area in Teller County, Colorado, where Benton tried his hand at mining for a while. Photographed 1890.

Denver Public Library Western Collection





"The Faro Players" by W. L. Dodge, from an old *Harper's Weekly*

GAMBLING KINGS

By RAYMOND W. THORP

They flew high—for a while. But in the end Lady Luck turned her back and Fate rolled "snake-eyes" for the lot of them

ONE of the most thriving industries of the State of Missouri for more than a generation—before, during and after the Civil War—was the gambling trade. Springfield, St. Joseph and other towns that had seen the rise and fall of Western emigration were hot spots for the gambling fraternity.

Kansas City was the leader, being headquarters for cattlemen who had brought their herds to the railheads, and was the focal point for the top-notchers. Ranchers who had been months on the trail from South Texas often lost the entire proceeds in a night's play. But far from being beaten, they usually stayed on and sent telegrams "back home" for more money.

Two men in Kansas City were known the country over for their fine gambling establishments. They were Bob Potee and Joe Bassett. Potee owned the most elaborate equipment in the West at Number 3 Missouri Avenue. It covered the whole second floor above the finest restaurant in the city. He also owned many smaller places throughout Kansas City. Number 3 dazzled patrons with its luxurious appointments, one being a long entrance hall lined with beauties sans clothing but anointed with incense which perfumed the air. Each was supposed to be "Lady Luck," and a patron touching his favorite as he passed was certain that he could not lose, especially if she were tipped with a $20 gold piece.

Bassett's place was the most popular among the cattlemen, however. "The Marble Hall" was located on Main Street, between Fifth and Missouri Avenue and Joe was there in person at all times playing host to the famous and the notorious. An inveterate player at Bassett's was Wild Bill Hickok who, when in Kansas City, always made his home at the Barnum Hotel, a short distance away.

Others of future fame and ill-fame who played at Joe's included Jesse and Frank James, Cole Younger, Fletcher Taylor, Jim Crow Chiles, Bud McDaniel and Bill Anderson, a pretty good roster of Quantrill's men.

Among the other large proprietors of games of chance were Major J. S. Showers, Doc Frame, Hank Teas, John Evans and the Findlays, father and son. The latter two operated the "Senate," at Fifth and Main Street, third largest in the city.

Showers was the dean of gamblers in Kansas City. A well-educated man well over six feet in height, he weighed 300 pounds, and had been trained in the business in Washington (D.C.) when gambling had been the fashion there. He had dealt games in which Henry Clay and Daniel Webster sat, and had taught poker to none other than John C. Calhoun. When Showers came to Kansas City, he joined Doc Frame in the ownership of several establishments where no limit was placed on betting. Every type of gambling was featured, with faro bank and roulette being the favorites. Dice were unknown in the days of the king gamblers, this being a later development for low dives and back alleys.

THERE was quick enough action in accredited houses with high-type equipment for even a nervous wreck to get satisfaction. In the Marble Hall it was not unusual for a cattleman to lose up to $30,000 at a time, a lot of money to have to collect from mossy-horn steers caught in the Matagorda timber. Everyone always counted on another chance "next year," but in 1881 the Missouri Legislature passed a bill known as the Johnson anti-gambling law. This knocked the famous Kansas City emporiums into a cocked hat.

Within three years all had either quit and sold their equipment to operators in other states, or had moved over into Kansas City, Kansas, at the mouth of

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to a supporting post in the building. He locked the chain with a padlock and throwed the key into the far corner of the room.

"*Hasta luego,* boys," he said. We told him we would be back early next morning, and he laid down for what he told us would be a good night's rest.

Next morning when we boys went back you never seen such a sight. His eyes was bloodshot; he were wild-looking, with hair all mussed up and he had wore a path all back and forth in front of the post, like a chained bear would do. He said he hoped he died before he had to spend another night like that. He had sure heard everything we boys told him about, and more besides—not one time, but three different times. Said he would have give ten years of his life to get hold of that key and run out of that house. Never seen a man so glad to get out of a place after we unlocked him.

All this were back in the Eighties. In 1921 I met some folks in Douglas who had been making a automobile trip through Arizona, seeing the Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest and Meteor Crater. They told me they had camped out on the trip; said they had no trouble camping at all, except one night when they stopped about thirty miles southwest of Winslow. They said they had just got comfortable in their blankets when they begun to hear something growling and fighting. They thought it were bears, got up in a hurry, and put their beds in their car.

They said while they was packing up, they heard all kinds of noises coming from a place nearby where there was a bunch of trees and bushes. After they started on, the road went over a little hill, and looking back at the grove they saw in the moonlight what they thought was the outlines or ruins of a little house. Then they crossed a creek. Well, I knew by their description it were what was left of the old stage station, so I told them of my early-day adventures at that place. We agreed the old ghosts of that dead family was still there, hanging around the place.

GUS had word from his folks in Texas that they needed him home a spell. He sold me his interests in the ranch north of Winslow, the one at Dove Springs, and headed east for home, intending to come back as soon as he could. He never come back. That was the last I ever seen of him. I sure did miss him—my old-time pal that I had pardnered with many a year. The ranch didn't taste the same after that, nor was it making much money.

But the railroad business on the old Atlantic and Pacific were booming. I'd got acquainted already with the railroad men of Winslow, and soon I had an offer to work in the machine shops there. With Gus gone it didn't take much persuading. On the ranch I had always been able to make most anything I wanted out of wood or iron, and I liked to do such jobs. But this were my first chance to try it in a real shop. I went to work under Bill Dowson, the roundhouse foreman, a fine feller who understood his business. He put me in the machinist bunch, with Frank Swartz at the head. I hired two good cowboys to take care of my ranch during my absence, and settled down to learn the trade.

Everything were new to me for a few days, but I caught on quick to things and took a great interest in the work that were allotted to me. Soon I could run a lathe, sharpen tools, take down any part of a locomotive and replace it. This kind of work seemed to be what I were best adapted for. Swartz would say to me, "Where did you work, Jess, before you came to Winslow?"

I answered, "I've been a cowboy all my life."

"I wish I had some more cowboys here if they are all like you," he would say.

An old Hinkley engine come into the shop, all shot to pieces, and it were quite a task to rebuild it. We worked six weeks ever' day before it was ready to go out. Then out she went, to be tried on a stretch of track about a mile long. Swartz says to me, "She is fired up. The hostler will take her out, and I want you to run her up and down this track to see how she is."

"I never run a engine," I said.

"Matters not. You helped build her. You've handled ever' part were put into her. You ought to know how to make her tick."

"All right, I'll try it," I grinned.

So away I went up and down the track ten or fifteen times.

Swartz would listen and look and tighten things up here and there. The master mechanic, Mr. Fuller, and also Bill Dowson, the round-house foreman, come around directly while we was working on her. Mr. Fuller asked me, "Where did you run before you came here?"

I said, "This is my first trip. I am a Texas cowboy and never tried running anything except a horse."

"I'll mark you up as a fireman," Mr. Fuller said, "and you can go out on her if you like, and in less than three years I'll make an engineer of you."

"Sure," I said. "Mark me up."

Early the next morning I was to go out on the old Hinkley. Hell Roaring Davis were my engineer. When the other boys heard that they give me the laugh, saying, "There ain't a fireman on this division can keep an engine hot for Hell Roaring Davis."

I got scared and told the master mechanic, "All the firemen tell me Davis is a hard hitter, and I can't keep her hot."

He patted me on the shoulder, "Jess, you try it one trip to Peach Springs, as we are short of firemen, and if you can't keep her hot I'll make a change there."

"I'll try it and do my best," said I.

WE PULLED out up the hill towards Flagstaff, sixty-five miles. Steam! I held her at 150 pounds—half the time with the door open. Hell Roaring Davis dropped her down, pulled her wide open, stuck his head out the window, looking around at the birds, I reckon. She were a small engine and could throw more fire, pull less cars, and make more noise than any other engine on the road.

After that trip, Dad Butler took her over. Him and me was stationed at Ash Fork as an extra engine to help up the grade to Supai and Williams. I stayed there one year on that run. Then I were given a through straight run to Peach Springs, as a regular engineer on a freight. I were on that eight months. Then they give me a passenger run, and I kept going good on it for fourteen months with Pinhead Watson and others.

In those days the road were pretty bad in places and there was many wrecks. I helped pull three dead firemen and engineers from under engines.

Four passenger trains a day, I were prompted, would run extras on and off on the regular line. The last trip I made I left Peach Springs one hour and forty minutes late. Orders by wire was "Wheel her as fast as you can with safety."

At the top of the grade everything were going fine, making good time. I'm not saying I pushed her too fast down the hill. I had my orders, and down hill we rolled, train under control. Who was to tell me that at Horseshoe Curve in the cut, eighteen head of cattle would be grazing, and me not able to see them in time to stop. We plowed into them. Ever' car in the train jumped the track. Twelve coaches turned up on the hillside, swiped against those rocks.

When it were all over, and them cattle torn into a red mess, the engine were still on the track, but I knowed I had throwed all the cars off and I was positive ever' last passenger had been killed.

I jumped out of the engine and run back to the coaches. It were early morning and ever' passenger had been asleep, but they sure waked up right now and all scrambled to get out. Not a soul hurt, as I had managed to slow up the engine some, and the coaches had gone off on the uphill side against those rocks and stopped.

When I were sure nobody was hurt and nothing on fire, I just slipped off into the rocks and scrub, resolving to forget my last pay check. "This is sure my last trip," I said to myself.

I quit right there. No more railroading for me. I went back to my ranch.

THOUGH I didn't much care for the life of a prospector, there were so much talk in those early days in Arizona of mines and miners, of fellers striking it rich overnight, you couldn't hardly stay away from it. Ever' time I come into Winslow, I would hear a new story of how some feller had struck it rich someplace in Arizona, and it only made me sleep restless.

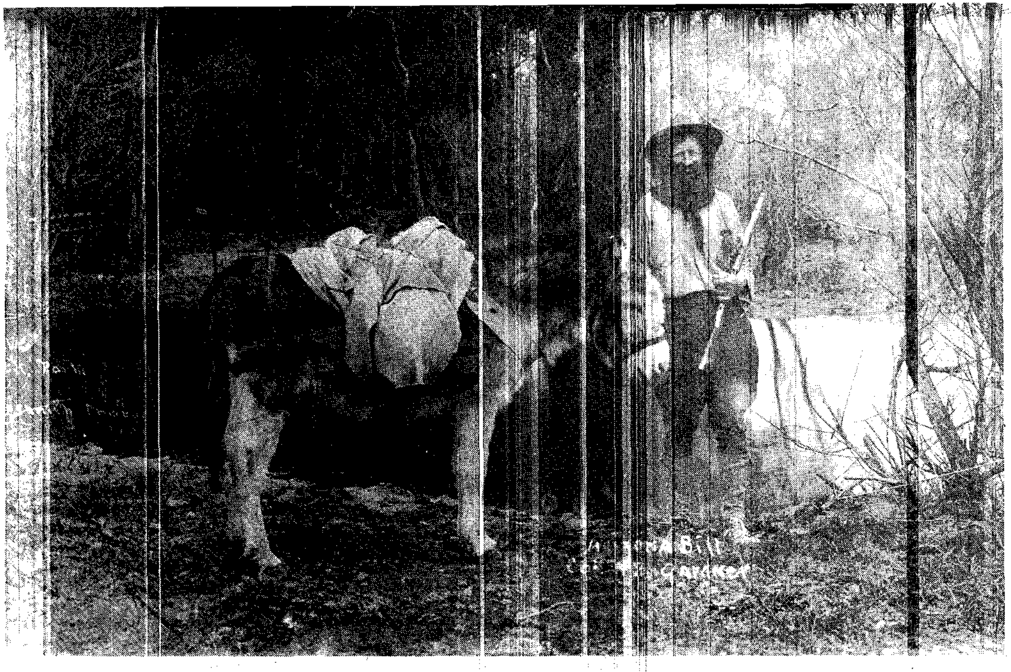
In Winslow I knew old Frenchy well. He had done considerable prospecting in his time and knew the game A to Z and was full of stories. He were married and lived there, yet I knew him only by the name of Frenchy, as in the early days men never asked each other's rightful names. As I have said, he were a jolly feller, full of jokes and stories, and always telling about the rich ore he had found and of buried treasures he knew of. His wife would laugh at him and say she would believe it when she could jingle the gold in her apron.

One day when I met Frenchy he were all excited. He had been up north talking to a Navajo squaw somewhere and she had told him of a place on the San Juan River, along the dividing line between Utah and Arizona, where you could pick up gold from the sand bars by the spoonful. She had described ever' detail of the place, so it shouldn't be hard to find, and Frenchy were so excited he couldn't sleep, couldn't rest until he got up a party and went to find that gold. As there had already been some small strikes and much excitement along the San Juan, the story didn't sound so far-fetched as it might of otherwise.

This were in 1888, after Gus had left, and I were set for anything. We made up a party of six gold-hungry men. I took my horses and wagon and the rest chipped in for supplies and we started north across country, as there was no roads.

We was about seven days going across the Navajo Reservation from Winslow to the Utah line, and from one of the villages we picked up several Navajo guides. These Navajos was thick in the region but peaceful now, as they had made some kind of treaty with the Government and never was the sneaky devils the Apaches

(Continued on page 42)



Arizona Bill Gardner

Arizona Bill was a wanderer. With two burros, Dynamite and Tipperary, he criss-crossed the West. Many of you have seen him plod through the streets of your own hometown

By GERALD J. McINTOSH

Photo Courtesy Author

HE COULDN'T STAY PUT

WRITERS and researchers have neglected Colonel Ray E. ("Arizona Bill") Gardner, yet Gardner served his country well as a government scout in some of the most trying Indian campaigns of the period when settlers were filling up the West, having adventures that befell few men of his time, and did not pass from the scene until 1940. He died at the age of ninety-four, proof to the end that a life of hardship and hard work hurts no man, provided his life is a temperate one. Arizona Bill did not drink intoxicating liquors, nor did he use tobacco in any form. Like most of the old-timers, however, he did love his coffee, and drank several cups per day, black and steaming hot.

Arizona Bill Gardner came through Little Rock in 1927 on one of his cross-country trips and I got well acquainted with him. He spent about two weeks here for what he called a "resting up" period. He camped within easy walking distance of my home and I literally haunted his camp. He seemed to take a sort of liking to me and I invited the old man to spend a night with me in my home, and to my surprise, he accepted. We had quite a gabfest. I kept a notebook in my hand and jotted down the facts of his life which he related to me.

Arizona Bill carried a letter of reference signed by General Nelson A. Miles, Colonel Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), Captain Jack Crawford (The Poet Scout), and others. The letter is very difficult to read and I have never been able to satisfy myself that I can make it out correctly, especially some of the signatures on it. I remarked to him that I would sure like to own the letter for the autographs that were on it and that I thought it would be of great historical value. He said nothing then, but later, as he was preparing to resume his journey, and on my last visit out to see him, he astounded me by handing me the letter, saying that I might have it, as before long he would be taking the last long trail, anyway, and that I might as well have it as anyone else.

Arizona Bill's long, uncut hair, mustache and full length goatee made him a picturesque figure everywhere he went in the later years of his life, especially on the cross-country trips he made with his two burros. Riding "Dynamite," while the other one, "Tipperary," carried his camping equipment, he is said to have made ten such trips across the United States before he got too old for the trail. Bill wore a scout's uniform, consisting of a short-sleeved khaki shirt with an open neck, khaki trousers with leather leggin's, brogan shoes and a campaign hat.

GARDNER was born in Logansport, Louisiana, in 1846. When he was still quite young, his father succumbed to gold fever and started for California in a covered wagon to make his fortune. While passing through the Panhandle country of West Texas young Gardner strayed from the wagon train and was captured by Comanche Indians. He remained with them for about seven years before he was able to escape and rejoin his folks, who had long since given him up as lost or dead.

His early life was spent in the saddle and in the mountain country fighting Indians. He developed into a fine scout and guide at an early age, and served under many army leaders. He was highly valued for his uncanny trailing ability, his skill with a gun, and his knowledge of Indian languages and methods of warfare.

He was at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, in 1866, and later drifted to Colorado. Earlier, he said, he had been a member of the Pony Express. He hunted buffaloes on the Plains with Buffalo Bill Cody. Going to Montana, he became a scout for the Government. He was serving in this capacity at the time of the Custer Massacre on the Little Big Horn in Montana Territory, June 25, 1876. He served as a scout under General Nelson A. Miles, and was also a scout in the campaign against the Apaches in Arizona, serving under General Lawton, and was instrumental in the capture and surrender of Geronimo.

After the Indian wars were over and Buffalo Bill had founded his Wild West Show, Arizona Bill joined that organization and was with it at various times until its end. He took time out, however, to serve in the Spanish-American War, and later he served in the Philippines. At a later period he served as immigration inspector and customs official, where he had many exciting adventures with dope smugglers. He said he was a Texas Ranger for awhile, also.

Arizona Bill learned life's lesson in a harder school than most of us, and a love of the open country was ingrained deeply into his soul. He was a very interesting talker, liked to tell of his adventures—though in a modest manner—and was of a naturally friendly disposition.

He wore two medals, emblematic of his membership in the Veterans of Indian Wars and the Spanish-American War. He was a great admirer of the Boy Scout movement and, on his trips across the country with his burros, made it a point, when he stopped in a town or city where there was a troop, to get the boys together and relate some of his experiences to them. He always tried to arrange these meetings at a Y.M.C.A., Boys' Club, or some similar house. He was a personal friend of Dan Beard, International Scoutmaster of the period.

After the breaking up of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, Bill found himself without a job. He went to Montana and got together a small buffalo herd, about eight or ten head, with the idea of trying to perfect a trained buffalo act. But Arizona Bill, never having married, was naturally a wanderer, and could not keep still. Disposing of his buffaloes, he acquired a couple of burros and began a

(Continued on page 71)

was. At that time there was supposed to be about 17,000 of them, and they owned nearly a million head of sheep and cattle and about 35,000 head of horses, and also cultivated the land in the watered valleys.

These Navajos was, and still are, very superstitious, with lots of ceremonies and dances. The dancers are dressed up in costume, wearing masks that represent their different gods, like the four winds, the sun, the moon, the rain, etc. They have fifty-one clans, the children belonging to the clan of the mother. A Navajo man does not marry into his own clan, but finds a wife from another; this keeps them from intermarriage. They trade horses for a wife, as is also the custom of the Apaches. Two or three horses gets a man a fine and good-looking wife, and in my opinion that's dirt cheap.

With our Navajo boys we reached the edge of the San Juan River Canyon. It were all steep sides and no trail, and we had to leave the wagon on the rim with a man to guard it. We expected the three Navajo boys to help us pack down, but no sir. They wouldn't budge an inch into that canyon. "Big snake down there," they said. "Him catch us."

We laughed about the snake and tried to argue them into going, so finally they took us to a stretch near the edge of the canyon and pointed out a drag fourteen inches wide that showed up in ever' sandy place. Now I've never seen a snake that size in Arizona or elsewhere, but that drag sure looked like a snake had made it. And it disappeared over the edge going down into the canyon.

WELL, we stopped trying to persuade the three Injuns to go with us. But snake or no snake, we was going down, after having come all this way. The five of us, old Frenchy included, clumb down the steep sides of the canyon, hanging onto bushes and shrubs, our packs fastened to our backs. We worked down on a slanting course about three miles to the river.

Down near the bottom we was getting tired. We spotted a bobcat disappearing in a clump of bushes and chased after it, intending to shoot it. We found among the bushes no bobcat, but instead the opening to a cave. Inside we could see the shining eyes of the cat. One of us shot at the eyes, and that were the last of the kitty.

By the report of the gun we knew it were a good-sized cave, so we gathered some pine knots for torches and pushed in, ready to shoot the rest of the cat family if they was in there. We found that cave a most interesting place. Walls was covered with Injun pictures and picture writing and animal carvings. When we built a big fire inside, smoke went out to the back of the cave, so we knowed there must be another opening in back somewhere.

Right beside where we built our fire was a big heap of ashes that looked like they had been there for ages, and scattered over the floor were about a wagonload of pottery chips, with some pieces of pottery still in good shape and of beautiful design. And we found old stone axes and hammer heads tied onto wooden handles, so old that, on some, the rawhide holding them together was rotting away.

It were late in the day, and old Frenchy were very tired and said we had better spend the night there. We built up the fire and gathered more wood and cooked our supper. Then we explored the cave further. It was fully one hundred feet long and ten to fifteen feet wide, and we could stand up any place. Some places the roof was over ten feet from the floor. We picked up the best pottery and implements and put them in a pile by the mouth, intending to come back and get them on our way out of the canyon.

Frenchy were the life of the party, as excited as a kid. The old squaw had told him of this cave, so the gold diggings must be close by, downriver somewhere. We talked half the night by the fire. Finally Frenchy decided to go to sleep, and said he were going to have a warm place. With a stick he raked the fire over to one side a few feet, spread his blanket down on the warm ashes where the fire had been, then got hisself sort of propped up, half lying and half sitting agin the rock wall, and went to sleep.

The rest of us was soon snoring, although we could hear mountain lions a-squalling outside, and we told Frenchy they would sure get him as he were laying nearer the opening than us.

Along toward morning I heard someone groaning, and then Frenchy called to me. I jumped up, thinking some animal had him, and the other boys got to him quick also, but all that were the matter, he had got cold from the draft coming in the mouth of the cave, and were so stiff he couldn't move. We had to roll him over to our new fire, stretch him out on our blankets, and rub him good all over until he were warmed up again.

He got to feeling all right when he had hot coffee and broiled meat inside him.

Soon as we had finished breakfast, we moved fast downriver, and after a mile or two of walking we come to a wide sand bar in the shallow stream. Bar must have been ten acres in size. Frenchy looked her over careful and sighted at the various landmarks. "This is it, boys," he said. He were so excited he could hardly talk.

He wanted to set right to work, but the rest of us wanted dinner first. We pitched our tent and built a fire. I had killed a black-tailed deer earlier that morning that were drinking in the river, so we soon had broiled deer steak ready. After dinner each man staked off several acres for his claims and we set to work panning the sand where it showed black.

When I got through panning out all the sand over the lip of the pan into the river water, lo and behold there was gold, plenty of it, a spoonful or more, shining up at me from the bottom of my pan.

But sad to say, it were fool's gold and I recognized it right off.

YOU NEVER seen a man look so downcast as Frenchy were. "Well, boys," he said, "that's it. I reckon the squaw didn't know the difference, because this must be the place. Everything fits."

We explored awhile up and down the river, just to be sure, and about three miles away we found the diggings of about twenty men who must of done the same thing as us. Worked hard, but had only fool's gold to show for their labor.

On the way back we somehow missed the cave, but all the boys said they didn't care because it was bad enough to carry what we had up the steep canyon side to the rim, without having to pack Injun relics.

We returned by way of Blue Canyon and stopped at a little Injun village. It were Christmas Day, and we celebrated by buying some eggs and some watermelons from the Navajos. We made eggnogs. The Injuns had raised the watermelons in the Blue Creek Valley, packed them in straw for the winter, so they was sweet and fresh tasting. We found no gold, but we had plenty of fun and experience, and our bellies was full on Christmas Day. It were a good trip. Jolly fellers, plenty to eat, and the Arizona climate the finest yet found—sunshine ever' day. You could go around in your shirt-sleeves here at Christmas time except in the evenings.

Frenchy's wife had the laugh on us when we got back to Winslow. But she cooked us a fine turkey dinner for New Year's, while we brung her back three fine watermelons to eat in January.

This trip didn't cure me on prospecting, back in 1888. I made the trip from Winslow, Arizona, to Colorado to visit the gold mines at Cripple Creek, still hoping, like everybody else, to get rich quick. I made fifteen dollars a day while there, when it didn't snow, but it snowed near ever' day about three foot deep.

I could stand on the trail lots of days and watch four or five stages come in. People would arrive on those stages, get off, start up the hill, and keel over because of the altitude. They wasn't a very healthy bunch—many consumptives among them.

Finally I got good and sick of it and says to myself, "No more Colorado for me. I'm going back to Arizona among the rattlesnakes and Gila monsters." So I left Cripple Creek, but stopped in Colorado Springs, where lived an old cowboy friend of mine. He were running a corral, taking people up Pikes Peak with mules, horses, and burros.

He says to me, "Jesse, you're just the man I'm looking for. I am short of men and I've got a party that want to go on top of Pikes Peak. Eight fine-looking women. You know all about packing outfits and are a good guide."

I says, "All right, Jack. What's the pay?"

"Seven dollars a day, everything furnished, and eight good-looking women for company."

Next morning the women was ready, and I heard Jack say to them, "Well, I have hired you a guide and a good one."

Then the women come out: long and short, fat and thin, and he begun to choose burros for them. Finally everything set, and we pulled out, eight women and one big tomcat. His owner insisted that he go along and see Pikes Peak.

It were the last of June with the wild flowers coming out in full bloom, very pretty everywhere. Those darned women wanted ever' flower they saw. One fat woman kept slipping off her burro, and I had to put her back on ever' time. Between the flowers and the fat woman falling off about twenty times, it were a mighty slow haul. And that crazy tomcat scratched and yelled. The owner said, "Mr. Benton, you will have to carry him," which I did with some difficulty.

I knowed what would happen to that kitty when we hit the timber line, which were the next day. A cat can't breathe hardly at all above 12,000 feet. Poor tomcat begun to yowl louder than ever, louder and louder the higher he got. Finally he says, "Meow," pulls off me, and away he scoots, jumping over the rocks and down the canyon to lower and more comfortable regions.

We stopped. The owner said I must go after him and get him, even though he were by this time out of sight, going it like a streak.

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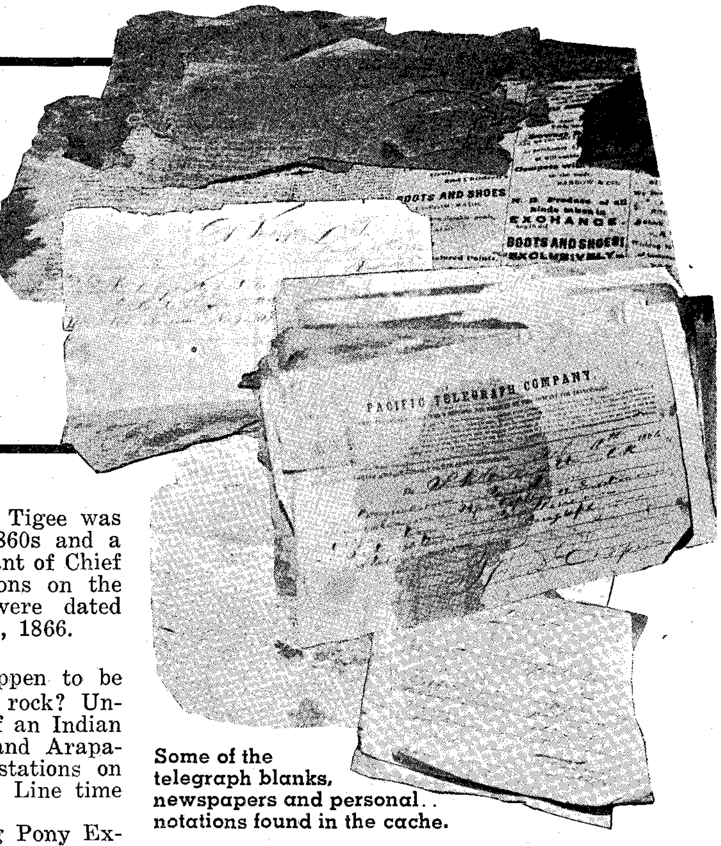
HIDDEN FOR 97 YEARS

When the owner stashed the box under the big slanting rock, he had no way of knowing it would remain there for almost a century!

By W. L. MARION



Some of the telegraph blanks, newspapers and personal notations found in the cache.

Photos Courtesy Wyoming State Journal

A MOST interesting discovery from a historical standpoint was made recently not far from the site of the old St. Mary's Pony Express and Telegraph Station on the Oregon Trail. St. Mary's was located about sixty-five miles from present-day Lander, Wyoming. Miss Jean Ellis, while riding after cattle, was intrigued by a large slanting rock on the sloping side of Sweetwater Canyon; she decided to see if there were anything under it. After a little digging, a box about two feet long and half as wide was uncovered.

Inside, a shawl or knitted piece of woolen cloth was folded over the following relics: a pair of buckskin pants and a jacket to match (the buckskin is as soft as silk); a pair of moccasins, made in all probability by a Bannock squaw, showing signs of wear but in good condition (they are sewn with sinew, no bead work, but the tongue is covered with red flannel—a true Bannock characteristic); and a buckskin sack of flour, close to fifty pounds. The flour could be made into bread today.

There was a jar marked "Bear Grease" and five homemade candles, most likely made of the same ingredient, as bears were plentiful in the 1860s but hog grease was scarce. The contents of a small sack marked "Pepper" is still strong enough to make one sneeze, but some ink in a little bottle has long since evaporated. A couple of dozen telegraph blanks of the old Pacific Telegraph Company and headed "St. Mary's Station" are well preserved. On one blank is a letter dated March 9, 1866:

"Dear Wife: It is now time that I take the opportunity to write you a few lines and I hope these few lines may come to hand and find you the same. I have nothing to tell you except that I am well. My dear, I hope you will accept my will I am sending and that you will take the first opportunity to let me know. Nothing to write about.—Yours, M. C. McMillian."

On another of the blanks was a memorandum of Bannock and Shoshone names with the English equivalents.

English	Bannock	Shoshone
Sugar	Pehah	Pehah
Good	Pesich	Tozunt
Coffee	Coppe (alsam)	Coppe
Tobacco	Pahmone (Powie)	Bown
Beaver	Ahneah	
Robe	Cotninae	
Buckskin	Sagush	Sagush
Bear	Wetah	Aguah
Powder	Na Cotish	

This memorandum was for the benefit of the clerk working in the trade-goods store. Another notation was "Name of Bannock Chief—Tangee." No doubt it should have been Tigee. Old Tigee was the Bannock Chief in the 1860s and a close friend and chief lieutenant of Chief Washakie. The above notations on the Pacific Telegraph blanks were dated March 7, 1866 and March 11, 1866.

HOW DID these relics happen to be under the huge slanting rock? Undoubtedly it was the result of an Indian raid. The Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians burned the old stations on the Pony Express and Stage Line time after time.

Buffalo Bill Cody, a young Pony Express rider, once left Sweetwater Station some five miles east of Independence Rock on his daily run with the mail. When he got to Split Rock, the next station west, he found it in flames. There were no men in sight and the stock had been run off. He went on to the next station which was Three Crossings and one of the main stations on the Pony Express. He found this station burned, also, the stock run off, no men in sight.

The next station was St. Mary's; it, too, was burned, the stock run off, no one in sight. The next stop was Gilbert Station, sometimes called South Pass Station and later "Burnt Ranch." It was also burned to the ground, the stock run off, no men around. This was in 1860.

The Pony Express was only in operation for a period of eighteen months. When the Pacific Telegraph Line was completed from Omaha, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City and the line connected up with San Francisco and Sacramento, the Pony Express was put out of business. Those were the days when it cost $5.00 to send an ounce-letter; the telegraph was much quicker and cheaper.

Then on May 27, 1865, St. Mary's was burned again and the telegraph line was torn down for hundreds of yards eastward. Five men of the old Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry were stationed at St. Mary's as a guard. When 150 Sioux attacked the station, the men hid in a well and the Indians overlooked them. Private St. Clair, one of the five men, was the telegraph operator at St. Mary's and he got away with a relay sounder and a coil. The white men made their way to South Pass Station and he wired the result of the raid to Fort Bridger.

In 1866 the station was burned again and no doubt the relics found under the big rock were hidden at the time of that raid. In all probability, McMillian (who wrote the letter to his wife) was the telegraph operator succeeding Private St. Clair. The telegraph blanks are headed in big letters, "St. Mary's Station." The old Salt Lake City paper is badly torn but is easily read. Among other articles found in the cache was a good-sized lump of homemade soap. The remarkable thing about the relics is their excellent state of preservation. The box they were in was tightly nailed and shoved far back under the rock.

The Pacific Telegraph line was completed across the continent in the fall

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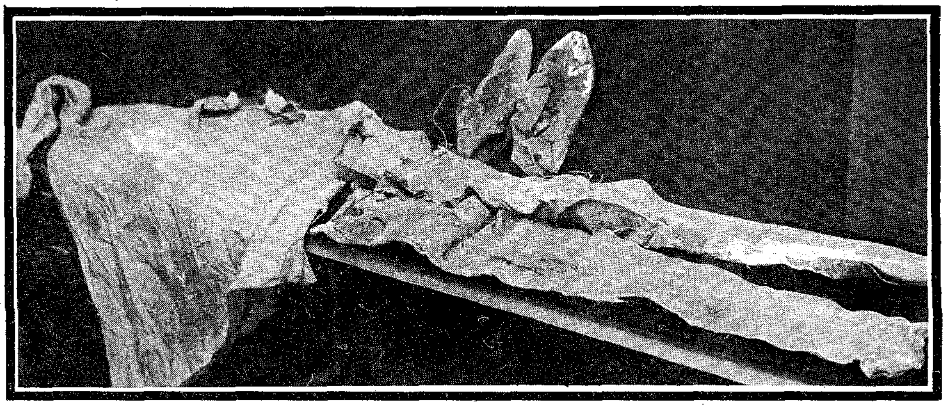
The buckskin suit and moccasins found beneath the rock.



I said, "Madam, I can't get him. It would be impossible for me to find him. He has gone wild like his ancestors." At that she begun to cry, and I had to make camp right there and stay all night, as none of them would go on. Worst of all, they tried to make it down the canyon to find Tommy, and I thought sure I would lose some of them or they would kill theirselves falling over the steep cliffs.

Next morning we departed without poor Tommy and finally reached the top. Camped a couple of days, went down to a low bench of ground on the west side of the peak where there was plenty of elk and hundreds of elk horns that had been shed and scattered around. Well, sir, them women each wanted a set of them horns, and I must tie them onto the burros. I'd get them tied on and then a burro would tangle the horns into a bush and get hisself stuck. Half a day of that and I was plumb tuckered out.

We made camp right there on that bench. About the time the women was ready to go to bed, a big elk walks up to the tent and bugles. Say, you should of seen them women come rushing out of the tent and over to my bed. The elk stayed around there and wouldn't shoo off, so they wouldn't go to bed till I'd come and made my bed in their tent among eight women, which I did, but I never slept a wink. Ever' time a stick would crack, they would holler and scream.

We was gone about twelve days. At last I landed them back in Manitou. Jack wanted me to go again.

"I'm going," I says, "back to Arizona."

IN 1892 I sprung up with the fever again. It happened like this. At Coon Mountain near Canyon Diablo, twenty miles a little to the south from Winslow, a great meteor had fallen a long time ago—the now well-known Meteor Crater. When this meteor struck the ground it made a hole 600 foot deep and about a half-mile across. Tons and tons of shale, showered off by the meteor, was laying all around the crater on top of the ground for as far as a mile away.

It appeared to me like this meteor had come from the west instead of straight down. I got well acquainted with the place, for I run my cattle and horses nearby on what was called the Coon Mountain Range. One day I stopped under a cedar tree to rest, not far from the crater, and while looking about the surrounding country for my horses, I spied a long blackish-brown rock half buried in the shale. I kicked it with my foot and it didn't budge. Then I tried to move it with one hand and no luck. I could budge it a little with both hands, but it sure were heavy.

I cut into it with my knife. It were bright like silver inside and cut like lead. When I hit it with my branding iron it gave out a keen, clear ring. I left it and went on to find my horses and never thought much more about it.

Some time after that in Winslow I were trading at a wholesale store run by Lesser and Sawyer and happened to overhear a man from the East talking to Mr. Lesser. He said he were gathering specimens in Arizona for the World's Fair, to be held in Chicago in the next year or two, and he said, "I certainly would like to get a specimen of this meteor at Coon Mountain."

Knowing Lesser well, I spoke up and said, "What does a specimen look like and what is its value?"

"It looks like silver if you scratch it, but it is very dark on the outside. I'll give $5.00 a pound for a really good specimen delivered here."

"I sure know where there is one," I told him.

I started at once for the ranch. There I removed the bed of the bed wagon, and pulled out across country, no roads or rails, taking Navajo Joe with me. He was working as a cowboy on my place, and I figured I needed his help.

After an all-day trip, we got close to where I had located the meteor fragment, but we had to look around a long while before I finally found it, even though I remembered the place well. In searching for that one, we found another, almost as big. Me and Navajo Joe heaved them onto the wagon, and then had a good look around for others, but found no more. We camped there that night, and next day we hauled them the twenty miles to Winslow.

I looked up my man and he were still agreeable. When the two meteors was put on the store scales they weighed 303 pounds together, netting me $1,500 for two days' work. They was sent to the Chicago World's Fair and exhibited in 1893.

Since that time I have read of mining work being done at Coon Mountain Crater, to explore for the large body of the meteor. It sure must be some place deep down. I don't know what luck the fellers have had, but the first ones sure begun drilling in the wrong place. That meteor hit at a sharp angle and went deep, so even I would know better than to drill straight down for it.

Selling that meteor brought me my first money for finding metals. It seemed mighty easy money, and I got the thirst for more of it. So I sold off my holdings in Apache County, put my pack on my favorite horse, and headed south alone.

AFTER some knocking around, without much success, I landed in Willcox. In those days there was few banks, and a man either kept his money around him on a belt or left it with a trustworthy storekeeper in his safe, tied up into a package with his name on it. In Willcox Mr. Morgan, head of the Norton-Morgan Mercantile Company, acted as a sort of banker—a real businessman he were.

I had money I wanted to invest, after selling out up north, too much money to be carrying around. I wanted a good mining claim cheap that I could develop, or after that a ranch in this part of the Territory. I were about thirty years old.

That morning I watched chuckwagon after chuckwagon at the Norton-Morgan store loading with supplies and starting for the cow ranches. I said to Mr. Morgan, "You are doing quite a business."

"You bet," he replied. "About a half million a year."

I asked, "You have no bank here?"

"Not yet, but we will soon. Are you a cowboy?"

"From Texas," I said.

"I can get you a job."

"I don't want a job."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to start in business," I told him.

"What kind is on your mind?"

"Any old kind," I said.

"There is a new mine opened up at Pearce in them little hills you can see to the south. You go over yonder and take a look. There are a good many openings to be had, and if you see anything you like I'll side in with you."

"I have more money with me than I care to carry around," I said.

"You just deposit it here in the store and I'll give you a book to draw on at the store, like everyone else around here does."

It sounded good to me, so he fixed me up with a book and gave me a letter to the manager of the store at Pearce. Then I pulled out and rode over to the town. On landing there I found a lively camp, everything wide open—gambling, drinking. Everyone had a pocketful of money, everything going fast and all hands busy. That suited me. I looked over the camp with an eye to business and also some sad recollections.

In 1883 I and others had camped at a waterhole within 300 yards of the Pearce discovery, which were on a small round hill that rose from the flat, and we had never had the sense to look around. But I were not the only one. The main road from Willcox to Tombstone passed right by that hill and waterhole. Hundreds and hundreds of old-time miners and cattlemen must have passed there, and none of them had even cracked a rock to see what it looked like.

"Oh," they would say, "there is nothing in them brown stones. You don't find gold in that kind of rock. You only find it in quartz." That's the way the mining game is.

After I arrived at Pearce I saw big freight teams, one after the other, four to twenty-two horses hitched to a string of wagons, hauling ore to Cochise Station and the railroad. Ever' rock you looked at on them wagons was full of free gold and wire silver, very rich, high-grade ore. It all looked good to me. So I asked around, trying to buy up a claim, but they was all held too dear.

I ate at the boarding house run by Mrs. Lemons. She were feeding about one hundred miners at a meal, and they was howling for milk, each and ever' meal. If there was condensed milk in them days I never saw any.

After a couple of days of listening to them, I said to Mrs. Lemons, "If I can manage it to furnish you with milk, ma'am, what will you give me a gallon, and how much will you contract for each day?"

She figured awhile and said, "I'll pay you fifty cents a gallon and take from fifty to seventy-five gallons a day."

"If I start this dairy to furnish you with milk, how long will you contract for?"

"One year, young man," she said.

"Fine. I'll leave to get the cows in the morning." That night we signed the contract.

THERE were no place, in a way, to buy milk stock in Arizona, no big dairies of any sort or milk herds. I'd have to ride around to the small Mormon villages and buy cows and calves here and there from the small Mormon farmers. I pulled out for the San Pedro River settlements of Mormons, about fifty miles to the west, and returned some time later with twenty-seven cows and their calves. I started building corrals and sheds and bought milk pails and were soon ready to begin. I do believe I owned the first real dairy, run as a dairy, in the Territory of Arizona.

I took over where the calves left off, for they had done my milking on the drive. Them cows was sure bad actors. Some would give a pint, some a quart, and I'd get kicked into the fence and over the fence. The buckets got so dent-

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Each morning the Indians checked the sacred pole to see if they had reached their promised land

"Indian Camp On The Move"—Diorama from Museum of the Plains Indians

THE BIG WHITE DOG AND THE SACRED POLE

By REVEREND JESS J. HUMES

as told to

ROBERT KINGSBERY

About the author: Reverend Humes was born November 25, 1887, at Tishomingo, Indian Territory, the old capital of the Chickasaw Nation. In July of 1935, at the age of forty-seven, he became a Methodist minister and served faithfully not only his own people but also the Choctaws until his retirement in June of 1963. Long interested in tribal affairs and the welfare of his fellow Indians, this highly respected senior citizen is one of the eight members of Chickasaw Governor Overton James' Advisory Council. Reverend Humes and his wife live now at Wapanucka, Oklahoma, some twenty miles northeast of Tishomingo.

WHEN statehood came to Oklahoma in 1907, my people—the Chickasaws—were living in an area between Red River and the Canadian River in what was then the southwestern part of Indian Territory; that area today is the south-central part of Oklahoma.

The land in Indian Territory had not always been home to them, however. Only since the 1830s, when the heartbreaking Treaties of Removal forced them west of the Mississippi River, had the Chickasaw people resided in this location.

Before that time, the Chickasaws' vast domain had extended northward from the northern portions of the present States of Mississippi and Alabama to the Ohio River, and eastward from the Mississippi River to the headwaters of Elk River in what is now the State of Tennessee.

That was the old homeland of the Chickasaw Indians. That was where my people were living when the first Europeans—De Soto and his party—passed through their country in the winter of 1540 and '41 on their way to discovering the Mississippi River. That was the land on which my ancestors had lived and died for untold centuries.

Yet the story of this Muskhogean tribe of Indians, according to an old Chickasaw legend, stretches back into time even farther. The legend reveals that long before my people were ever known as the Chickasaw, they dwelt in a land far to the *west* of the Mississippi.

This Chickasaw legend of *The Beginning* goes like this:

IN A TIME long since past, there lived somewhere in the West a tribe of Indians constantly warred upon by a powerful enemy. Because of the never-ending attacks, the people of this tribe enjoyed little of the peace and comfort for which they so deeply yearned.

In time, the families who lived nearest the enemy and who, over the years, had borne the brunt of enemy assaults, became so weary and heavy-hearted that they appealed to their wise prophets to find a solution to the problem.

The men of wisdom held a special consultation. They sat around the council fire and deliberated for many hours, and, most important, they sought guidance from *Ubabeneli*, the Creator of all things, who sat above the clouds and directed the destiny of all.

At last, the prophets concluded their deliberations. They summoned their fellow tribesmen and told them of the decision they had reached.

The people, said the wise men, would seek a new home where they could find peace and happiness. Their guide to the new land would be a *kohta falaya* (long pole). This *kohta falaya*, though, was no ordinary pole. It was something extra special, for it had been made sacred by *Ubabeneli.*

At the end of each day's journey, the prophets explained, the sacred pole would be stuck into the ground so that it stood perfectly straight. Each morning the pole would be carefully examined, and in whatever direction it was leaning, that would be the direction of travel.

That procedure was to be repeated until the *kohta falaya* leaned no more. And when that happened, the people would know it was a divine sign from *Ubabeneli* that their journey was over and their new home had been reached.

Then the prophets told them the people would be split into two groups to make traveling safer and easier and that the brave young chief called Chickasaw would lead one party and his equally-brave brother Choctaw, also a chief, would lead the other.

The people listened intently. They liked what they heard. The words of optimism which fell from the tongues of the wise men lifted their spirits immeasurably; and when the talks ended, the elated people started dancing and singing, and they continued to rejoice until the early hours of morning.

During the next few days, the families busied themselves packing their meager belongings and making other necessary preparations for the journey. At last, the eve of departure arrived.

That evening the prophets stuck the *kohta falaya* into the ground and then retired for the night; the next morning, at the break of day, the long pole was closely inspected and found to be leaning toward the east.

So with Chief Chickasaw at the head of one of the parties and Chief Choctaw leading the other, the two-headed colony bade farewell to the remainder of the tribe and set out in the direction of the rising sun.

IT WAS a sight to behold, this great Indian caravan: old men and old women, boys and girls, young braves and young maidens, husbands and their wives—some with newborn babies, others with babies yet unborn—all moving along on foot with their few worldly possessions and each knowing with certainty that somewhere a new homeland awaited them and by-and-by the sacred long pole would lead them to it.

Far in front of this procession of red people ranged a large white dog. He darted to the right, then to the left; he was everywhere, always on the alert. The people loved the big creature very dearly. He was their faithful guard and scout, and it was his duty to sound the alarm should enemies be encountered.

Travel was slow and laborious. Every evening found the migrating Indians only a short distance from where they had commenced that day's journey; even so, each day's walk took the people farther and farther from their old homeland until in time they found themselves passing through the homelands of other red

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Cow By The Tail

(Continued from page 44)

ed up that I had to send over to Willcox and Tombstone for another lot of them, as the first was now past holding milk. I think I got about two gallons that first morning, and that was half dirt.

"Well," I says to myself, " them scurvy Mormon farmers sure told me some of the damndest lies about these cows being milk cows. They are range-bred or I'm a horse's Adam's apple."

I was plumb disgusted and telling about it downtown when an old Mormon miner come up to me and said, "Say, pardner, them cows you bought bin milked by wimmin folks. Don't you know a Mormon man never milks? Tonight you put on a dress when you go down to milk and you won't have no trouble."

That were a new wrinkle on my horns about cattle.

He says, "See my lip? That is a kick I got from a cow one night after my wife left me." He sure did have a funny-looking lip, all gouged out and crooked.

Well, I thought it over and went to my landlady and said, "I want to hire some of your girls to work for me."

"Lord!" she said. "Them girls can't milk. I got 'em here from Kansas City to wait on table, and that's all they know."

When I told her about what the Mormon had said, she offered to loan me a dress to wear.

"All right, ma'am," says I, "you and me is about the same size, I reckon." I said that to please her as she weighed over 200 and me only 165.

She brung out a red calico dress and I done it up in papers and went down to the corral where I put it on. Perfect fit—after I tucked it in and tied a string around the waist. She had given me a sunbonnet too, which I tied under my chin, to fool them cows. Also I had shaved clean that day, moustache and all, as I didn't aim to have another failure when milking time come round. I fooled more than the cows.

I was getting my pails ready and patting one of the cows, which were acting calm and agreeable, when along come a bunch of miners, just off the shift. Ho! What a surprise—a new dairy started in town and a fine young lady for milkmaid. Ever' old miner passing close to the fence had to get a better look at them cows and milkmaid, and would say, "Howdy, lady." I'd bow and smile, but would never say a word. They finally would go on.

Pretty soon they begun to come back for milk and would say, "Lady, have you any milk to sell?"

"Yes, sir, plenty," I said in a falsetto voice that I tried to make sweet and ladylike.

So everything went fine, cows behaved like lambs, and I had three dates for that night. All three men come to the house about eight o'clock and asked for the new milkmaid. I had posted the boy working for me in front to tell each one that I had went to town. They all three come into town looking for me, each one separate, not knowing about the others. Some of the boys and I was watching, and it sure looked funny to see them three old fellers looking up and down the streets and waiting around on the corners for me to show up, and there I was within fifty feet of them.

They hung around till near midnight, and it got just too good to keep. The boys and me was near busting with it. We told it around, and by next day everybody knew it. Say, those three miners had to leave town the hazing got so bad!

BEANS
ACE REID

"Why haven't you fixed the roof? Told you three years ago it was gonna rain!"

MY DAIRY business did all right in Pearce. Sold about thirty-five gallons over the fifty taken by the boardinghouse lady, Mrs. Lemons. Plenty of good grass around my place and not much expense.

But the town were growing fast, and I couldn't see much future in the dairy business, so I sold out and bought me a butcher shop because of the big demand for meat. I weren't no butcher myself, but figured I could handle the buying end of it as I knew all the ranches thereabouts and was on speaking terms with ever' breed of cattle.

I went into pardnership in the business with a feller by the name of Ed Wolfe, who were a meat-cutter and butcher if ever there was such. Him and his knives got together and that meat just fell apart like it had growed that way in layers.

For the next four years I bought in on the average of ten cattle a day, selling by the side at $20 per head. I bought also plenty of hogs and sheep. I worked hard, sometimes slept only four or five hours per night, then up and start out again.

I was buying cattle all over the region and got pretty well acquainted. The big outfits often had a Chink cook that had come over in the '50s or '60s to California and somehow drifted down into the territories. Sam McCoy, of the CC Cattle Company in the Chiricahua Mountains, were like that, a loyal Chinaman that had come down into Arizona in the '70s. He were a character, glad to see all comers, especially cowboys, and I had occasion often to visit the CC Cattle Company to buy their steers, so I got to know Sam McCoy well. He would greet me with a smile and he would say, "Had any dinna? Me catchum good pie, good eats. Who you workie for now?"

If it was somebody else—and Sam were that way with everybody—the newcomer would tell who his boss were.

"Shu, shu," Sam would say. "Me know him. Velly good man."

One day, when I pulled up to the ranch, I saw that all the cowhands was at headquarters to celebrate with Sam.

"What for the celebration?" I asked.

Sam said, "Me getty letter. Goddamn, my wife she gotty big boy in Chinie."

"How do you figure that, Sam?" I said. "That ain't your boy. You ain't been to China for fifteen years."

Sam said, "Makie no different. My wife—my boy."

And he were drinking China whiskey all day, rejoicing about his new son, all the boys drinking with him. The last time I saw him, years later, he had three boys and were still saying, "Makie no different. My wife—my boys."

Finally he saved enough money to quit the ranch and return to China to see his boys and to live, but in six months he were back. Some of the cowboys asked him why. He said, "No cowboy in Chinie. Me come back—live and die with my cowboy."

ONE DAY I rode up lonesome Tex Canyon in the Chiricahua Mountains looking for cattle to buy, and I run onto a ranch in a wild and beautiful locality at the south end of the range, a wooded region with a pretty spring, and a chinked log house in a clearing, one of the first such log houses in Arizona. When I saw that place it about made my heart skip a beat. That ranch I wanted for myself. I'd never thought much about marriage after saying *adios* to Taloa, but I were getting right along in years now, in my middle thirties, and the idea of a wife and children sort of appealed to me. Right here were the ranch I wanted.

Smoke coming out of the house, so I rode up to it. I were surprised to find eight outlaws there in a bunch, all from Texas, and I knew two of them, but the others I did not know. They was all wanted men and tough hombres. Some of them took part in the famous Stein's Pass train robbery, which I will tell about later on.

I had been among outlaws on occasion all my life and knew how to handle them. Keep your mouth shut, attend to your own business, and leave the other fellers alone, and you will get by, and that applies to everybody, not just outlaws. I have made this my policy all my life and the outlaws never took a thing from me, never bothered my stuff at all.

William Downing were there. I knew him well in Pearce. A man named Cush was the owner. I bought a few cattle off him, and then I said, "You want to sell this place?"

"Not for sale," he said.

I knew why. It were an ideal outlaw hideaway. They come here after a robbery and were not likely to be trailed as it were wild country and in the range of the Apache Injuns, who was still causing occasional trouble to settlers. I didn't push him. I decided just to bide my time and wait, and maybe my time would come.

Pearce were a booming town, mines the richest I ever seen. It were easy for men to turn outlaw in a place like that, seeing all that wealth come easy and wanting a little for theirselves. I knew how the Cochise holdup got started when Mat Burts, Burt Alvord, Billy Stiles, and William Downing robbed the S.P. train.

It were Mat Burts told me all about the holdup. He were the one who stopped the train at Cochise. He said:

"As the train approached the station my hair stood straight up, my heart jumped, and my knees shook. But after the train stopped, me and my pardner Stiles clumbed the engine and told the engineer to pull on out of town until he saw two men. When he seen our guns, he started up. When we got out to where Downing and Alvord was holding the horses, I said, 'Stop. Cut the engine off,' which he did. He jerked a little lever and the engine left the train.

"The baggage man looked out and I covered him, and said, 'Open up.' He did like I said and we clumb into the car.

"The big safe were not hard to blow open, as we had three sticks of dynamite all ready. We put the powder on the top of the safe and filled several sacks of Mexican silver dollars that was laying on the floor near the safe—500 pounds at least—on top of the powder, and set the fuse off, then got out of the way. Bang! she blew. The safe door popped open and out come all the money and jewelry. Downing and Alvord took the jewelry, as I didn't want none of it."

All this happened about one mile west of Cochise Station in the fall of 1897. The explosion could be heard miles away. And Mexican silver dollars was found in that vicinity scattered in different places for years afterward. Mat Burts said the loot they divided up were $365,000 and the jewelry.

That holdup interfered with my business and my peace of mind. Trouble was, I knowed well the men who done it. And the four robbers stayed right on in Pearce flashing money, and a steady stream of officers kept coming and going through my shop, when I didn't want to have anything to do with either them or the outlaws, but only to tend to my business.

Ever' new detective would come straight to my shop and say to me, "Benton, you ride all the time and know all the ranches here and buy cattle in all the out-of-the-way places. Now tell us who were in that Cochise holdup. We have pretty satisfactory evidence it were brought off by local boys."

I would say, "Boys, I am in business and am honest. Even if I knew I'd tell no one anything. I strictly attend to my own business and let the other feller alone."

The robbers would come into my meat shop and ask who were this man and who were that one. I'd never tell them a name, but I come out plainly and told them I had no time to spare to meddle in their business. Also told them they should stay away from my shop unless they had a hankering to go to the pen.

It got mighty bothersome, and I had more and more a hankering for that ranch in Tex Canyon. But there I were between two fires, and wanting no truck with either, and I managed somehow to stay clear of it and get in bad with nobody. Downing, Stiles, and Burts was all finally captured and taken to Tombstone. All broke jail in some way, but was recaptured and sent to the pen at Yuma for from two to five years. They was released at last and returned to their old haunts.

I didn't know the robbers in the Stein's Pass holdup except by sight—Fatty Rhine, Tom Kapehart, and Enard Alverson—but indirectly that holdup involved my interests. One robber was hurt in the fight, so Scarber, a United States Marshal from New Mexico, took up the trail. Along the way he found overalls ripped in one thigh and packed them along. He trailed the outlaws to Tex Canyon, up to the ranch I wanted, and there he cornered them. He put overalls onto one of the outlaws with a wound in his thigh, and the rip and the wound matched. So Scarber arrested all but Cush, the owner of the ranch, and took them back to Silver City, New Mexico. Then later on Cush talked too much, were arrested and also packed off to Silver City, where he hired hisself a lawyer to defend him, and because he didn't have money to pay the lawyer, the lawyer took a mortgage on his ranch.

Some of the outlaws remembered how I had said I wanted the ranch, so because this lawyer didn't want it he wrote me a letter offering to sell it along with the cattle—200 head—for $1,500.

In haste I wrote back saying, "Send papers to Norton and Morgan of Willcox and I will have the money sent return mail."

That way I become the owner of the ranch I wanted. It were a wonderful fine ranch—knee-high grass, big trees, and game of ever' description in the canyons and mountains thereabouts. The log house had been built by J. P. Whalen in 1872, and at the time I bought it and right now today, is in fine shape, all covered on top with handmade shakes. It is said to be the oldest log house that is still occupied in Arizona. Many outlaws have slept in it, many misdeeds have been planned in it. It were often surrounded by Apaches before I got hold of it and could tell plenty of Injun tales if it could talk.

Thirty steps from the house a big spring ran the year around, enough water to fill a six-inch pipe and to water 10,000 cattle a day. Today that water is piped twelve miles down the canyon.

Between the house and spring were two fine big cottonwood trees planted by John Long in 1882. He brung them from the Soldiers' Waterhole in Sulphur Springs Valley, just when they was little saplings.

There was fine wild grapevines that spread through the branches of an oak tree. After I got possession I grafted a cultivated grape stock onto that wild vine and after awhile it produced from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds of big purple juice grapes ever' summer.

For a time after I bought the ranch I still stayed with my meat business in Pearce making plenty of money. But ever' time I bought a bunch of cattle for our shop I picked out the best ones and sent them along to the ranch. And now and then I bought a good horse and sent it along, building up all the time. I hired Jap Choate, an old Injun scout, to stay on the ranch and look after it, and I gave him a small bunch of cattle for his own brand in order to keep him there.

When we got the ranch stocked good, Ed and I decided to sell out our meat business and move onto the ranch. I had taken him in as pardner, as I did not want to go it alone out there, and it was not yet a place where a lady could stay. But we was not in haste. We waited until a good offer for the meat business come our way.

One day a feller stepped into the shop and wanted to know if I would sell out.

"Shoot," I said, "and I'll say *yes* or *no*."

His offer surprised me, but I didn't let on, and had the deal closed in ten minutes. All I asked were to have till the first of the month to give him possession.

Ed and I got things straightened out at the shop, and bought ourselves four good work horses and a new wagon, which we loaded high with supplies of all kinds, and in addition we divided and banked $11,000 in cash between us. On the first of the month we pulled out for the ranch, me driving the team of four horses and Ed riding horseback and driving a few head of cattle and several pack horses.

We felt good. All out of debt, a fine ranch, 500 picked cows, A-1 saddle and work horses, with supplies enough to

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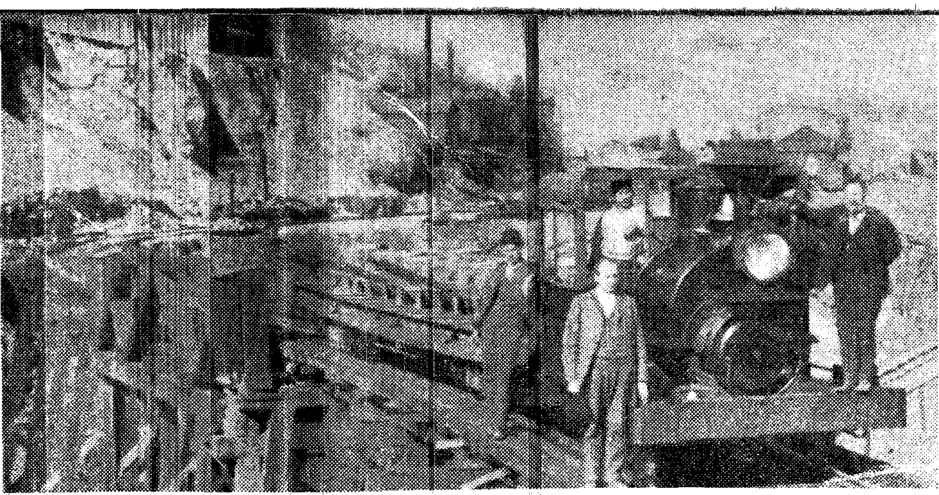

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El Paso and Southwestern in 1888, now part of the Southern Pacific Line.

last us six months.

AFTER we reached that ranch we did not leave for six months. Plenty of work to do of all variety. We built fences and corrals of big juniper posts that soon grew very rustic-looking and pretty with the vines climbing all over them and flowers growing around them in the grass. We started building a new long house. But most of our work was fighting off the wild animals of ever' description that pestered us, day and night, after our cattle.

One day just riding along, I counted fourteen black bear. Mountains lions and lobo wolves was the worst, ten and twenty wolves running in a bunch and very destructive to cattle. Twice I have seen lobo wolves among a bunch of cattle all rounded up, cows bawling and fighting for their lives. Before I could ride to them those wolves cut out a steer and bit through both hamstrings and down he went. I had to shoot him, of course.

Ed and me could sometimes count in a circle ten or fifteen miles over our ranch —free Government range around the ranch—as many as twelve to twenty fresh-killed yearlings, not all from our herd, of course. We sure got busy.

We found lobo wolves hard to poison, for the only meat they touch after it is poisoned is horse meat. We went to buying poison by the hundred bottles, killing wild horses or stray Injun ponies, and pouring the bottles of strychnine on them. It done the work. Around just one carcass I counted three mountain lions, two black bear, and twenty wolves laying dead.

We had to keep this up steady for two years and more. Those wolves was the worst. They would come around our house at night and howl so it would make the hair on your head itch. We had to keep our dogs in the house, good brave dogs too, or they would have been killed. First two or three years we never left that house at night—too many wild beasts and a few small bunches of Apache renegades still pestering the country.

One old wolf nobody had any luck with, either poisoning or shooting, yet all the ranchers on this end of the range was after him. We called him old Long Toe because two claws on each foot was quite a lot longer than his other toes. The cowboys would recognize his tracks and say, "Somebody is going to lose a yearling tonight."

Old Long Toe visited all around the different ranches. About once a month he would come to my place. He would set hisself on a little round hill near the house and howl most all night, and he had the loudest, most mournful howl of any. Me and Ed tried ever' way to catch him. Put out traps, roasted meat and poisoned it, put out fresh-poisoned horse meat. But always he left a circle of tracks around whatever we put, never touched it or went near a trap.

We even built a campfire on the hill and left things around it like we'd been camping there—scraps of meat and the like—but no sir, you couldn't fool old Long Toe. He never were seen in the daytime by no one, and nights we couldn't get close enough with a gun. He could smell us, I reckon.

At this time I owned a big white bulldog named Fritz, give to me by Mat Burts, the outlaw, who couldn't keep him in town because he were such a fighter. One night, the fourth year of old Long Toe's visits, Fritz were outside, at his regular place on the porch where he used to sleep. Usually Long Toe wouldn't come near the house on account of Fritz, but that night he did. And Fritz sniffed him out and tied into him. First thing old Long Toe did was to bite Fritz in the loin, and Fritz got holt of him by the throat and clamped shut.

Such a fight you never saw nor heard. I run out with my gun, but couldn't see very much, and so were afraid to shoot for fear I'd kill Fritz. They fought for over a hour, tearing and squealing and whipping around, and gradually moved off some distance from the house. Then there were silence.

I went out to look around. I located old Long Toe. He lay 200 yards from the house in a big puddle of blood, dead. Fritz had pulled the jugular vein plumb out of his neck. That feller was a monster, measured eight inches between the ears, and were five-foot long not including his tail.

In the morning I found poor old Fritz unconscious from loss of blood, down by the doghouse where he had drug hisself after the battle. Mighty tender, I carried him into the house and did my best to save his life, but he never come to, and died about ten o'clock that morning. He was bit plumb through the loins and kidneys.

Maybe you think we didn't feel bad. That afternoon he were buried with honors befitting a great fighter. All the cowboys pitched in and erected a rock monument over his grave and it still stands on the old homestead near the ranch house. I chiseled an inscription on the rock, "Here lies Old Fritz, our faithful old dog."

CATTLE begun about that time to bring better prices, so cowmen woke up to the situation and offered $25 bounty for ever' lobo wolf caught. Cowboys oiled their guns ever' morning and was ready, and soon the lobos became scarce and cowmen had some peace of mind. Don't think us cow people was born with gold spoons in our mouths and had a canary bird on toast for breakfast ever' morning. It were a tough grind, day and night.

Besides the wild wolves, lions, and bear, we had peaceful visitors from the animal kingdom. Many a time in the twilight, bunch after bunch of deer would come to our spring to water, and stand there as tame as kittens not over thirty steps from our door. A peculiar thing about the deer is that a newborn fawn can lay in the bushes while its mother leaves it going for water, and it has no odor or scent. When I were riding the range day after day I'd see maybe ten little fawns sometimes and would ride around them several times, my dogs following me, and those dogs never smelt that little fawn, although they could smell an Injun or bear or wolf a mile away. Must be Nature's protection for these helpless little critters.

I never let my dogs run deer or antelope, as they was harmless, and I've even raised fawn to deer on the ranch. But they will leave you when growed. I have tried to raise young antelope. Would get several of them when small, raise them on bottles. But just as soon as they begun to eat grass they all died, and I couldn't figure out why.

Finally I discovered the reason. A chew of tobacco were sudden death to antelope. The cowboys would spit their tobacco cuds around in the barnyard or on the range, and sooner or later the antelope would pick up the cud and die right now.

A baby antelope never leaves its nest to go with the band until it is old enough to keep up with the rest, and it don't have to be very old to just fly over the ground. When I rode out, I always looked around for anything I could see, but don't remember ever seeing a baby antelope in his nest. Mother hides it and won't go near it in daytime, for fear she will give away where her young is hid. At night she is right there to nurse it and protect it from its enemies.

An antelope never sheds its horn like the deer. Its hide is useless for leather because it is too thin and tender. The hair is hollow, very similar to mountain sheep, and very thick. Meat is never tough. We cowboys preferred antelope steak to all other kinds.

Mountain lions could be almost as bad as lobos, but was not so numerous, though the first few years on the ranch they was plentiful enough to cause a heap of trouble. We would hear their savage scream or squall at night, a hair-raising sound. Squalls of the mountain lions and howls of the lobo wolves made no echo in mountain country. I've heard dogs barking and wolves howling at the same time, and the dogs' barking were echoed, but the wolves' howls was not, and same thing with lions and spotted jaguar.

Old male mountain lions sometimes come to my milk cow corral at night and took calves out over an eight-foot picket fence. I could hear the calf bawling and fighting for its life. That lion would carry it away, calf weighing a hundred pounds—not drag it, mind you, because there were no track or mark except the lion's prints.

A crooked, leaning tree branched over a cattle trail on my range, and from its branches a female mountain lion got three big calves and one yearling. I had to cut it down. She would crouch hidden in its branches above the trail and spring onto the calves, always picking the fattest one. She would break their necks with the jump, I think, as when I found them, their necks was broke. The lions would kill colts or burros the same way, breaking their necks. And deer too.

But I never seen an antelope killed by a mountain lion, probably because antelope are so keen and fast. An antelope will high-tail it right now—you just raise your head or gun barrel when you are crawling on your belly to get near a bunch of them. Their speed is all of sixty miles an hour, and they can keep it up over quite a stretch. An old railroad engineer friend of mine used to race with antelope coming down into the San Simon Valley on a passenger train on the El Paso and Southwestern to Douglas. Antelope would go right along with the trail for three or four miles with the train doing sixty miles an hour and the passengers all excited and craning their necks.

BEAR when young will seldom bother stock, but some old bear will kill stock and kill even lions. Their eyes and teeth get bad and claws wore down so they can't catch deer and other active game. Then they begin to kill calves that do not run so fast.

One big bear we called old Club Foot traveled up and down the Chiricahua Range for over twenty years. He had only three feet. Had gnawed the other foot off when caught in Ted Waughful's trap near Dos Cabezos. Ever' year he traveled along the range, killing not only calves but cows. He killed three three-year-old cows of mine right at my spring when I were away.

Ever' rancher knew his three-footed track. He were a large bear and did plenty of damage until at Cave Creek on the east side of the range John Hand sighted him and took a shot at him. He must have got him, though he couldn't be sure, but none ever heard of Club Foot again.

First three years at the ranch was full of danger and excitement. Hardly a night went by that something didn't happen. I'd hear a calf bawling and fighting for its life and be pretty certain a mountain lion were in the calf pen, and a wolf maybe howling at the same time. But I were afraid to go out, not being positive what might be there, as the Injuns pulled off just such stunts to draw settlers out of their houses at night.

I had in my possession seven or eight old hogs that I kept to fight for the sows and pigs. They had tusks from four to six inches long and was on the ranch when I bought it. These hogs and the pigs slept near the spring.

One night when I were alone I heard a tremendous noise. Such a powwow you could not imagine. Sounded like a whole bunch of Injuns after my scalp and having a war dance. Of all the grunting and growling you never heard. My hair stood up on my head. I didn't know what to do or what it might be. I pulled my rifle off the wall and stood at the cracks in the logs trying to see what were going on, but it were so dark I couldn't see a thing. By and by all was quiet. I set there the rest of the night with the gun in my hands.

First peep of daylight I went outside. Everything were tore up. I could see where the big hogs had gone round and round, and on the outside of the circle was big bear tracks. Them hogs had fought to keep the bear away from the

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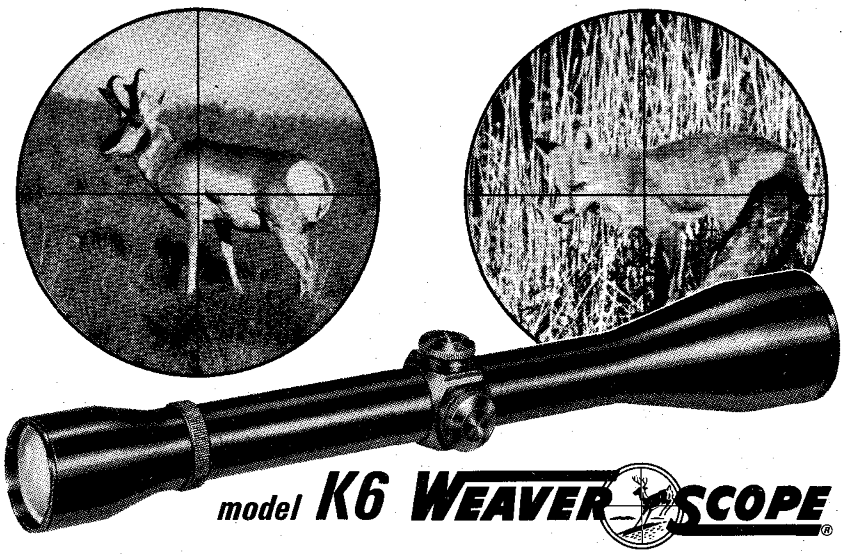

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sows and pigs, and not a one of the women and children hurt and now peacefully asleep, but them boars was sure tore up.

That were the way it went for a number of years on my ranch. I like to live where I can see all kinds of wild animals, and have done so most of my life, never harming them except when they killed stock or when needed for food. Wild animals will leave a human alone when not cornered or with young. Never yet have I heard of a man being attacked after night in the Southwest or anywhere in the Rocky Mountains. I have traveled and lived among them and had no trouble whatever. I left them alone and they stayed away from me.

As Ed Wolfe used to say to me and Jap Choate, my faithful cowboy, when we laid down to sleep and the lobos was howling and the big cats squalling and the night air full of fuss, "We sure are a lot safer here than in a city. No bunco men or burglars to bother about." We would all laugh and go sound asleep.

IN THE 1890s, the big bands of Apache Injuns like Geronimo's bunch had been pretty well cleared up. But a few renegade Injuns pulled off the reservation now and then and did a little rustling in out-of-the-way places like my Tex Canyon Ranch in the Chiricahuas or down in Old Mexico.

Apache Kid were about the last of them, him and a small band of raiders. My ranch were near the border, and he often passed through my range on his way south or coming back. He would take a fresh horse from me ever' time he wanted one—borrow it. For he always left in its place some old bony horse shod with rawhide. Rawhide horseshoes was made in this way: the Injun would take green hide off the hocks of a cow or bull and pull it over the horse's hoofs, a hock hide on each hoof. It would dry on very tight, were good protection for the hoof, and wore a long time even when used in rough country.

We used to say at our place, "No danger of the Kid killing us. We keep too many fat horses for him to borrow." They also took beef from my range. I would come on what was left of one of my fat yearlings and know they had paid me a visit.

The last big Injun raid that were near my ranch were in 1898 by the Apache Kid and his bunch. One of my neighbors, Theodore Hampy, turned up one morning to tell me that the Injuns had raided his pasture and taken saddle horses and his two work horses. The two work horses had broke loose and come back, each with three knife slashes in their sides.

While we was talking it over with Hampy, up rides United States Marshal Scarber and two men tracking down some outlaws from Mexico. With them three and Ed, Jap, and me, we had enough for a trading party, so we pulled out on their trail, leading for a high peak in the mountains. About three miles of riding, we come on Steve Bryant. He too lost some horses. Steve joined us.

Pretty soon in the high country we run across the carcass of one of Steve's horses, a very fine pet horse. It had give out, so the Injuns had killed it and cut off the foretop and upper part of its neck for meat, as the Apaches like horse meat even better than beef. A little further on we found another of his that had been done the same to. These had been pet cow horses, not used much, so they was too soft and fat to keep up with the rest. We found no more.

After awhile I saw a faint line of blue smoke on ahead about a mile in a little draw. I said nothing, as I knew the rest had spotted it and we would soon be upon the raiders.

In a bunch of men there is always one damned fool that ought to be in a cornfield or cotton patch, hoeing or picking cotton, not out hunting Injuns. We was right on top of their camp, just about to tip the little ridge that hid them, when this feller sings out, "Say, boys, I see smoke! Must be their fire!"

Well, to the Injuns that were like blowing off a cannon under their noses. We charged up, tipped the rise, and rode down toward their camp. But by that time they was on their horses and down the side of the mountain into Price Canyon. That slope led them into the San Simon Valley onto the old Injun trail that went down into Old Mexico to their hideout, twenty-five miles away, where they was dead safe, as the Mexicans never would penetrate the mountains after Injuns.

In my last Injun hunt not a gun were fired. We knew we could not overtake them on that trail and didn't try. They had left many of their belongings—dried meat, rawhide ropes, tanned hides. They had killed two of my cattle and had cut the brands out. We found the hides and the pieces with the brands to fit.

We took pleasure in burning everything we could find and departed for our ranch very late. To my knowledge that were the last Apache raid in Arizona.

ON OUR WAY back I said, "Let's hunt up all their camping places and see if any of them bastards is still over here." We made ready at the ranch and I with three cowboys set out again. I knew they must camp somewhere up Shake Gulch, so we come around by the head of that Gulch and Cottonwood Gulch. Up there we found a very steep round hill, flat on top, where I had an idea they might camp. We circled around on the north side and found a gap in the rocks where they had dug out a trail for their horses. It were blocked with two small trees.

Guns in our hands, we took down the trees and climbed up the narrow rocky trail to the top. Not a soul there. But we found a dozen tepees and ever' evidence that it were a favorite camping place of Apache Kid and Old Big Foot. Water near at hand and fine grass, with a clear view on all three sides so they could watch what went on down in the valleys.

We burned everything we could lay hands on—hides, deer horns, pieces of saddle they had stole, strips of rawhide cut long and ready to be braided into lariats, and many little knick-knacks they had picked up around ranches. When we was ready to leave, it were a sorry looking place. I don't believe they ever did camp there again.

We returned by way of Shake Gulch. At the mouth of it we run onto a skeleton, long dried, of an Injun, beside it a rusted Government rifle. I picked the gun up as a souvenir and still have it. I have often wondered how it was the Injuns carried Government guns to shoot white settlers with. Where did they get them? Even Geronimo and his band had them.

Sherman Crump told me how Apache Kid had stole one of his saddle horses. Soon afterward three of his cowboys was riding after cattle in San Simon Valley, a very level wild country, covered with soapweed and Spanish daggers.

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They dismounted to eat lunch, and while they was eating they seen coming out of Skeleton Canyon a woman on horseback. It were an Injun squaw on one of Sherman Crump's stolen horses. She rode straight up to the cowboys' camp and seemed mighty excited. She kept pointing back from where she had come, down toward Old Mexico.

Finally the boys got out of her that she had run away from Apache Kid, but had left her three-months-old baby there in camp with another squaw. Apache Kid had quite a reputation for kidnapping any Apache girl that he took a fancy to and riding off with her.

The squaw were in great pain because her breasts was so full of milk, not having been nursed upon for some time. The cowboys motioned her to follow them and took her to Fort Rucker about twenty miles away, where she told her story, and were sent back to the San Carlos Reservation where her folks lived.

Not long afterward Sheriff John Slaughter and Lieutenant Wallace and me was trailing some Apaches and come upon their camp just across the border in Mexico. All the Injuns had departed in a hurry, but had left in camp an Injun child that might have been the same one the mother had abandoned.

It were a girl. John Slaughter took her with him to his ranch and adopted her. Mr. Slaughter had also adopted a little Mexican girl. When these two was about eight years old, the Mexican girl poured gasoline on the Apache girl and set fire to her and burned her to death.

Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter felt very sad about it, as they had always thought very much of the two girls. *(For a complete account of this incident see September, 1963 Frontier Times.)*

I WERE married in 1900 to the daughter of a dentist in Benson and my wife come to live on the ranch with me when it were yet wild and uncivilized. We had four fine children, three boys and a girl, that grew up their early years on the ranch. My wife had a hard time on the ranch, I guess, for it were not easy for a woman in those days.

When I first moved from Pearce to my ranch, it were a long haul to Willcox and back for supplies, sixty-five miles each way over cattle trails, not roads. Seldom did we have a newspaper to read, and when we did, it were two or three weeks old. We had to pay seven or eight dollars a hundred for flour, forty cents a pound for green coffee, while some provisions was even higher.

It would take from eight to ten days to make the trip, maybe longer if you happened to meet some of your cowboy friends along the way or in town. At first we timed our trips to follow right after an Injun raid, as then the Apaches would be on their way back to Mexico.

From the time I first settled here, through all the years, there were always talk of a railroad to be built from El Paso on west along the border to Benson. But we had to wait until 1903 for the El Paso and Southwestern to be built, now a part of the Southern Pacific system. It come because the country were settling up, large cow outfits was moving in—the Cananea Cattle Company running over 100,000 head, the Sulphur Springs Valley with two large outfits and maybe 150,000 head, and a big outfit in the San Simon Valley controlled by Merchant and Paramore of Abilene, Texas. Also many smaller outfits like ours.

The new railroad were a blessing to all of us. We could order our supplies one day and get them the next. With the railroad, officers of the law come in after the outlaws that had been hiding out in this remote southeastern corner of Arizona, many with a price on their heads.

By 1903 the new railroad had reached as far as Chiricahua Station, only eleven miles from our ranch. One time when we had gone to visit my wife's people at Benson, 150 miles away, we thought it would be exciting to come back by the new railroad. I knowed some of the men helping to build it, and got permission for me and my family to travel on a construction train.

Say, I think from the grades and dips that railroad must of been surveyed with the wrong instruments. Four cars was the limit one locomotive could handle. And on that construction train the engineer were an artist with the air brakes.

He would puff and snort climbing a hill. When he got to the top and started down, he never thought of the air until he were at the foot of the hill. Then he would give her all the air she had, and everybody on the train would turn flip-flops. Not even a caboose to ride in. Just plain old box cars. Of course, we wasn't charged a dime and all of us was thrilled to be having our first ride on that train, so we didn't mind the bumps.

But others did. A stranger set near us, well dressed and looked like he come from the East and wasn't accustomed to this sort of thing. We was all laughing and talking and having the time of our lives tumbling down and bumping all over the car. But this stranger would have nothing to do with us and looked mighty sour.

Once in awhile he would let out a bawl, "That damned crazy engineer!"

A RAGGED Mexican woman and her two kids climbed on the train at some little dinky place. They carried all kinds of bundles and brought a goat with them. Pretty soon one of them kids cried for milk, so his mammy spoke to that goat in Spanish, and it hopped up onto a bench. There she commenced milking it into a cup for the baby. All of us had seen such sights before—nothing new to us.

However, the young man from someplace back East moved away from the goat like it might bite him. And he said to us, "Of all the disgusting sights I have ever saw, this is the worst. I swear to God, this is the damndest train I ever rode on."

We kept clacking along. Pretty soon—down another hill and on went the brakes. Everybody and everything, us and kids and goat and bundles, took a tumble. The young dude set square down in a washtub full of ice, half melted into water. He went plumb to the bottom. When we all scrambled to our feet, we saw him still down in that tub with the goat standing on top of him as unconcerned as if it was standing on a woodpile. We all bellowed. Couldn't help it, he looked so comical setting there.

A boy said, "Say, mister, you've spoiled all our drinking water—and your clothes don't look so good."

He never said a word, but you could tell he felt like knocking the head off that boy's shoulders. He crawled out and stood to one side of the rest of us and tried to dry his clothes.

We rumbled along, pretty good clip and nothing happened. Everybody got careless again. Bang! Bump! Grind! Away we all whooshed. This time the

(Continued on page 59)

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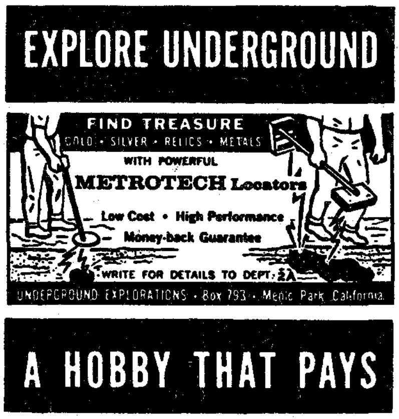
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Cruelest of Comanches?

(Continued from page 17)

in a talking humor. We were in a comfortable spot, and we worried the subject for a couple of hours. He knew about as much English as I knew Comanche. Obviously, much of the vocabulary that I had accumulated around the store was useless in this conversation. Later I was to talk to numerous others, and ultimately an old squaw man helped me to arrange it properly in my mind.

I asked my friend, "Oshey-him Mo-cho-rook? He no Comanche." ("Oshey-him" may be translated as, "Who is?" "What is?" or "Where is? according to the way it is used, circumstances, etc.)

I think the most agonizing time came after he had told me who Mo-cho-rook was, where he came from, and many of his peculiarities when I asked him, "Oshey-him *Mo-cho-rook?*" placing the emphasis on Mo-cho-rook.

In other words, what does Mo-cho-rook mean? Without going through the painful steps we used to arrive at it, this was his explanation. "White man say, Comanche so cruel he makes white man's blood run cold. Mo-cho-rook means, he is so cruel he makes *Comanche's* blood run cold."

THIS then is the story of Mo-cho-rook, after placing all the fragments together, and with the editing of the squaw man. Sometime in the middle 1820s, an unusually well-planned raid was made into Old Mexico. It was made by a leader of excellent repute. His raids had always been successful, and he always picked out a select group from the volunteers. This time he selected about a hundred young, but proven, warriors. Each was to provide himself with two good horses, one horse to have a pack saddle. The end of the raid was to be the capture of a town that had never been raided from north of the river.

It was well-protected on north, east, and west by inhospitable land. It was fifty miles from the nearest water from those three sides. This rather large ranch town sat near the head of a fertile, well-watered valley. It was twenty-odd miles to the nearest town, with only ranches lying between.

These people were very rich in good horses and cattle. Upward of a hundred or more families lived in the town. As the plans were laid out, the Comanches would move in to well-concealed hideouts in the hills below the town, which was too large to be taken by direct attack. At siesta time, part of the warriors would make an attack on the horse herders and stampede the horses to the west out onto the desert. After the pursuit was well away from town, the herd would be headed to the north.

As many of the pursuers as possible would be ambushed, as they would presumably be strung out. Pursuit was not to be discouraged, and they were to be led as far away from the settlement as possible.

In the meantime, the rest of the warriors were to attack the town, where the only opposition was supposed to be the old men and boys. The available horses would have been taken by the able-bodied men for the pursuit. All the old men and big boys were to be killed. The only exception would be if an old saddlemaker were willing to come along and work for his life.

Women and children and all the loot were to be brought to a central spot where the booty was to be loaded on the hundred pack horses. The prisoners would be tied on and the horses turned loose to be driven across the desert-like land. The plan was to start as soon as possible and drive all night, and they would be to water before the middle of the next forenoon.

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"A little higher . . . and scratch!"

There were to be water bags but no warrior was to touch water until they arrived at the rendezvous with the warriors who had the horses. There they figured they could safely rest a day, and then it was several hard days to the river and safety. The leader was sure that the pursuit would not be strong enough to follow across the river.

The town was captured and all desirable loot was placed on the pack horses, but one thing unforeseen and uncontemplated happened. The women had such a fear of life as Comanche slaves that they fought the warriors to the death. The story is, they would even take up their children and hurl them at the warriors as though they were sticks of wood.

The women used their butcher knives, hatchets, and axes for weapons, anything they could get their hands on. Thoroughly enraged, the warriors not only killed all the women, young and old, but they fired the town against their leader's orders, as he figured this would notify the whole countryside.

While the warriors were searching and firing one of the last houses, they heard a baby cry and found a very young baby boy, hidden up on the top of the wall, shoved back under the roof. This was the one living person of all of those who had been left in the town. Though they were many days from their womenfolks, they were able to bring this child in alive. He was raised as a Comanche, and became a great warrior.

AS TO HIS age, here is all we have to go by. The Comanche roll was made up soon after the surrender in 1875. At that time he was arbitrarily given the birth year of 1826. That means that they judged him to be fifty years old. It is extremely unlikely that even then any of the warriors who were on the raid when he was kidnapped from Mexico were alive. A little arithmetic will show that they would have been at least seventy years old. That is just older than Indians became at that time, under the conditions in which they lived.

Another bit of arithmetic brings some interesting conclusions. Supposing that Mo-cho-rook's birth year is approximately correct, that means he would have been an active warrior by the year 1844. That was seventeen years before the out-break of the Civil War, and predates the Mexican War, the last months of the Republic of Texas, and the admission of Texas into the Union.

We know when the end of Comanche independence came—June, 1875. That means Mo-cho-rook was an active Comanche warrior for a period of thirty-two years. That was thirty-two years for raids along the Trinity and the Brazos—thirty-two years of traversing Texas on expeditions into Old Mexico—thirty-two years to drive off the Charley Goodnight cattle and sell them to the Spanish in New Mexico.

His death on October 4, 1915, at the age of eighty-nine, was *slightly on* the prosaic side. At least he died in bed. But he saw fit to lend a dramatic touch. He had sustained a broken hip while working with his horses. They brought a doctor out from Lawton, when he refused to go to the Indian hospital. The doctor put him in a cast, but when the doctor came back in a few days, he found that the old Indian had made his wife cut off the cast. She had brought him dogwood switches from the creek, and he had plaited himself a wicker casing to hold his leg and hip. He lived only a short time.

I said earlier that as nearly as I could tell, he was already a legend among the Comanches while yet he lived. I doubt that I can remember half of the stories that were told concerning him. One was that he would have but one wife at a time, and they soon died from overwork. Another was that his present wife was the fourth sister he had had as a wife, the other three having died from overwork. Neither would he tolerate a slave woman to help his wife.

According to Comanche custom, if you buy a wife, and if for any reason she is unsatisfactory, if she runs away, or if she dies, you may go to the wife's father and demand the purchase price back or another wife, if there is still an unmarried daughter.

Concerning Mo-cho-rook's cruelty, it was said that he never took a prisoner. He killed all, as he came to them—warriors, women, old men, children, babies. My memory is too faulty to give the number of scalps he was supposed to have. One thing seemed pretty authentic. He was supposed to have had a full-length lariat (approximately thirty-three feet) that he had plaited from women's hair—Mexican, Indian, and Anglo.

I was never able to learn whether plaiting was an American Indian-developed art, or if it was learned from the Spanish. Many of the old fellows plaited excellent round rawhide ropes, and also many of them were quite proud of their horsehair lariats. Mo-cho-rook was the one and only man who was supposed to have one plaited from women's hair.

He was *Mo-cho-rook*—"so cruel he makes Comanche's blood run cold."

Killer Mine

(Continued from page 14)

confronted, however, by more falls and dislodged timber than at any previous place in the mine, and upon entering room 15 in the seventh level, there was unmistakable evidence of a powder explosion. Three broken powder cans were found. In rooms 17 and 18, ropes used to lower cars down to the level were badly burned. Room 19 held a miner's scorched coat and vest.

A fall was cleared from the level into room 20 and there the walls glistened white in places where the seething flames of another powder explosion had licked them. Six cans of powder were found destroyed. Hope that there may have been survivors now rapidly faded. The blast had been too severe.

In room 21 it began, the end of the tension and anxiety, the beginning of inevitable sorrow. Three crumpled, broken men were found in room 21. So great had been the force of the blast here that the track was displaced. From then on, no one counted. They began carrying them back to the main shaft, men, boys, burned almost beyond recognition.

In room 22, another large powder explosion had taken place. In room 23, the corners of the ties in the track were charred, and a ladder near the face of the room was badly burned. More burned bodies were in room 24 where the heat had been intense; in room 25 two ladders were burning and in all the rooms, from room 26 to room 29 in the seventh level, powder explosions had taken place. The whole level had been swept by fire. At the junction of the northern boundary intake and the seventh level, support timbers had been blown in both directions, down into the eighth level and up toward the sixth level.

SEARCHERS pressed on into the eighth level. Fate was not kind. More bodies were found, and in room 18 a stack of cut boards used to wall off the air-courses was literally blown to splinters. The pieces were still smoldering. Some victims were burned; some were killed by flying debris and concussion. Still others, including the entry crew, had died of suffocation. No one had escaped. The bodies were brought back to the slope, and from there, up the steep passage to the surface.

The scene on the surface was chaotic. Wives and mothers sobbed, holding in their arms the battered bodies of their loved ones. Grimy, black, tear-stained faces of fathers bent to identify lifeless sons. The final toll was sixty-two.

When the entire mine had been searched, exhausted, heartsick men of the rescue party came up out of the mine. The dead were loaded onto horse-drawn wagons and taken into Almy where a temporary morgue had been set up.

Thirty-two of the men were buried by the Mormon Church. The others were taken to their respective homes and laid to rest there. Perhaps for the men of the day shift, life seemed a little gayer, a little more precious from that day on. Had the explosion occurred just fifteen minutes earlier, they, too, would have been caught and the death toll could have been 125.

Just what caused the explosion has not been determined. The mine was operated and worked by the most modern methods of the day, with an excellent system of ventilation. At the time of the explosion, it was thought that neither gas nor dust was present individually in sufficient quantities to constitute danger. However, it could have been that the gas concentration was actually higher than the old inaccurate type of safety lamp registered. One authoritative source disclosed that a large fault lay in a coal seam and that tools were hidden in it. An overshot could have reached the accumulated gas in this pocket and exploded, thereby setting off the whole mine.

Officially, the combination of explosive gas with finely divided particles of coal dust was given credit for the disaster. Actually there had been two explosions, the first occurring in room 22 of the seventh level, and the second in

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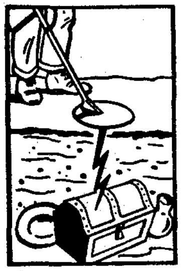

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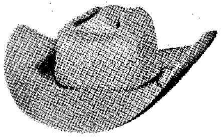

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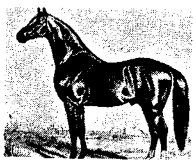

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room 18 of the eighth. This would support the theory that the concentration of methane gas was higher than the safety lamp showed. It was conservatively estimated that 300 pounds of blasting powder had exploded from the intense heat, but a more realistic estimate placed the figure at 600 pounds.

Almy Mine Number Five certainly wasn't going to let a little thing like killing sixty-two men stop it. In future operations it reached a total depth of 3,600 feet, comprising 12 huge levels, 5,000 feet in width, almost twice as large as it was when it blew up. It had a good safety record with the exception of March 20, 1895.

Finally, in 1909, the main shaft caved in for a distance of 200 feet. While workers were trying to clear this, the mine caught fire and burned out of control. This marked the end of Almy Mine Number Five. Only a small dugway into the hillside, the foundation of the boiler house and tipple, and the stones that mark the graves of the men who died that day, remain.

The Big White Dog And The Sacred Pole

(Continued from page 45)

people—red people who eyed them with suspicion and considered them intruders.

Sometimes the weary travelers were allowed to pass unmolested through these foreign domains, but more often than not they were set upon by the jealous guardians of their ancestral lands and forced to fight their way through.

Sickness was a constant companion of the marchers, and the tribal doctors stayed busy digging into their medicine bags. But when *sinti*, the snake, struck any one of them, the big white dog was quickly summoned and had only to lick the wound to make the victim well again.

Yet, even with the extraordinary healing powers of the medicine men and the beloved white dog, the ugly hand of death reached down into the double-headed colony of red people and took away loved ones at will.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years. And then one day, just as the sun was setting, the two parties of Indians came upon a scene beyond their imagination. It was a great river, the likes of which they had never seen before, and the unexpected sight overwhelmed them.

For a long time the astonished people stood on the riverbank and stared in awe at the mighty watercourse. They called the giant river *misha sipokoni* (beyond all age); today, that great river is known far and wide as the Mississippi.

That night the families sat around their campfires and talked joyfully to one another. Many of the people believed the promised land had been reached and felt certain the sacred long pole would confirm their belief at daybreak.

BUT AT sunup the next day, the homeless people saw that the *kohta falaya* still leaned toward the east, and they knew that "home" was somewhere on the other side of the wide, wide river before them.

The tribesmen hurriedly set about constructing rafts, and soon the crossing was underway. Almost immediately a serious mishap occurred which left the Indians very sad. The raft carrying their beloved white dog came to pieces in the middle of the river, and though all the people were quickly rescued, the big dog, which managed to climb onto a piece of broken timber, could not be reached. The people could only watch helplessly as he was swept downstream and out of sight. That was the last the Indians ever saw of their faithful guard and scout.

Many days were required to ferry all the people and their belongings to the opposite side, but, in time, the difficult crossing was completed.

The families rested by the river several days, then packed up and continued their eastward march. Some weeks later they camped at a certain place, which later became known as *Nanih Waya*, in what is now Winston County, Mississippi. At daylight the following morning, the people found the *kohta falaya* wobbling around crazily, leaning first in one direction and then another.

The migrants became somewhat excited—and uneasy, too—for they had never before seen the sacred long pole behave in such a strange manner. At last the *kohta falaya* grew very still and stood perfectly straight.

At this point, the two brothers—Chief Chickasaw and Chief Choctaw—had their first difference of opinion. Chief Choctaw, as well as some of the prophets, was quite satisfied that the perfectly erect pole was the divine sign from *Ubabeneli* that their new home had been reached; Chief Chickasaw, on the other hand, was not at all pleased with the way the sacred pole had wobbled around, and he felt certain the promised land lay farther toward the rising sun.

Discussions on the matter were held by the two chiefs and the prophets, but at the end of several hours, opinions remained unchanged. Seeing that talking was getting them no place, Chief Chickasaw pulled the sacred long pole from the ground and commanded all those who believed the promised land lay farther to the east to pick up their packs and follow him.

That was *the beginning* of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indian Nations. From that day on Chief Chickasaw's followers, who were relatively few compared to the great number who remained in camp, were referred to as Chickasaws, and those who stayed with Chief Choctaw were called Choctaws.

After leading the Chickasaws farther eastward to various parts of what are now the States of Alabama and Georgia, the *kohta falaya* reversed its direction and guided the people westward to a place in the vicinity of the present-day towns of Pontotoc and Tupelo, Mississippi; and there, less than a hundred miles north of where the Choctaws had settled, the sacred long pole stood straight as an arrow. The Chickasaw people then knew with certainty that at last they had found their new homeland and that their long journey was at an end.

Rough String Rider

(Continued from page 19)

of oil in them and would hold the heat.

The cattle were now ready to start branding. I rode out and into the herd and looked them over. I could see that Phelps White was improving his cattle—the longhorns were on the way out.

Yes, cattle were on the march; I could see that civilization was on the march, too. After the coming of the railroads the farmers would follow, and the auto was in the making. You could buy a car in 1902. Land agents from Kansas City planned a big two-train land sale excursion trip to Bovina, where they had just bought 50,000 acres from W. E. Halsell of the Mashed O Ranch.

The branding lasted about twenty-five

days until the first of August. When the job was over, Hill, Tom Hall and I had roped and pulled to the branding fire better than 21,000 calves. Hill and I did most of the roping.

Everyday life on the ranches was quite different from today. In those days we drank our water from the water barrel on the side of the wagon or from the pipe of the windmills. Sometimes when there was no wind to pump the water from the deep wells on the plains, we dipped our hats in the water tanks, after pushing the green scum away (caused by the droppings from the cattle). The taste mixed with the alkaki was good—if you were thirsty. I never heard of any cowboy getting typhoid from drinking out of a tank.

After the branding was over, we pulled into headquarters. Some of the boys were sent to other ranches for a week or so as reps. The others rode the fence and stapled up the loose wire, and fixed and greased the windmills. A few would just saddle up and ride off, or would ride the cook's supply wagon to the railroad ninety miles to the west to Portales, New Mexico, or seventy miles north to Bovina, Texas.

Mr. White had about forty real good brood mares—Hamiltonian Morgan and Spanish. He kept the best of the colts to replace the old mares. He never cut his horse colts until they were about two years old. He said they would develop better.

It had been two years since he had any horses broke. He had ten head of four- and five-year old geldings and two or three six-year-olds with the mares. He told Hill to make the mare roundup, brand the colts, cut the two-year-olds out and ten or twelve head of the best aged geldings, and have me to break them.

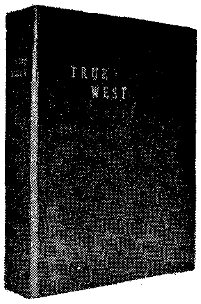
The horse pasture was about three or four miles square, just under the caprock, with a round breaking corral with a snubbing post in the center. There was also a one-room house with no furniture except a small homemade table with a sourdough keg. Cooking was done in a large open fireplace; bread was baked in a Dutch oven. There was a windmill, and that made up the horse camp.

I rolled down my bed-roll on the floor; I had a good supply of food and plenty of fresh meat, as antelope were plentiful, and just under the caprock were a few deer, sage-hens and prairie chickens. All were good eating—no game wardens in those days!

WHEN I pulled up to the camp I had four of my top big roping horses with me. I left the others in the horse pasture at headquarters for a rest.

Well, we branded the colts and cut out ten head of the best horses to break and left them in the corral. Hill asked me if I wanted him to leave a man with me to help. I said, no, I would get the job done, that I was hard to please.

It was about six o'clock, the sun looked like it was an hour and a half high in the west, when Hill and his men left for the fifteen-mile ride to headquarters. I ran one of the big bay horses from the roping pens into the round breaking corral. Then I took my rope from my saddle and put on the gloves that I wore only when roping horses afoot. I waved my rope in the air in order to get the gelding to run the circle. The rope was thrown from the hip, an underhand throw; it picked up both his front feet and, as he jumped, I made a quick pull, and set down on the rope. The horse turned over and hit the ground hard on



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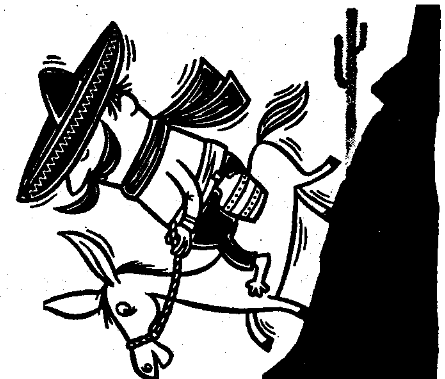

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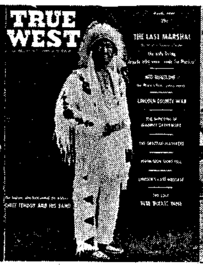
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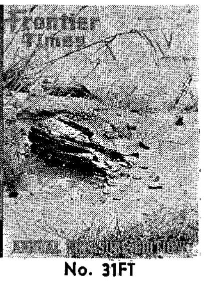
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his side. This was called "four footing."

Very quickly I took a short hold on the rope, about four to five feet or less, and every time he tried to rise, I would give the rope a lift up, pulling his front feet. This kept him on his side and let him flop his head on the ground. It was to wear him out and teach him who was master. When he gave up, I pulled the rope around one of his hind legs and drew it up to his front feet, hog-tying his three feet. That was the time I rested awhile myself. Sitting on his side or rump, I would pat him with my hands to show I wouldn't hurt him.

Next I took the rope I used for a stake rope, put it around his neck, and tied a bowline knot. Then running a rope through the neck rope I just made, I picked up the hind leg that was not tied and pulled the leg up to where I thought it could not touch the ground.

I then untied and took the first rope, made a hackamore halter, and made the horse get up. He tried hard to free himself and fell back down two or three times before he could stand on three legs. My next move was to throw my saddle blanket under him, over his head and back, to get him used to it. This was followed by getting on his back for a little while or walking around him to let him know that I was not going to hurt him.

Pretty soon I would let his foot down, take the rope from his neck, and let him cool off awhile. In breaking horses I never liked to get them too hot.

The next move was to pick up the rope and pull the horse's head to the left, then to the right, then pat him on the forehead to let him know I was his friend. I would ride my horse into the corral and pull him around and around until he would step forward. Next I would open the gate and let the horse I was breaking make a run for it. Of course, when he came to the end of the rope, at the speed he started, he would turn a flip and hit the ground on his side. I knew just how to handle my saddle horse in order to throw the bronc. With the wild one still tied to my saddle horn, I would then ride out the gate and let him run, fighting his head as he went.

I had arranged some logs that someone before me had used. Lord only knows how or where they came from as there were no trees of any size for a long way. I staked the horse to the logs for the night.

WELL, I went through this on one more horse before dark. I was a little worn out. I cooked my meal at the camp house, rolled out my bed on the small porch and slept until daylight.

By nightfall the next day I had eight other horses on the logs. I saw that they all had water, as I dragged them to the water tank. This helped break them to lead. Sometimes if the rope burned the horses legs bad, I would put wool fat on them, but this was their first lesson in becoming a horse used in cow work.

The third day I started saddling the horses. After saddling one, I would take a head-hold of the hackamore at the check, pulling the horse's head around. I would place my toe, or ball of my foot, in the stirrup and mount, watching that the horses did not side-kick me or rear up and fall backward. Some would stand waiting for you to make the first move; most would down their heads and break into bucking at their best. I would have my big quirt on my right arm and would give them a good working over right down between the back legs. I was not a man to beat or hit a horse over the head. From the shoulders back, yes, but not on the head. If he struck or pawed at me, I might hit him on the nose.

After each horse stopped bucking and taking on, I would step to the ground by taking a short hold on the hackamore in order to keep him from whirling and kicking me. I would get on and off each horse three or four times. It was time, then, to unsaddle and pet him, give him water, and stake him out until the next day.

For three or four days, the ten head of horses would get this same treatment. The next step was to ride each one out in the pasture until he got a little tired. Of course, they would buck, run, and swing their heads when I pulled on the reins or tried to turn them.

I would ride five each day, then turn them into the pasture with my saddle horses. That meant that every other day I would have the ten rode out. In twenty days the horses were neck reining and broke good enough to turn over to the cow wagon and remuda. The next job was breaking them to stay in the one-rope corral.

With the cow wagon they would be used first as circle horses, for the hard riding, until they were gentle.

The last of August, I rounded up the horses from the horse-camp pasture. All of them were fat and slick after their rest. I enjoyed breaking that ten head of horses. At the Yellow House Ranch Headquarters of the L. F. D., two of the horses I broke were four-year-olds; four were five-year-olds, and two were six-year-olds. I was paid one dollar per year for breaking the horses, plus my wages of $60.00 per month and eats. For example for a five-year-old I was paid $5.00; for a six-year-old—$6.00.

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I had just turned the horses into the pasture by the big barn and started to the bunkhouse, when I looked up at the windmill as the breeze was up some. I noticed one of the wooden sections out of the wheel and a man standing on the platform. He was just about to fall off the platform over a hundred feet to the ground. He was frothing at the mouth and I knew something terrible was wrong. Something had to be done quick, for if the wind changed, the wheel would push him off the platform. He had a long rope tied to the mill.

I reached in from the little hole you climb from the ladder to the platform and took hold of him with one hand as I held on with the other. He fought me so I had to draw back my arm and hit him with all my might on the jaw. That fixed him; he was out. I took the rope and tied him to the platform, then shut the windmill off and went for help. Two men who had been out with the tank wagon had just pulled in and the three of us got him lowered to the ground.

In a few minutes he started coming around. He was an epileptic and had just had a fit. He sure picked a good place to have one. He said it was the first spell he had had in over a year. He was a good man but his job was changed.

Well, the men started to ride in from different parts of the ranch. We had a real home-cooked meal, prepared by Mrs. Hill and her sister. About dark, we were

(Continued on page 58)

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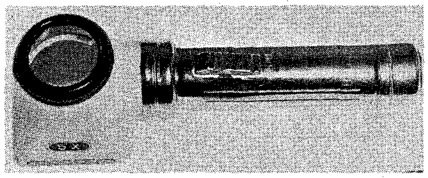

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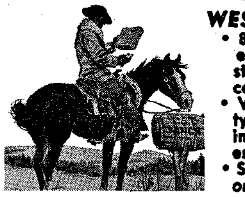

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But that's only the beginning! February TRUE WEST is crammed full of exciting stories, such as **THEY BURIED HIM TWICE.** And they actually did! You can imagine what an uproar the Indian camp was in when the "corpse" that had been buried two days before came walking slowly down the hill of the dead!

Enjoy these and many more in the February

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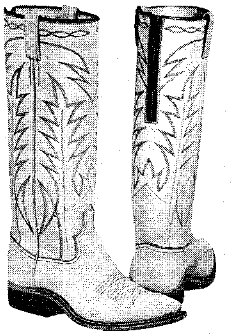

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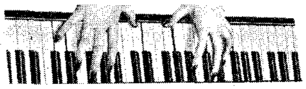

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Rough String Rider

(Continued from page 56)

all sitting around talking when we looked up the road coming down off the caprock. In his buckboard the big boss, Phelps White, was approaching the house in a long fast trot. Hill met him at the gate. Two of the boys unhooked the mules and took his things to the big front room. His room was always ready for him.

After the ladies fixed his supper, the boss came out to the bunkhouse and wanted to know how we all were? Said the grass was good; the cattle all fat, etc.

Yes, being back at the headquarters and having one of Mrs. Hill's good home-cooked meals under my belt, talking with the boys, and seeing Mr. White being so well pleased with the way the ranch was being run, made me feel mighty good. As darkness dropped over the land like a huge black cloak, and those wonderful western stars twinkled brightly, I leaned back, drew in a deep breath of night air and sighed with pure contentment. Yes, this was the life for a man who was a cowboy in the year 1905.

Meet Mark Twain

(Continued from page 15)

her Lady Godiva exhibition ("exhibition" is correct, as she was almost in a state of nakedness) entitled "Mazeppa."

As a roving correspondent for the *Enterprise*, Clemens wrote glowingly of The Menken while both were in San Francisco. "They say she was dressed from head to foot in flesh-colored 'tights,' but I had no opera-glass, and I couldn't see it, to use the language of the inelegant rabble. She appeared to me to have but one garment on—a thin tight linen one, of unimportant dimensions; I forget the name of the article, but is it indispensable to infants of tender age—I suppose any young mother can tell you what it is if you have the moral courage to ask the question. With the exception of this superfluous rag, The Menken dresses like the Greek slave; but some of her postures are not so modest as the suggestive attitude of the latter. She is a finely formed woman—down to her knees. . . .

"Virginians will soon have an opportunity of seeing for themselves, as The Menken will go direct from our town (San Francisco) there without stopping on the way. The 'French Spy' was played last night and the night before, and as this spy is a frisky Frenchman, and as dumb as an oyster. Miss Menken's extravagant gesticulations do not seem so overdone in it as they do in 'Mezeppa.' She doesn't talk well, and as she goes on, . . . the character of a fidgety 'dummy' is peculiarly suited to her line of business."

Sam Clemens, as a political writer, had no peer in the West. He often labored eighteen hours a day practicing "serious" journalism. It was as a political writer that Clemens became known as Mark Twain. Clemens adopted the name in February, 1863, while he was covering the second Legislature, because, as he put it, he desired greater fame as a writer.

IN MANY of Mark Twain's criticisms during his tenure as legislative reporter, one can find devastating ridicule. Once, when referring to a member of the House, Twain wrote, "He was after the reporter of the *Enterprise* (Twain) in the first place, but before I could catch his drift, he fell a victim to his old regular 'parliamentary usage' dysentery—passed his brains, and became a smiling, sociable, driveling lunatic."

Twain considered himself, with his right to criticize, a powerful influence upon the Legislature. He bragged, "I passed every bill I worked for and, on a bet, I killed a three-fourths vote in the House after it had passed the Council unanimously. Oh, I tell you a reporter in the Legislature can swing more votes than any member of the body."

Another time he helped pass a law requiring every corporation operating within the Territory to record its full charter and file it with the Secretary of the Territory—brother Orion. Orion was authorized to charge 40¢ for every 100 words, $5 for furnishing the certificate of each record, and any other expenses he felt justified in assessing. Twain wrote to his mother and sister, telling them that he and Orion averaged $1,000 a month in gold for services rendered! (The law doesn't appear to have imposed expenses on corporations quite this great, though, nor does it appear the two brothers shared this much money.)

Horseplay in print was a standard Nevada commodity. In addition, murders were treated lightly by Twain and the *Enterprise* because they were so common that few people paid any attention. Twain would often dismiss a murder with a couple of inches and use a full column for a fancy sketch. He once ended a letter to his mother and sister with "P.S. I have just heard five pistol shots down the street—as such things are in my line, I will go and see about it.

"P.S. No. 2—5 A.M.—The pistol did its work well—one man—a Jackson County Missourian, shot two of my friends (police officers) through the heart(s)—both died within three minutes. Murderer's name is John Campbell."

The Campbell story happened to be true, but one of Twain's most successful hoaxes was a news story entitled "The Latest Sensation" in which he described a series of murders and a suicide staged in a log cabin at the edge of a non-existent pine forest.

Twain said, "I felt that the time had arrived for me to rise up and be a reformer. I put this reformatory satire in the shape of a fearful 'Massacre at Empire City. . . .' I stole upon the public unawares with my scathing satire, and most ingeniously contrived. . . . It was the talk of the town, it was the talk of the Territory. The idea that anybody could ever take my massacre for a genuine occurrence never once suggested itself to me."

The story went something like this: A man named Hopkins, brandishing an ax, a knife and a club, slayed a mother and seven other children and seriously wounded two other children. He beheaded the red-headed mother and set off on horseback, waving her scalp like a wild Indian. He then slit his own throat and rode four miles before falling dead in front of a Carson City saloon.

The hoax was reprinted in the *Gold Hill News* and the *San Francisco Bulletin.* Had any of the locals only closely examined the story, they would have discovered it as an obvious fabrication. Where the forest was supposed to have been there was only sagebrush. And the two cities between which the "forest" lay, Empire City and Dutch Nick's, were one and the same.

ONE OTHER example of Mark Twain's writings for the *Enterprise* wasn't quickly forgotten by residents of Virginia City, nor were the consequences quickly forgotten by Twain.

In an editorial entitled "How Is It?" Editor James L. Laird of the *Virginia City Union* said the *Union* had contributed $515 to the relief of wounded Union soldiers in the Civil War while the *Enterprise* only pretended to contribute. In an exchange of personal notes, Twain denounced Laird as a liar and a coward and challenged him to a duel. But the duel never materialized.

Steve Gillis, the ninety-five-pound printer for the *Enterprise* acted as Twain's second. Twain couldn't hit a barn at twenty paces with a pistol, and Gillis was coaching him just before Laird arrived for the duel. As a bird flew by thirty yards away Gillis adeptly shot it out of the air and handed the pistol to Twain. Laird, after being told that Twain had killed the bird, fled in fright.

Laird wasn't the only one who fled. Twain and Gillis boarded a stage for San Francisco, and Twain's Comstock career was ended. Twain's excuse for his hurried flight was a new law which made sending or carrying a challenge a penitentiary offense. Governor North, he said, would have held both him and Gillis in prison for two years.

Further proof of Mark Twain's "honesty" is—there never was a Governor North nor a new law concerning dueling. The closest one can come to North is Governor Nye, for whom Twain's brother Orion served as Secretary of the Territory. And the law concerning dueling was not new but old, making dueling or sending a challenge an offense, but it doesn't appear the law was enforced.

A more practical reason for Twain's flight in May, 1864, would be that he simply had a desire to leave Virginia City in order to be more widely known. Twain continued his correspondence with the *Enterprise* and also became a lecturer and a newspaperman on other papers in the West.

Although it was brief, three things are outstanding about Samuel Clemens' abbreviated stay in Nevada. The years on the *Enterprise* were those in which he was in the embryonic stage as a writer, slowly developing his famous style; he acquired the now-famous pseudonym Mark Twain; and he became widely read.

Sam Clemens may have left a lasting impression on the West, but the converse is also true—the West left its impression on Mark Twain, journalist.

Cow By The Tail

(Continued from page 51)

stranger went flop over my wife's suitcases and landed square on a setting of eggs my mother-in-law were packing along to our ranch. It took a long time for everybody to untangle.

The boy said to my mother-in-law, "Lady, that man was setting on your eggs and busted them all."

"I have never set on anyone's eggs," said the stranger.

"Yes, you have, and it's running all over."

He jumped up, and, sure enough, yellow were streaked all down his pants legs. He were a-rubbing and a-wiping all the rest of that trip. When we got to Chiricahua Station at the end of the line, he piled off. Last we seen of him he were walking toward the east fast as he could go.

Well, that were our first ride on the new railroad, but we was mighty glad to have any old railroad to ride on and to open up the country. Outlaws and Injuns was gone, and settlers could now live in peace.

AFTER we had killed off most of the lobo wolves and mountain lions our cattle was on the increase. Soon we had several thousand of them—our range one of the best, as we had a fine spring of water, good stand of grass, cattle very fat and bringing a good price. Looked like prosperity for sure for Uncle Jesse Benton.

But I run into trouble. The big San Simon Cattle Company, running 100,000 head of cattle down on the flats, had begun to crowd their cattle up onto my range. I owned the only water at the head of the canyon, and they made it a point to drive the cattle up on my range to get that water. I didn't mind giving them the water, but they was destroying my pasture.

Well, I didn't want trouble, never had. But I made up my mind I had come to stay and would fight it out regardless. I weren't going to let them ruin me. I knew all their cowboys personally and I told them, "Listen here, boys, this is my fight, not yours, and if your boss, Jess Henly, starts anything, you better just stay out." Some of them agreed, some didn't.

The dry months come along and Henly started the same old thing again, throwing 10,000 head up to my water, not caring whether he ate me out or not. I figured two miles of fence across that canyon would keep them out, and I decided two miles of fence it would be. Plenty of fence posts handy, but not wire. I drove sixty-five miles to town to buy wire. At this time I had four cowboys working for me, and in four days they had them fence postholes all dug—hauled posts from the mountains by slinging a catch rope over them and dragging them along behind their horses, rope fastened to the horn. My two loads of wire had to be packed three miles over the mountain by burros.

In six days altogether we had the fence all up, three good strong wires fastened to the posts. On the seventh day several thousand San Simon cattle was standing on the other side of the fence bawling their heads off, and my four cowboys was riding the fence to see that they stayed out.

My range above the fence were five miles long by three or four wide; theirs were seventy-five miles long and twenty-five miles wide—all free range, of course, held on Government lease. By and by fifteen San Simon cowboys come riding up after their thirsty cattle to drive them off to water on another part of the range.

Mr. Henly, the foreman, were with them. I rode up to meet him. He said, "Ain't you goin' to let them water on your place?"

"No," said I.

"They been watering there before."

"Sure, but not this time. I need my feed. This goes on much more, Henly, and I'll soon be cleaned out."

"Then stay in and don't come out, damn it," he said.

"I will until it rains. Then I'm coming a-flying."

AFTER that meeting I hired four big teams and moved out into the public range below my fence and picked out a fine natural tank site, set to work on a dirt dam, and had a tank finished and ready before the rainy season begun. The first rain filled it full. It were twenty-foot deep over five acres of land.

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My cattle come out and my cowboys with them.

Henly heard of it and rode over on a high lope. I told him plain to hold his horse and keep from pitching, as he might get bucked off and land on his fat face. He champed at the bit for a while, cussing in a loud voice. Two or three times I thought he might make a break for his pistol, but he didn't and at last cooled down some and said, "All right, Benton, you can't work with the chuckwagon nor in the roundup, nor cut your cattle out."

"No? Henly, if I don't cut my cattle in the roundup you will be the first man that ever kept me from it."

Later on the roundup started. I went with blood in my eye. I had no fine points of honor about pistol shooting, nor did most of the boys. I were mad and aimed to have my rights the quickest way if necessary. I took my old shotgun, a dandy and still is a dandy. I rode to the roundup with three of my boys. Spoke a friendly word to the San Simon boys, and stationed my boys around to be at best advantage if there was trouble.

Then I rode up to Henly with my shotgun crotched under my arm, ready to heave it up quick to the middle of his belly. No man likes the idea of getting a load of buckshot in the middle of his belly.

I said, "Henly, the first damn bastard that turns my cows back on me or even tries, I sure will kill him. Here I go."

I started three or four of my cows to the outside. No one spoke. Some of the boys begun to edge away from Henly and me, expecting Henly to make a break.

"What do you figger to do, boss?" one of them asked Henly.

And Henly said, "I have no chance against that shotgun."

I then set my men to cutting out all my cattle. After they was done, I rode up to Henly like a man should, ready to shake hands, and thanked him for not trying to turn them back.

He weren't ready to shake hands. "You better not do it anymore," he warned.

"No, I won't. Not until the next time."

He weren't satisfied. He still thought he had me and several other cattlemen where he wanted us, as all our cattle was scattered among theirs and the range too large for us to work. So he told his men to brand everything on the range that were unbranded, no matter what the parent brand.

I rode the range a good deal, knew it all and had good strong horses. I rode out there ever' day. Soon I seen what was happening to my calves and also to the calves of these other fellers.

"Pretty quick is our turn to get even," I told Ed. After the general roundup got started, my pardner and I and two neighbors went out with a chuckwagon and cook. We met the roundup, and the first day we cut out fifteen of my cows and calves, with the San Simon brand on my calves. We barred out the San Simon brand and put our own on them. Ever' day after that we did the same. But we did not leave them there. We drove them up to pasture behind the fence I had built. I soon had rebranded over fifty calves, the San Simon brand barred out. Henly nor I ever said a word.

No telling how this trouble might have ended, because if something don't happen, it just goes on and on. But finally one of the owners of the San Simon outfit, Mr. Merchant of Abilene, Texas, wrote asking Henly who it was that he were having all the trouble with. When he found out he said, "Why, I know Jess Benton well. He helped me out in Texas once when I needed help. You make friends with him and stop all this branding of calves that don't belong to you."

I had no more trouble with Henly and his men.

MOST of the time I lived in Tex Canyon, of course, hardly any of the remote wild regions of Arizona had schools. After the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad were built and the country beginning to settle up, there was lots of big boys and girls around who had never been to school and needed schooling bad.

I made up my mind that my children would go to school and get educated as I had not been, so I piled on my horse and started across seventy-five miles to the county seat, Tombstone, to visit the supervisors and try and get an appropriation. I knew them all pretty well. They hardly saw as they could do anything, but I finally persuaded them to lay out a school district and appropriate $75 a month for a school teacher.

They had no money for a school building, so I told them I would do the rest. With my boys I built a one-room log schoolhouse and bought seats for it. Then I advertised for a teacher. I fully described conditions as they was, wild and still with some danger of Injuns. After a bit I got an answer from an old maid in Oregon. She said in her letter, "That is the kind of country I want to be in."

I wrote to her to come on, and she arrived all O.K. She were tall and slim, black hair and dark complexion. A fine-looking old maid about thirty years old. I reckon she had been disappointed in life and wanted to live in a remote place—her name were Miss Nona McDonald. Believe me, she were the best schoolteacher that ever did or ever will enter Arizona.

She taught in our school for five years, and ever' child were taught manners as well as book learning. She had from eight to fourteen pupils. I paid her out of my pocket $25 a month extra besides her regular $75, and she give my boys extra instruction in business methods and arithmetic, evenings. She stopped right there at my house. I boarded her free to be sure she were there and my boys got all the learning they could take.

Her only request were for a phonograph for the school. "You shall have one, ma'am," I said.

I made a special trip to El Paso to buy a good one—paid $175 for it. Ours was the first school in Cochise County to have one.

A county superintendent of schools was appointed, and after awhile she got around to visiting our ranch and looked over the school. She were much surprised to see the progress our boys and girls was making. She said by having music in our school we was in the lead. And she took a photograph of the schoolhouse with the pupils and teacher in front, which she said were going to be put into some state schoolbook.

Several of the children after finishing the eight grades in our school decided to attend high school. They did so well in their examinations they was asked, "Where have you been attending school?"

The answer were, "To Miss Nona McDonald."

They was told, "You have had fine instruction. You are ready for the second year of high school."

As I were school trustee, I used to go the opening day of school and make

(Continued on page 71)

THE WAY

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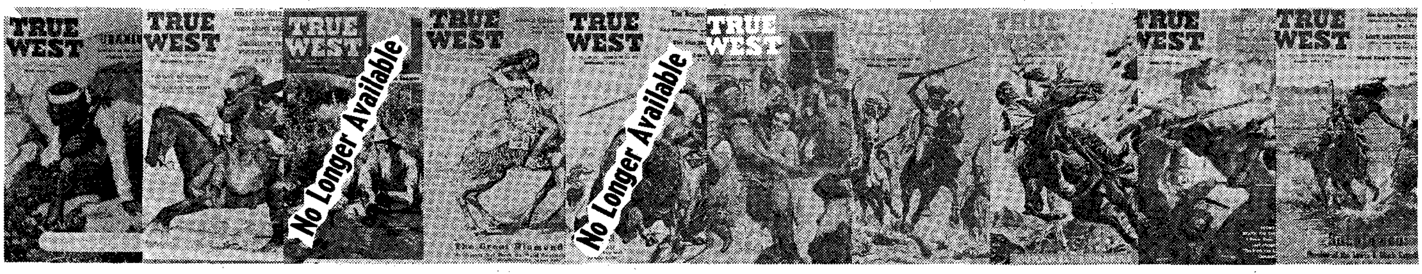
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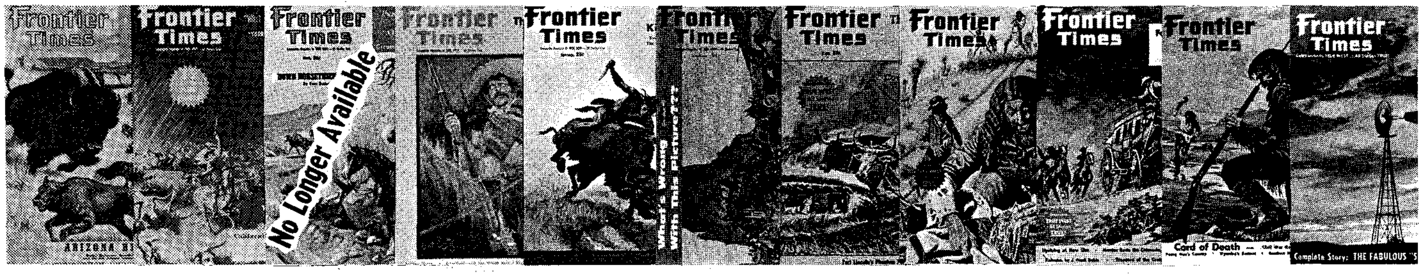
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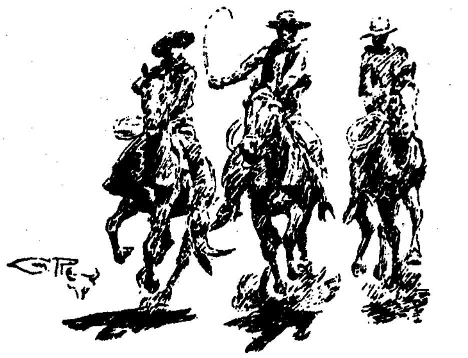

By The Old Bookaroos

FOR TRANSPORTATION WEST

From Cab to Caboose (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) is a delightful book in which Joseph A. Noble presents his personal experiences covering fifty years of railroading. A resident of Amarillo, Texas, Noble retired from the Santa Fe in 1958 as chief engineer of the Western Lines. Starting in 1903 on a railroad survey party, Noble held many positions of importance in railroading and gives to his book the refreshing details that only personal experience can provide.

The diesel engine brought to an end the colorful age of steam power. Some of the former steam locomotives that snaked passenger trains, freight drags and rattlers over thousands of miles of rails have become museum pieces in many towns and cities of the nation. The reader learns first hand from a pro about camp cooks, surveying crews, transverse fissures in rails, rail kinks, accidents, washouts, wrecking crews, motor cars, strikes and wild cats. With 64 superb illustrations and numerous pages of witty railroad folklore, *From Cab to Caboose* will appeal to rail fans over the country.

HISTORY AS IT WAS MADE

Kansas in Newspapers (Kansas State Historical Society) is just what the title says—the history of Kansas as recorded by the newspapers at the very time it was being made. This is not a history of the nearly 5,000 different newspapers that have been published in Kansas since the *Siwinowe Kesibwi* (Shawnee Sun) first appeared at the Shawnee Baptist Mission in 1835. However, one does get some idea of the role of the newspapers from this big book. The Kansas State Historical Society is most fortunate in having a tremendous file, complete in many cases, of the issues of Kansas newspapers, whose editors and publishers organized the Society in 1875. As a major contribution to the Society's library, many of the publishers donated a file of their back issues. Nyle H. Miller, Edgar Langsdorf and Robert W. Richmond selected the 300 pages to be photographed and the nearly 200 included in the book and wrote the footnotes. A top job it was—beginning with the beginning. "President Jefferson buys Louisiana territory" in a Boston paper of July 13, 1803. This is an intriguing book with many surprises. We like it and we think you will.

RANGE LIFE

The speeding tourist today little realizes that some of the 184,000-acre Malheur National Wildlife Refuge in southern Oregon was once part of the historic cattle ranch owned by Peter French and his father-in-law, Dr. Hugh Glenn, of Jacinto, California. The P Ranch was profitably operated before General Custer's command was wiped out by the Indians on the Little Big Horn River, June, 1867.

Cattle Country of Peter French (Binfords & Mort, $3.50) by Giles French is a long overdue history of the P Ranch origin, development, problems and dispersal. A dedicated, brainy cowman, Pete French soon parlayed the original holdings into a 200,000-acre spread with thousands of Shorthorn-Longhorn crossbred cows. Steers and surplus cows were trailed to market at Winnemucca, Nevada, where the cowboys whooped it up when the cattle were sold.

This small but beautifully illustrated book deals with the politics of land settlement, Indian troubles, French's conflict with nesters who imposed on him, the murders of Glenn and French and the lax trials of the murderers, Pete's marital difficulties, estate settlements, and final disposal of the P Ranch by Glenn and French heirs. Nearly 100 rare P Ranch scenes and illustrations of numerous kinds of wildlife are a special feature of the book.

Much credit is due the author for his accurate research into records nearly 100 years old. However, there is more to be told about Pete French, Dr. Glenn, John Devine, Henry Miller and the rancher-nester conflicts and we hope Giles French will build more on the nice start already made.

Cattle on the Conejo and *Heads and Tails—and Odds and Ends* (Privately printed by the author, Route 1, Box 692, Thousands Oaks, California, $3.90 each) by J. H. Russell together tell the story of the Russell Ranch in Ventura County, California. These books are full of homey stories about ranching and life in Ventura County. There is a very interesting chapter in the first book on "A Cowman and the Movies"—the Russell Ranch furnished the cattle for several movies and it was location for a number of sets. The second book picks up some ranch incidents not included in the first and devotes considerably more of the text to memoirs of his friends and neighbors in Ventura County. There are a few good photos in each book and a map of the ranch is used on the endsheets of each. Mr. Russell is not one to waste words—he tells his stories simply and well. We think you'll like them.

Cowboys and Cattlemen (Hastings House, $10), edited by Michael S. Kennedy, is a handsome package full of choice items about the cow country from *Montana, The Magazine of Western History.* The illustrations are terrific—there are many by cowboy artist C. M. Russell, several by Ed Borein and there is a flock of the top range photos by numerous pioneer photographers, including L. A. Huffman.

This book belongs in the big leagues of western cattle history. Michael Kennedy kicks off with an introduction of the stirring events found in the volume. Chapters by various authors are grouped under self-explanatory headings as follows: From Beaver to Beef; Rangeland Royalty; Trail Driving and Texans; Bad Medicine; Mavericks; Rustlers, Renegades and Stranglers; Rawhides and Sagebrush and End of the Open Range.

A few of the headliners: Lewis Atherton has a chapter on Cattlemen and Cowboy; Bob Burns tells about the forgotten Newman Brothers; Mike Kennedy tells of the First Trail Drive to Montana Territory; Wallis Huidekoper gives us The Story Behind Charlie Russell's Masterpiece (Waiting for the Chinook); Helen Huntington Smith gives us The Truth About the Hole-in-the-Wall Fight; and dean of the Southwestern historians, J. Frank Dobie, has a chapter about clever Snowdrift, Lonest of All Lone Wolves.

Highly recommended.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

New Mexico—A Short, Illustrated History (Sage Books, $3.00) by Frank D. Reeve is a friendly story of the blending of Spanish and Anglo cultures in the Land of Enchantment. The accounts begin with the Coronado search for Cibola and golden treasure which he never found. Later came the soldiers and padres who subjugated the Indians and attempted to civilize them. The narrative continues with the Pueblo rebellion under Popé, recapture by the Spaniards, Mexican rebellion, Santa Fe Trail and trade over the Camino Real, coming of Anglo rule, U. S. Army fights and Indian raids, the railroads and other innovations. The seventy-nine photographs plus other clear illustrations are a credit to bookmaking.

THE FIGHTING SIOUX

Royal B. Hassrick's *The Sioux* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) is Volume 72 *in* The Civilization of the American Indian Series. The author had the help of Dorothy Maxwell and Cile M. Bach in the preparation of this narrative of the life and customs of a warrior society. Conquest was a way of life to the Sioux—aggression was regarded as the one way of achieving security by the tribe. The fact that the Sioux were able to take and hold the heart of the northern buffalo range relegated hunting to a quite secondary role in the life of the men and boys. Food was plentiful, close at hand, and offered no great challenge to a warrior society. They fought the Pawnees for the Platte Valley, drove the Kiowas from the Black Hills, gained control of the Big Horns from the Crows, and had to contend mightily just to maintain their gains and protect the great buffalo range from raiders from every side. This is not a book about fighting but about the organization of the tribe for fighting and the beliefs and customs of a fighting tribe. Illustrations, maps, a bibliography and an index add to the value of the text.

AND THE FIGHTING NAVAJOS

At the close of the War with Mexico, Brigadier General Stephen Watts Kearny promised the Mexican rancheros in New Mexico and Arizona that the U. S. Army would protect them from the Navajos and Apaches who pillaged the Mexican villages, stole sheep and cattle, killed the men and enslaved Mexican women and children. How this promise was kept is the subject of *The Long Walk* (Westernlore Press, $7.95) by L. R. Bailey, a history of the Navajo Wars, 1846-68. Kearny's promise was not an easy one to keep. Indians and Mexicans had been enemies for 250 years, each stealing livestock and slaves from each other. Author Bailey reveals the background of these conflicts and tells how the Indians delayed western immigration for twenty years, and explains how befuddled and incompetent U. S. Indian administrators contributed to the problem. He describes General Carleton's and Colonel Kit Carson's campaign against the Navajos, and tells about the long walk to prison at Fort Sumner on the Pecos. This is an outspoken book, slanted in favor of the Indians.

LONE OUTPOSTS

Many of the old forts of the early far West are lost within towns and cities which have grown up around them. Others in the great open spaces have disintegrated and little remains to identify their location. It is hard for a modern visitor to imagine that these abandoned relics had once been lone outposts on the frontier. They were staffed to give the only protection available to our first western settlers.

In 1853 and 1854, a sharp review of the status of forts in New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon and Washington was included in an inspection report prepared by Colonel Joseph King Fenno Mansefield, U. S. Army. This report makes up the content of *Western Forts*, University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95. The new book was capably edited by Robert W. Frazer who also wrote the introduction.

Mansefield's report contains much remote history of the frontier forts which will appeal to a wide range of western book collectors. A discerning observer, he wrote descriptively about forts, civilian occupations, rivers, creeks, timber and other features of interest to early travelers. In addition to a basic treatment of fortifications and army life, there are copious historical notes, and several pencil sketches of a number of the forts and missions. Also there is a long list of military personnel whom the author met, plus a good bibliography and index. This is Volume 41 in The American Exploration and Travel Series.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

ing house in Colorado City, a few miles to the west, and Starr, lingering too long at the hotel, was unable to get his evening meal there.

Walking back up town under the surveillance of the officers, he went into the Cafe Royal and sat down at a table. Chief Dana, Captain Gathright and Detective Atkinson walked in, going by the table with two men grabbing his arms and the third taking his .45 Colt from his waistband. He was taken to jail where $95 in cash and a gold watch was found on his person. The officers then went to Colorado City and, enlisting the services of two officers there, went to the sporting house and into the room where Wilson was. His Colt was under the pillow of the bed so he surrendered but said if he had the gun, there would have been a killing. He had $30 and a gold watch also.

(Continued on next page)

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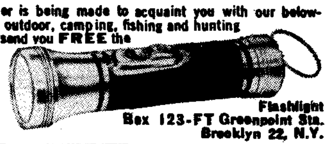

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With the men safely jailed, officers went to the hotel and to the room of the girl where they found $1,460 in bills and $500 in gold in a bag. The bills were two $100's, one $20, one hundred $10's and forty-eight $5's; altogether the money recovered was $2,085. This was counted by three officers and the clerk of the hotel, then placed in a local bank.

On July 5, Starr and Wilson were taken to Denver by Deputy U. S. Marshal Brown of Denver and Deputy U. S. Marshal, W. C. Smith of Fort Smith, Arkansas, who had arrived in town. The girl was released July 7 to return to her home.

Press dispatches of July 15 stated that Deputy U. S. Marshal William C. Smith and a Deputy U. S. Marshal from Denver had arrived with Starr and Wilson that day at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Although a reward of $5,000 had been offered for the arrest of the men, it was February, 1894, before a draft for $750 came to be divided among the arresting officers.—Carl F. Mathews, Retired Superintendent of the Police Identification Bureau, 609 N. Institute, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Author's Reply: I stand corrected.—Carl Breihan

Dear Mr. Small:

Enclosed you will find a little booklet entitled "The Story of Sam Bass—The Outlaw" which might be of some interest to you. I bought this little book June 22, 1936, at the Sam Bass Cafe in Round Rock, Texas, while en route to Kaufman County, Texas, to attend my father's funeral.

My father, Thomas L. James, had an interesting story relative to Sam Bass and to some of his legendary doings.

As a young man, my father, along with his wife and infant daughter, came out to Texas from Mississippi in a oxwagon in 1876, and settled on a farm a few miles from Paris in Lamar County.

He said that in the early part of July, 1878, one morning about 10 or 11 a.m., a band of horsemen rode up to his place, and the leader asked him if he could get his wife to cook them a flour sack full of biscuits, and Father said yes.

They were all armed with six-shooters, and several of them had saddle guns. Father said he did not think anything about it, as in those days it was not uncommon for people to wear guns. In fact, it was almost customary to do so. He said they did not give their names, or state where they were from or where they were going, and he did not ask them, as in those days a person did not make such inquiries of strangers.

Father said they dismounted and sat down under a big tree in the yard. The man who appeared to be the leader took a saddle bag, laid it down at the base of the tree, put his head on it, and appeared to go to sleep.

He said the men were courteous and polite—but not too friendly. They didn't seem to want to fraternize with him, but he had no reason to suspect they were outlaws or desperadoes of any sort.

When the sack of biscuits was delivered, the leader asked how much he owed. Father told him not a thing, that he was glad to oblige them with his hospitality. But, the man said "no, he was going to pay for the biscuits." So, he went to the saddle bag, opened it and took out two $20 gold pieces and dropped them in a dress pocket on Father's little daughter Lula. They left about 1 p.m.

That evening about 3 p.m. or a little later, a sheriff's posse rode up and asked Father if he had seen a certain band of outlaws come by and Father told him a band of horsemen had eaten dinner there, and had left a few hours later for parts unknown. The sheriff said "Well, mister, do you know who that was?"

Father said "No, and I did not ask them who they were or where they were going."

The sheriff said, "Well, that was Sam Bass and his gang." They then rode on in pursuit.

Later it was learned Sam and his gang stopped off in Kaufman, Texas, where Sam planned to rob old man Maples, who owned and operated a general mercantile business.

It was rumored and talked around that old man Maples was very rich, and he kept his money hoarded in a little iron safe, which he kept in the rear of his store.

To see the old man so shabbily dressed and unkempt, and apparently in poverty, naturally would lead anyone to believe he must be rich, as apparently he never spent any money from the store's revenue.

Sam went into Maples' store and bought a pair of boots of a certain style as a ruse to be in the store. He gave the old man a $20 gold piece in order to get him to open the little iron safe. Sam followed the old man back to the safe, and as he was down on his knees dialing the safe. Sam's heart failed him and he had pity on the old man. After he had received his change he left the store. Outside, one of his gang asked him if he robbed the old man. Sam replied, "Hell, no, I just didn't have the heart to rob him. He is poorer than I am."

At that moment there was $20,000 in gold in the little iron safe. Perhaps if Fate hadn't intervened and Sam had robbed old man Maples, he wouldn't have gone on down to Round Rock to meet a signal defeat and a date with death.

After the episode at Round Rock, and old man Maples learned it was Sam Bass who had bought the boots from him, he had that style of boots patented and sold under the trademark "The Sam Bass."

In my delving into legends and past-talked things, I cannot find any material to substantiate the "Sam Bass Boot" story, other than I do know there was used to be a Sam Bass boot on the market.—George H. James. 620 Pine Street, Teague, Texas 75860.

Dear Joe:

I think your treasure hunters will enjoy a story told me by Bill Tapp. His grandfather was a rugged and strange man who thought nothing of straddling his old mule and riding 100 miles cross-country looking for gold, silver or just enjoying himself. One old prospector friend of his could find more gold and silver deposits than anyone Grandfather Tapp had ever heard of and when he learned the secret, he passed it along to his grandchildren. This is the tale he told Bill:

You take two pup dogs about six weeks old and lock them up in a barn or building away from each other or any other dog. You start by feeding them about three times a day. Pick one of the dogs and each time you feed him, place a good-sized chunk of silver in his plate letting him lick and smell it. Rub the silver on his mouth and let him play with it as much as possible. Repeat the same process with the other pup, only change his licking and smelling diet to a piece of gold. Do this until the pups are grown to about a year old, then start them to hunting with you. Pick a place where you believe deposits of gold or silver could be found and turn one of the dogs loose.

Follow him, watching every move he makes. By this time he will have developed a keen smell for the ore and will hunt, smell, scratch and dig for it. He will show you more ore than a man with a mineral detector can.

A dog can pick up a smell of an animal or man and follow it for many miles day or night. If you do not believe this, let a bloodhound get on your trail. Good hunting, partner, to you and your dog.—Harley Smith, P. O. Box 6018, Odessa, Texas.

HARLEY!!!!!

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for some very nice magazines. Have read most of the Westerns for forty-five years but TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are the best. I only have one fault to find: you have a few too many ghost town and lost mines stories, but still they're fine magazines. I have been reading such since you could buy "Young Wild West" for seven cents. When it gets about time for either magazine to come, I start watching the mail like a young man who has written home for money.

I lost my right leg two years ago and am shut in pretty much. The reading means more to me than it would to some folks.—Carl Madsen, R. F. D. #22, Sidney, Michigan.

Carl, we'd rather have a pat on the head from you than most anybody we know. You've seen 'em come and go, so if our turrible rags are okay in your book, we're happy.

Dear Sir:

This "Cow by the Tail" stuff in your last issue by Jesse James Benton is the best reading that I've rode up on in some years. Here he is about fifteen or twenty years ahead of me on my old range and tells me things with his pen that makes me think that I can smell the coffee boiling in the pot.

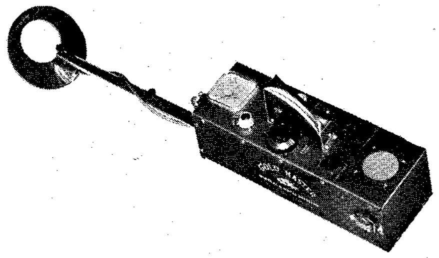
My mother and father were married in Beeville, Texas, in 1870, then drifted out to Big Spring and down to Colorado, Texas. Now that Youngblood feller that Mr. Benton mentioned—could you maybe find out more about him? My father's having four brothers and me not knowing any of them, he could have been one of them. I know nothing of Father's folks except one sister, Mattie Zimmerman, who lived near Anson, Texas, and she was very old when I saw her in 1887.

Will look for the next issue of FT. Got to finish "Cow by the Tail."—O. P. Youngblood, 6818 Ferdinand Street, Tacoma, Washington.

We're sure glad you and so many folks liked that story, O. P., cause it was so long we had to break it up into three pieces. Of course, that Jesse James was a humdinger—it isn't likely he'd bore anybody if it took him a whole year to tell his story.

Dear Sir:

I was happy to see the picture of the pioneer citizens of Comanche, Texas, in W. F. Curry's story, "The Tree That Defied a Court Order." The minute my father, Morgan M. Powers, saw it, he



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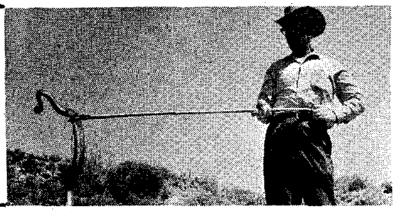

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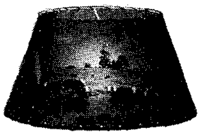

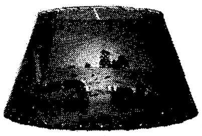

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said, "There's Uncle Jim Barcroft!" (The name is misspelled Bancroft.)

Jim Barcroft was the husband of my great-aunt Jane Watson. I would like to hear from anyone who is related to the Watsons as I am compiling a family history. I also would like to know who John Watson, middle row of the picture, was. Could he be the son of William Watson and Missouri "Tunnell" Watson?—Lillian Powers Norton, 645 Leila Avenue, Redding, California.

We're sure sorry about messing up the name—thanks for not raising the devil about it. Hope you get the information you need about the Watsons.

Gentlemen:

I discovered FT only this spring. My cousin, Mrs. Hugh Glassinger of Derby, Iowa, kept telling me things she had read in the magazine and finally sent me the address of W. H. Crockett of El Centro, California, whose account of his experience with a madstone appeared in "Frontier Post." I discovered he is a relative. I called our library for your address and became a subscriber immediately. Keep the publication going and thanks for a wonderful experience.

There must be someone among your readers who could tell me something about my great-grandmother, Ruth Crockett. She was Davy's niece, but I can't find out which of Davy's brothers was her father. She married Thomas Young while they were living in Tennessee. They moved to the Kaskaskia River near Sullivan, Illinois. Grandpa Young ran a ferry across the river there. We visited the spot and found some stones from the cabin chimney; the Young bridge has replaced the ferry service.

We went to the Liberty Cemetery nearby. Though Grandpa Young's grave marker doesn't show she is buried there, I feel certain she is. Please find room to publish my letter in the hope that some kind soul will supply the information I seek.—Gertrude Boyer, 5127 E. 31st Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

We get lots of letters from folks wanting to trace family members. Sometimes we wonder how all these families got lost from one another. Kinda makes a good detective story. And we hope you all keep that word-of-mouth advertising going. It keeps our bill collectors plumb rattled!

Dear Editor:

Y'all have done it again. In Bill Judge's article on Roman Nose he makes reference to the Blackfeet tribe of the Sioux. This buy is liable to start a new tribal war—the Blackfeet are of Algonquin descent, not Siouan. Both speak different languages and were bitter enemies in the days of the tribal wars.

The Blackfeet, like the Sioux, were a distinct Indian nation formed by three tribes, the Piegan, the Blood and the Blackfeet. The latter two tribes ranged southern Alberta and the Piegans did and still do, inhabit a large tract of northwestern Montana. At *no time* were the two nations allied, but were enemies, and the Blackfeet generally got the best of the Sioux in the tribal wars. They did not, however, have as colorful a history against the Long Knives, but this is pretty well attributed to the fact that the white man gave them a wide berth. Colonel George Forsyth was known to have said: "The Blackfeet comprise the most potent mounted force on the northwest plains," when he was in command of Fort Phil Kearny.

I refer you to John Ewer's *The Blackfeet—Raiders of the Northwest Plains.*

I myself married into this tribe and know their customs, old hates and lore quite well. These are a handsomer people than the Sioux, also. One mistake, however doesn't detract from a damn fine magazine.—J. Patrick McCafferty, 27370 Box 316, Fort Madison, Iowa.

Author's Reply:

Roman Nose has always interested me since the time I was a child in Kansas, listening to the tales told me by settlers along the Saline and Solomon Rivers. His death was described to me several times by scouts who fought against him at Beecher's Island. No matter what other writers may say, Roman Nose was no stranger in Kansas, nor to the combatants on the Arickaree.

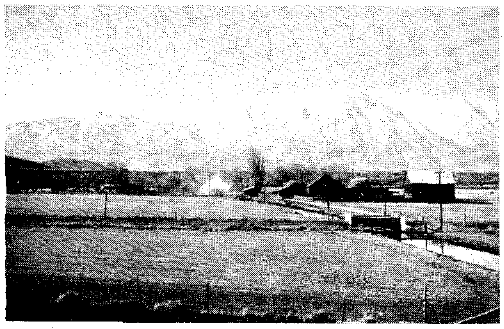
Now as to the question raised by Mr. McCafferty on the Blackfoot tribe of the Sioux. Mr. McCafferty knows there are no Blackfoot Sioux. So do I, or since nothing is impossible, I doubt the existence of a branch of the Sioux by that name. But the fact remains that during the 1860s there are several references to them by enlisted men on the frontier.

In another story, I once referred to these fighters as Blackfeet—period. They were said to be good mountain fighters and unafraid to fight in timber. Lo and behold I was informed by several historians, both amateur and professional, that these Indians were too far south for real Blackfeet, and that the Blackfeet were plains—not mountain or forest—fighters. Personally, I believe they were great travelers, journeying tremendous distances (individually) and remaining long periods of time. They were good fighters adapting to most any type of terrain. This comes from not one but many sources. To avoid argument, this time, I gave the Indians the name used by my source material. It turns out that I am darned if I do and darned if I don't, no matter what name I use for them.

In regard to mistakes, my dad was a country newspaper publisher. Lots of times we ate produce that had been swapped for subscriptions. He used to say that the perfect newspaper, magazine, or book had never been printed. According to the story, some publishers once decided to print the perfect book. They hired a lot of proof readers and critics, the best in their field. After checking and double checking, the book was pronounced perfect and printed. It was then discovered that the title on the cover was misspelled.

This is quite a lengthy way to say that none of us is perfect. As proof of this: Mr. McCafferty quotes John Ewer as stating Colonel George Forsyth as being in command of Fort Phil Kearny. I'm sorry, but I do not believe this. I can find no reference to Colonel George Forsyth in Mr. Ewer's book and he is too good a historian to say that Colonel George Alexander (Sandy) Forsyth was ever in command there. I don't believe Forsyth ever saw Fort Phil Kearny.

During the time Fort Phil Kearny was in existence Colonel Forsyth (Major at this time, I believe) was in Kansas. Just a year after the burning of the fort, Forsyth was engaged in the Battle of Beecher's Island on the Arickaree. I believe he campaigned actively in the south after that and then accompanied Custer on the Black Hills expedition in 1874; at



Settlemeyer Ranch

least he was in the group picture with the members of that expedition. A year or so after the disaster of the little Big Horn he accompanied Phil Sheridan on an inspection of the battlefield. So he was in the territory later but was never commanding officer at Fort Phil Kearny.—Bill Judge.

Gentlemen:

We enjoy very much reading FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST. I have several good reasons for being interested. My grandmother participated in the opening up of the Cherokee Strip and my mother was born on the Kansas-Missouri border just north of Leavenworth. I was born on a homestead in eastern Colorado.

For several years I have been farming in Mato Grosso in the Amazon Valley, the "Wild West" of Brazil. There are striking resemblances to the Far West of the 1880s. It's true we use the airplane for long distance transport and the walky-talky for communication; and our cattle are Brahman instead of Longhorn. But we still build sod houses and eat jerky (we call it xarque). It is a substantial item in our diet. Everyone goes armed. We have our badmen, most of whom are rubber gatherers.

The nearest Indians are about fifty miles away but they come onto our place in the dry season to hunt. I have had no trouble with them but incidents are frequent enough to keep it in our minds. The .38 side arm and the Winchester 94 are constant companions.

This is the last place on earth where one can still pioneer in the manner written about in your fine magazines. We'd be happy to correspond with anyone interested in this kind of life—in fact, we'd sure like to have some neighbors. Our closest ones are about forty miles away.—S. S. Swigart, c/o Frances W. Swigart, American Embassy, APO 503, San Francisco, California.

Yes, it's pretty tame west of the Mississippi these days and all the folks who feel like they were born eighty years too late are going to be glad to know where they can write for some man-to-man talk. Thanks for an interesting letter.

Dear Joe:

"James Kane's Stage Line" in the July FT brought back memories of good times I had in Carson Valley. In the story the Settlemeyer Ranch was mentioned as a horse changing station. I worked for Arthur and Lawrence Settlemeyer, sons of the original owner of the ranch. Their mother was still living at the time and at meals in the main ranch house, she related stories of the early days of Carson Valley. This picture shows the way the ranch looked in 1938. The mountains at the back are the Sierra Nevadas. Genoa is just out of range to the right at the foot of the mountains—about twenty miles away. And the picture of me and one of their horses was taken about the same time. I was twenty-two years young.—I. L. Boss, 71 West Mockingbird, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

Gentlemen:

I am tracing the Lehmberg and Leifeste family histories. They were part of the group who came to Texas from Germany with the German Immigration Society and settled in Castell, Texas.

I read and appreciated your story of Indianola, where our families were some of those who remained for a number of years due to the fact that the wagons were being used for other purposes than transporting people. My great-grandfather was living there when he was killed breaking wild horses. Thank goodness there was a town there when they landed! Somehow I always thought they landed without shelter. I had seen your magazines but thought them just more Wild West stories without any basis in fact.

Incidentally, my mother was Mrs. C. S. Sloan, who lived at 709 West 19th Street, Austin, where I grew up and where you published your magazines for years.—Mrs. A. W. Eckert, 1443 W. Minnehaha Parkway, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Sure hate to tell you, Mrs. Eckert, but the old house at 709 is being torn down. We drive past once in awhile and see if there's anything left. Sure makes us feel sad to see it go. The man who owns the property said Joe weakened the foundation with his crying editorials; seems like the floorboards never could quite dry out.

Dear Mr. Small:

You did me a big favor last year and now I'm wondering if you can help me in another way. I need some information about John Selman. The two areas of his life which are the roadblocks are: one, what actually happened to Selman between June, 1878, when he left Fort Griffin, Texas, and May, 1880, when he was captured in Fort Davis, Texas? During that time he was in Lincoln County, New Mexico, and Texas. He organized the so-called Seven Rivers Rustlers or "Wresters" (sometimes called Selman's Scouts).

Two: what happened to Selman between the latter part of 1880 when he escaped from an Albany, Texas, jail and 1888 when he is first recorded as showing up in El Paso. He supposedly went to Mexico. The son says he also lived and worked in and around Fort Bayard, Mogollon and Magdalene, New Mexico.

Any information your readers might have will be sincerely appreciated. All correspondence will be answered.—Leon C. Metz, 5235 Rushing Drive, El Paso, Texas.

Leon, better alert your postman and buy a bigger mailbox! Both of you are going to be mighty busy during February, we'll bet.

Dear Sir:

Somehow your publication came into my hands here at the ranch. I thought of three of my old friends who should be written up. First is an old-timer by the name of Doc Bollander who is ninety-one, living in Fallon, Nevada. One of the great cowboys, he rode roughstring for the Matador in Texas at the age of fif-

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teen, and sixty years later gave the Matador a draft for over a million dollars for one bunch of steers, as he was buying for Swanson in San Francisco. Last year in March he was riding colts and was bucked off. He laid out for twenty-four hours, and in this country March is a little cold. But it didn't hurt him.

Another one is O. D. Van Norman who now lives at Madeline, California. He ran the wagon at the Bear Ranch for fifty years and was involved in the last Indian trouble when some Basque sheepherders and cowboys were killed in 1912. Van Norman is eighty-six; he spent a week with me this summer.

Another is Charlie Demick who lives in Alturas, California. He is ninety-two. He ran the wagon for the Corp Ranch for years and was in charge of the posse that killed the Indians. He married at eighty and has two children.

These are men that I have worked with and they should be remembered in print. —Jim Scott, Reed Station Ranch, Elko, Nevada.

Here's our salute to your friends, Jim. And we're sort of wondering about *you*. It wouldn't surprise us if you didn't have an adventure or two up your sleeve, yourself, although you sure played it modest!

Gentlemen:

Robert C. (Tex) James, 107 years old, died in Bend, Oregon, September 28, 1963. He rode with George Custer on the western plains and was said to have been taught to read by Mrs. Custer. I read both your magazines and since I have not seen an account of this man's death in either, I assume you did not know of it.

I knew him for thirty years. He was a fine person. He once told me he never was a cowboy but always a Ranger from the time he ran away from the Indians (twelve years old) until he died. He drew a Ranger's pension. Twenty years ago, it was $150 a month.

He told me he saw his family massacred and their cabin burned. He lived with the Indians several years. Saw the Rangers on the road often. He said the squaws were especially good to him. About twenty years ago he saw one of them; the Greyhound Bus Company had given him a complimentary ticket back to Texas at the time.

I, too, am getting old (seventy-eight) and due to neuritis so bad in my hands, could not write or send this sooner.—Mrs. Anita Tureman, Rt. 1, Box 36, Mosier, Oregon.

We always hate to hear of the death of an old-timer. And by the time we get it in print, sometimes several months have gone by. Tex James was born in southern Texas when the bark was still on that country. According to the news clipping Mrs. Tureman sent us, he had a real nip and tuck life and we bet nobody would have laid odds, when he was a young man, that he'd make it through to 107.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 33)

bottles, jars and specimen rocks in meticulous piles, which he surveyed from a self-made rocker located near the entrance to his abode. When we visited him, he regaled us with his experiences, as he sipped at the cold drink we usually brought him.

One day when we stopped off, we hardly recognized him. He looked so clean. "I have just been released from the County Hospital at Douglas," he said. Explaining his illness, he blamed it all on a loaf of raisin bread.

Ruins of the old hospital building in which Hoxie made his home in Gleason, Arizona.

"When I bought it, I mentioned to the grocer it seemed a bit hard, but he answered, 'All raisin bread is harder than others.'

"So I ate about half of it for lunch, never looking at it, as I was busy reading. That evening I ate the balance, again not looking, until I got down to the last piece and I noticed it was covered with mold. That night I almost died as I drove about 35 miles to the Douglas Hospital.

"'No wonder,' said the doctor, 'You have about a pound of penicillin in you.'

"When I returned home," he continued, "I felt like going over and shooting that fellow who sold me the bread but I decided not to, as he had a family and somebody would have to support them."

A few weeks later we came to call and he invited us inside his abode. There, surrounded by crumbling walls, the dirt floor supported a few boxes where we were invited to "sit down." He laughingly told us how he frightened away members of a rookie infantry troop who wanted to bivouac there during the last war, by telling them of the many rattlesnakes that abounded in that area.

Just then his dog entered, but was quickly chased out by Hoxie who shouted, "Git out of here! If there's anything I hate, it's a dog in the living room!"

That was the last visit we had with Hoxie, for a few weeks later, he boarded up his shop and returned to the hospital, where he died shortly thereafter. Several months later we visited his deserted rendezvous, which had been ransacked. As we threaded our way through the ruins, we were intrigued by Hoxie's method of keeping the rain off his bed. He had placed an inverted "V" shaped metal canopy made of galvanized tin, above the bed, so that water leaking through from the roof would drain to either side of the cot, thus keeping it dry. Scattered about were hundreds of magazines and on the bottom shelf in the room he called his "kitchen," I found a beautiful Haviland china sugar bowl, decorated with a violet design. Today it is one of my prized possessions.

Outside, the old rocker still stood guard near the entrance. As a memorial to Hoxie, I had it placed in Tombstone's Courthouse Museum where it is now on display in the "Pioneer Room" as a tribute to one of the colorful characters of the Old West.

Gambling Kings

(Continued from page 39)

the Kaw River. Most of the heavily endowed chose the latter course but found that moving from Missouri had not been conducive to luck.

One day in 1883, a neatly dressed gentleman, pale of countenance and wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and a neatly trimmed Van Dyke beard, left his emporium, and walked down and stepped off the dock into the Kaw. It was Bob Potee, who had too late seen the handwriting on the wall, and was bankrupt. He left a note asking Joe Bassett to give him a decent burial if his body could be found.

The body was located shortly, and the request honored. Six prominent gamblers bore the beautiful mahogany casket of their fraternity member up the aisle of the Grand Avenue Methodist Church and laid it before the altar. The Reverend Samuel Bookstaver Bell paid a tribute to Bob Potee, his clean personal life, his honor and many deeds of charity. A choir sang *Rock of Ages*, the six pallbearers wept, and one of the greatest gamblers ever known in the West was carried to his last resting place in St. Louis Cemetery.

Only two big operators were developed in Kansas, Jack Dugan and Clay Maltby. Dugan had come up the hard way, but Lady Luck took over and placed him in the satin. He was a pig-sticker in the Armour Packing Plant and, being an inveterate faro player, at last broke the bank. The owner—having no other bankroll—put up his establishment and lost. The next day Dugan had joined the kings.

Maltby, in turn, grew very wealthy and branched out as a poolroom operator in the days when the ponies ran.

Joe Bassett weathered the adverse gale for many years, but finally had to give up. He died in 1907 blind, broke and paralytic, but the Almighty remembered his kindness to suicidal Bob Potee and spoke to Clay Maltby, who gave him a splendid funeral.

Hidden For 97 Years

(Continued from page 43)

of 1861. The old Eleventh Ohio and the Eleventh Kansas Volunteer Cavalry had a terrific job keeping the line open. Indians would tear down the line about as fast as they could repair it. The Indians would throw a rope over the wire and start their ponies on a dead run and remove hundreds of yards of the wire.

Nothing is left today of St. Mary's Station except a few foundation stones. The writer was last out there November 24, 1963. An old army canteen of Civil War make was found but it was badly banged up. It is twice the size of World War I varieties.

For ninety-seven years those old relics have lain under that rock. Now that they have come to light, the big mystery is who put them there—and did he escape with his life?

Piracy On The Colorado

(Continued from page 23)

steamer, and old Ike was sure that no other silver bars were ever found there, this single bar was evidently a stray from the larger cache hidden somewhere nearby for it hardly seems likely that each bar would have been hidden separately.

Thus a cache of silver bullion may still lie buried in the heart of the desert country, somewhere not far from Crescent Spring—a pirate treasure in a land of lost mines—the last reminder of a bold, singlehanded act of piracy on the high waters of the Colorado.

Marked For Death!

(Continued from page 20)

they followed the faint tracks through the mountains, and across the range to a quiet protected pasture where the animals grazed. The cattle were easily recovered.

ANOTHER of Joe's assignments was to stop the depredations of the Chico Cano gang. They hid in a stronghold in the mountains across the little American-Mexican village of El Porvenir which was more Mexican than Texan. The people owned no land or property; they were squatters who led a bare existence. Since the village was in an isolated part of the Big Bend area, it was closer to Mexico in sympathy. The only food of the scattered families was from their small dried-up corn patches that grew along the sandy shores of the Rio Grande.

The people were miserably poor and dirty, as they were also in Pilares, another nearby village. In both places the natives acted as spies for Chico Cano's smugglers and reported where there were good places to steal Texas horses and equipment.

Immediately the "Chico Cano bunch of bandits," as the Rangers called them, would pounce like a mountain lion upon the unsuspecting Texans, or quietly under cover of a dark night, move bands of horses and herds of cattle across the river.

The Rangers knew that cousins of the Chico Cano outlaws lived in El Porvenir. These men moved freely back and forth from the Chico Cano camp on the Mexican side to the Texas shore at El Porvenir. In the band were the three brothers, Chico, José and Manuel, and their cousins—all of whom were strongly organized and had a big following on both sides of the border. The members had perfect freedom on the Mexican side and while they gave no allegiance to any political group, if a Federal or State military group in control of the eastern part of Mexico visited the area, the Cano members were on that side for expediency.

The gang had many fights and skirmishes with the Texas Rangers, sheriffs and ranchmen along the border. A great deal of hatred was engendered on both sides, but Chico hated Joe Sitters most of all because he had once been caught by the law enforcement officer. He never forgot the humiliation. "I'll get that man!" became his standard promise to the bandidos.

It was on January 23, 1913 that Sitters and his companions had captured Chico, the taunter who had sent word across the river that he would kill the river guard if they ever met. Sitters with his friend, Joe Howard, a Customs Inspector, and J. S. Harvick, cattle inspector, were scouting along the river and the lonely mountain range. They saw six riders dash toward the mountains. The Americans lashed their horses and chased the Mexicans.

One horse fell and sprawled his rider, Chico Cano. Sitters grabbed the Mexican and pulled away his firearms, then taunted the bandit about his evil threats. Cano was livid with rage as he threw a look of hate at the Customs Inspector who was holding the bandit's gun.

As the Americans sized up the situation, they knew that they would have to fight their way out. With this bandit leader it would be difficult, for the Inspector knew that the Chico men would put up a fight. It came shortly from

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behind the high rocks; the Mexicans fired, killed Howard, hit Harvick and knocked Sitters unconscious. Cano escaped. Shortly afterward, Sitters gained consciousness and managed to get himself and Harvick out of the woods.

When Joe was able to sit in the saddle, he resumed his rounds along the river. Cano again reviled the Texan and shouted his warnings, but now he kept hidden. He did not come out in the open to make good his threats, but swore with a vengeance that he would "get Sitters." One wonders why he did not take advantage of his earlier opportunity and it can only be assumed that he thought his old enemy was dead when he left him.

FOR THREE years there were only small skirmishes; then on May 24, 1916, all the past hatreds broke out again. Texas Ranger Eugene Hulen, son of the Adjutant General of Texas, and Joe Sitters were ambushed and cruelly killed by the Chico Cano gang. It was a plain case of revenge in its most sadistic form.

Five or six men had gone out to scout as usual. They were Sitters, Ranger Eugene Hulen, Sug Cummings, Charlie Craighead and two riders named Trollinger and Bates. Stopping to camp at a waterhole that was sheltered in the mountains about seven miles north of the little village of Pilares, the officers were awakened during the night by the sound of horses' hoofs and Mexican voices that carried on the cool, clear night.

The Americans rose early the next morning and noted that the Mexicans had used their old ruse of dragging ropes from the animals. Sitters ordered the men to pack their mules and saddle their horses so they could be hidden quickly in the brush of the canyon. The men then followed a narrow trail that led into a deep, dark canyon. Sitters and Eugene Hulen rode along the side of the walls in an effort to see the bandits with their field glasses. The two men were alone at the bottom while their three companions were above on a knoll.

Suddenly, bullets spewed out of the crevices, cracks and shrubbery. The Texans below were ambushed by about thirty-five Mexicans who were carefully hidden. The other men on top lost their horses, then ducked and ran to the mules, threw off the packs and raced them bareback out of the canyon to the Bill McGee Ranch. From there they rushed a note to John Pool at his ranch. He called Marfa for help.

An eleven-man posse, including Inspector R. M. Wadsworth, immediately set out for the Pool Ranch. Fresh horses were awaiting them for the long ride to McGee's. The posse rode all night long to reach the border ranch where they met Cummings, Craighead and Trollinger. There the Rangers related their harrowing experience to the Marfa posse and said that they believed Sitters and Hulen had been killed.

The posse left at once for the canyon where the ambush had occurred, but the riders moved in a roundabout way. They found the two bodies stripped of their clothing and personal belongings. Their boots, money, rifles and six-shooters were gone. Both bodies had been cruelly mutilated; Sitters' the worst.

The Americans were sickened at what they saw. Inspector Wadsworth found Sitters' body stoned with a twenty-pound rock that had been dropped nearby. Lying on his back, his knees drawn up to the chest, as if to ward off blows, Sitters' hands and fingers covered his mutilated,

Courtesy author

Mrs. Elfego (Mattie) Baca of El Paso, Texas, daughter of Joe Sitters.

mashed-in face, and his bruised body was peppered with eleven bullet holes.

The men carefully lifted the naked bodies on pack mules and carried them out of bleak Pilares Canyon. This stark tragedy affected not only the Rangers, but even the pack mules, especially the one on which Sitters' body was carried, for the poor animal became sick along the trail. The Rangers had to urge the creature along the path for, somehow, the gentle mule sensed the fate that had befallen its master.

AT THAT very moment in Ojinaga, Mexico, the cruel Zapata was bragging that he was with the raiders who had killed the Texas lawmen. He seemed proud that he had four sons who traveled with the powerful Chico Cano gang. According to the late historian, Walter Prescott Webb, in his book, *Texas Rangers, A Century of Frontier Defense*, this shooting was one of the most ruthless of the border warfare.

Recalling the killing of her father Mrs. Baca said, "When Captain Hughes heard of the cruelties inflicted upon my dad and the other lawmen, he was ready to pick up his pistols and rifles. He had already retired, but still worked with the State and Federal agencies when they needed his services. He considered my father one of the best border officers and it was Captain Hughes who enlisted Dad into the Texas Rangers as a private. My father's name was scarcely dry on the roster of Company D when he won praise in a fight with outlaws. Less than twenty-four hours after his name had been scrawled on the roll of the Rangers, he had been in a skirmish. Things went fast for him!"

Mrs. Baca said that when her father was buried near their ranch in Valentine, her mother and the family had to flee the home and property. The outlaws sent word that they would wipe out the rest of the Sitters family unless they left the area.

"My mother was afraid for our lives," said Mrs. Baca, "so we left. At the time my father was ambushed I was only seven. I did not understand what it meant then. I only knew that he never again came home to us! Often we were lonely.

"Since my father had not registered my birth, Captain Hughes and Mrs. Maria Flores signed the birth certificate. Captain Hughes was very fond of my father. He was always doing little things for us.

"Yes, Dad was a good man with a gun. But that was not all, for Captain Hughes insisted that his men be above reproach. He believed that they should always be proper because they represented the great State of Texas.

"One of the best books about Captain Hughes in which my father's work is mentioned, is *Border Boss*, by Jack Martin. The Mexicans referred to Captain Hughes as the 'Big Man of the Border'—as you know, he was over six feet tall—but most often they called him the 'Border Boss.' "

According to Henry Allen, who wrote *The Texas Rangers*, these men of the force belonged to the "most feared and famous organization of frontier fighters for law and order in American history." Equally staunch were the river guards who moved along the meandering Rio Grande, some of whom, like Joe Sitters, had started out as Texas Rangers.

Most of the Rangers were tall and above average in size. All were fine horsemen and experts in the use of firearms. They usually dressed like ranchmen; Joe Sitters and many others were cattlemen who owned their own ranches and were well versed in ranching and range business.

Most Rangers furnished their own horses, pistols, Winchester rifles, Bowie or large hunting knives, while the State of Texas provided ammunition, rations, pack mules and teams. It was the day when men had long mustaches and sported large metal stars on their chests.

Joe Sitters' daughter, Mattie, now living in El Paso, is married to Elfego Baca who was named after the famous New Mexican attorney and gunfighter by that name. The original Elfego Baca was once threatened by Pancho Villa who said that he would shoot Baca if he ever crossed the border into Mexico!

Baca heeded that warning, but his namesake in El Paso has had no need of a gun, for he and Mrs. Baca often travel into Mexico and enjoy friendly, folksy visits with the people across the Rio Grande. The day of threats to the members of Joe Sitters' family no longer exists.

He Couldn't Stay Put

(Continued from page 41)

series of cross-country trips. The old scout and plainsman was aided in his travels by a pension he received from the Government for his services as a scout in the Indian Wars and as a soldier in the Spanish-American War. The title "Colonel" was an honorary one.

I have no "proof" of his exploits in the West, except that which he gave me from his own mouth. He appeared to be a very sincere old fellow, and I don't believe he was exaggerating, for strange things happened in the West in those days, you know.

No doubt many persons living today have observed Arizona Bill astride his burro plodding along the highways and byways of the country, at the rate of no more than two or three miles an hour. But there came a day when Bill could no longer carry on.

Riding into San Antonio, Texas, one day in the middle 1930s he decided to call it quits. Then around ninety years of age, he was no longer able to stand the rigors of the trail. The Colonel in command at Fort Sam Houston, a friend of Bill's, invited him to live at the post and Bill accepted, staying there until his death.

When Bill was dying, he made a request that his faithful burro be taken care of and the request was honored. Tipperary, his last remaining mount, was placed in a nearby park, with other donkeys, to live out its last remaining days.

The old scout, plainsman and Indian fighter was laid to rest with full military honors in San Fernando cemetery near San Antonio. There he sleeps peacefully among many old friends.

Cow By The Tail

(Continued from page 60)

a little talk. I told the kids if they disobeyed Miss McDonald and she needed any help, I'd bring my cowboys and tie them up for her. I also had occasion to tell the parents that the teacher and not them were running that school. One old woman tried to lay down the law, but Miss McDonald chased her out with a broom, and that ended that.

All of the children attending that school made fine men and women except one, and he made a bank robber because he mixed in with bad company after he left there.

THE CHANGES and advances in civilization in Texas and Arizona is almost unbelievable to an old-timer like myself. You can't realize how much, unless you was there, has happened in the space of a few years. In 1882, when I arrived in the Territory, our capitol building were a little log house in Prescott, and the county seats had only Federal courts and judges. The Land Office were in Prescott, but very little land had been surveyed as the Injuns was too dangerous to allow it. Almost all the towns of southern Arizona was built up on the ashes of our campfires or in the roundup territories of the old cowboys.

Most of the old-timers had no education at all as most of them was raised in the wild places and had no chance to attend school. They begun their life's work by the time they were ten or twelve years old, all fine riders and all totin' pistols, and they all knew their duties driving the herds or on their ranches.

Everything considered, give me the squall of a mountain lion, the howl of a wolf and the bawl of an old cow, or the pounding hoofs and the rattling of horns of a big herd of steers and the cowboys singing their sweetheart songs.

Trusting you have enjoyed the story of my life, my personal history and my effort to show you how Texas and Arizona really was in the days long ago, I will say, *"Adios, Amigo."*

Note: To those of you who missed Parts One and Two of Jesse James Benton's story, some copies are still available at the regular price of 35¢ each. Write Western Publications, P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704.

Bloodstained Ghost Town

(Continued from page 25)

the Santa Cruz River. During this operation, mine exploration was pushed; the flotation mill was remodeled and its capacity increased to 400 tons. Eagle Picher reported three years' supply of ore in sight with new veins being discovered by diamond drilling. They planned to sink the 700-foot shaft to 900 feet.

With the completion of the pipeline,

Miscellaneous

PURPLE DESERT GLASS telephone line insulators, five dollars each postpaid. Mail check or money order. Al Lane, 740 Ramsgate, El Paso, Texas.

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"PULL 'EM OUT"

The campaign is beginning to roll! We had a letter from a reader not long ago saying that he found TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES covered up on nearly every newsstand he checked. He began digging them out and left them showing in a good spot on the newsstands. He said every copy sold as long as he kept them from being covered up by other magazines.

WHAT A TREMENDOUS HELP! Our newsstand sales are our life's blood and you just can't sell a magazine when nobody sees it! So if you will join the "Pull 'em Out!" brigade, Podner—you'll have us smiling like a jackass eating briers!

Ruby and the Montana Mine entered their greatest days of glory. Ruby's citizens grew prosperous; the gem began to scintillate. New buildings sprang up; a saloon and dance hall with shady ladies appeared; a tough marshal was hired to maintain order. Money jingled in every pocket, whiskey flowed freely, and violent brawls provided entertainment. Ruby had a stout *carcel,* but it often proved too small to contain the transgressors. When Saturday nights and special *fiestas* produced too many customers for the little jail, surplus drunks were handcuffed to trees to sober up and repent of their sins.

From 1934 to 1941, Montana Mine ranked as the largest producer of lead-zinc in Arizona, with Eagle Picher reporting 773,197 tons of ore milled up to 1941. That was the year that lead-zinc prices tumbled, and with Montana's ore practically exhausted, Eagle Picher ceased operating. Company buildings and the mill were moved to Sahuarita, Arizona. Nothing was left but the old adobe dwellings and a few other buildings which the tenants, with no source of income, soon evacuated. The Government removed the post office, and the big store gave up.

Personally interviewed, M. C. Hubbell of Sahuarita said: "I secured the hauling contract in 1926, and brought from Denver a fleet of 'Coleman' twelve-cylinder trucks, the heaviest trucks seen in Arizona, up to that time. They carried a load of ten tons and pulled a trailer loaded with a like amount. Between 1928-34, operations were light, water shortage, you know. But from August, 1934, until the final shutdown, about seven years, I hauled a carload of concentrates to Amado six days a week, missing only the Fourth of July and Christmas. When I first started hauling, that road was so damned rough the speedometers registered three miles farther returning empty than going out loaded!"

SINCE 1941, Ruby has been a ghost town at the mercy of vandals and the elements. When I visited there about a year ago, the gates were locked and a "No Admission" sign posted. So I hoofed it down the hill into town and hunted up the caretaker, genial Chick Haggerty, to whom I explained my mission.

"Well!" said Chick, "the public is excluded, but in your case, it'll be okay. Bring your vehicle in and stay as long as you wish."

I drove down to a nice, level spot, parked in the shade of a large willow tree, dug out my cameras and started to work. A little way south of town is the huge tailings pile which, in time, filled the valley from hill to hill, and dammed up a lake of modest proportions. The crumbling walls of Andrews' store, Ruby's first post office, still stand on the eastside of the lake. The town—rows of buildings on each side of the valley—extended northward from the old store.

After poking around the mill foundations, I climbed the hill for a look at the barricaded shaft of famed Montana Mine. Daydreaming a few moments, I imagined I could see the men, as they loaded the ore into cars and brought it to the shaft bottom to be hoisted to the surface and dumped into the hungry maw of the crusher.

Turning to the buildings, I found windows knocked out, doors broken and splintered, many of them gone, others on one hinge flapping and banging crazily in the wind. Most roofs have fallen in; floors have been torn up by vandals hunting for non-existent treasure, and pack rats ply their trade unmolested. Strangely enough, the general store and post office are in fair condition.

I spent several hours trying to reconstruct the murder scenes, and looking for bullet holes and old records. I could picture the killings, could see the terror in the girl's face as she looked down, scared to death, yet bravely pointing the pistol, which she "didn't know how to use," at the bandits.

All too soon it was time to leave. Chick accompanied me to the gates and, on the way, told me that he had been employed as caretaker and chaser of vandals and souvenir hunters for about two years. He said that Ruby's new owners planned to repair the old buildings, enlarge the lake, and establish a pleasure resort.

Reluctantly, I took off on the lonely, winding mountain road to Nogales, after Chick's friendly handshake and his hearty, "Come back soon, Jim, you'll sure be welcome."

It was nice to know that one historic old mining town will be preserved.

Witchcraft

(Continued from page 27)

man took his time, making almost no noise. So did Sanchez. When the fugitive reached the remuda he did not wait to saddle his horse; he mounted and let it walk slowly from the rest. Sanchez stole after it, stepping when the horse did, stopping when it did. He knew that once out of hearing, Deskoshin would ride fast.

As the fugitive raised his hand Grandfather fired and Deskoshin slid off slowly, holding tight to the horse's mane. Sanchez wanted him to know his executioner, and as the wounded man slipped to the ground Grandfather bent over him.

"You, too, will die," he said. And he died.

The next day the warriors departed. My mother seemed strangely withdrawn; it was as though only her body was there. Grandmother was always kind to me, but she then seemed unusually so, except for cautioning me not to mention my father by name. She sat in silence for a long time. I knew better than to speak.

Finally she said, "There is one thing I've been meaning to tell you. It is a story that your grandfather will not mention, but one I think you should know.

"When we lived on our own reservation at Ojo Caliente, beyond the Rio Grande, Victorio and Nana were on excellent terms with the Mexican people at Monticello and Cuchillo. We took hides and meat to them; and we exchanged them for ammunition and foods we wanted. We protected those villagers from any who might attempt to molest them; and they ran great risks to obtain ammunition for us. From them we got calico for dresses and for shirts.

"My people bought some of the hard green beans they saw in the trading post and cooked them for hours and hours, but they never got tender. When the Mexicans were told of this they laughed and laughed. Then they brought grinding stones and showed us some of the berries that had been parched in an oven. They pulverized the beans and made 'coffee.' How we liked that coffee! And then we, too, laughed.

"One day the trader and his little son rode out to round up their cattle. A group of renegade Indians sighted them and cut them off from the village. The trader called, 'Victorio—mi amigo!' The Indians wheeled and rode away. Even the name of our Chief was sufficient to protect those people.

"Nana rode to Monticello the next day and the trader told him of the experience, and your grandfather took the trail. The renegades were Apaches, and knew well how to evade pursuit, but they didn't know Nana and his Power. After three days he surprised them at one of his own caches. They were eating his food, using his ammunition. His men disarmed them. He recognized all but one of the eight men. The stranger was a young boy, hardly grown.

"His men tied their hands behind them. They stood facing Nana. And they defied him. One of them reminded Grandfather that his own Medicine Man, Blanco, commanded the Warm Springs Apaches to spare the life of any man who would lay down his weapons. That man was not to be harmed. Nana made no reply. Being Apaches, they understood and did not beg for mercy.

"Then Grandfather spoke: 'You are witches, banished from your people. For that alone you deserve death. But you've done a much worse thing in disobeying the orders of the Chief. You would have killed the trader, our friend to whom Victorio promised protection. If, in turn, you can give me one reason why your lives should be spared I will listen and judge.'

"No man made any attempt at defending his conduct. The first boasted of his Power and threatened Nana with returning after his death to haunt Grandfather. He boasted of the evil he had done, and so did each of the older men who followed him. Their Ghosts, they said, would avenge them by bringing untold horrors to Nana. When all had finished except the boy, he faced Nana, standing very straight, with head erect and no fear in his eyes.

"'Speak!' commanded Grandfather.

"'I have no Power. I am a captive of these men who took my horse and weapons. They have held me by force. There is no one to speak for me. But I am Apache, and I know how to die.'

"With his nose Nana indicated the seven. And to his men he said only 'Obey!' To the boy he said, 'Select a horse, saddle, and what else you wish. Take the best weapons and ride with me.'

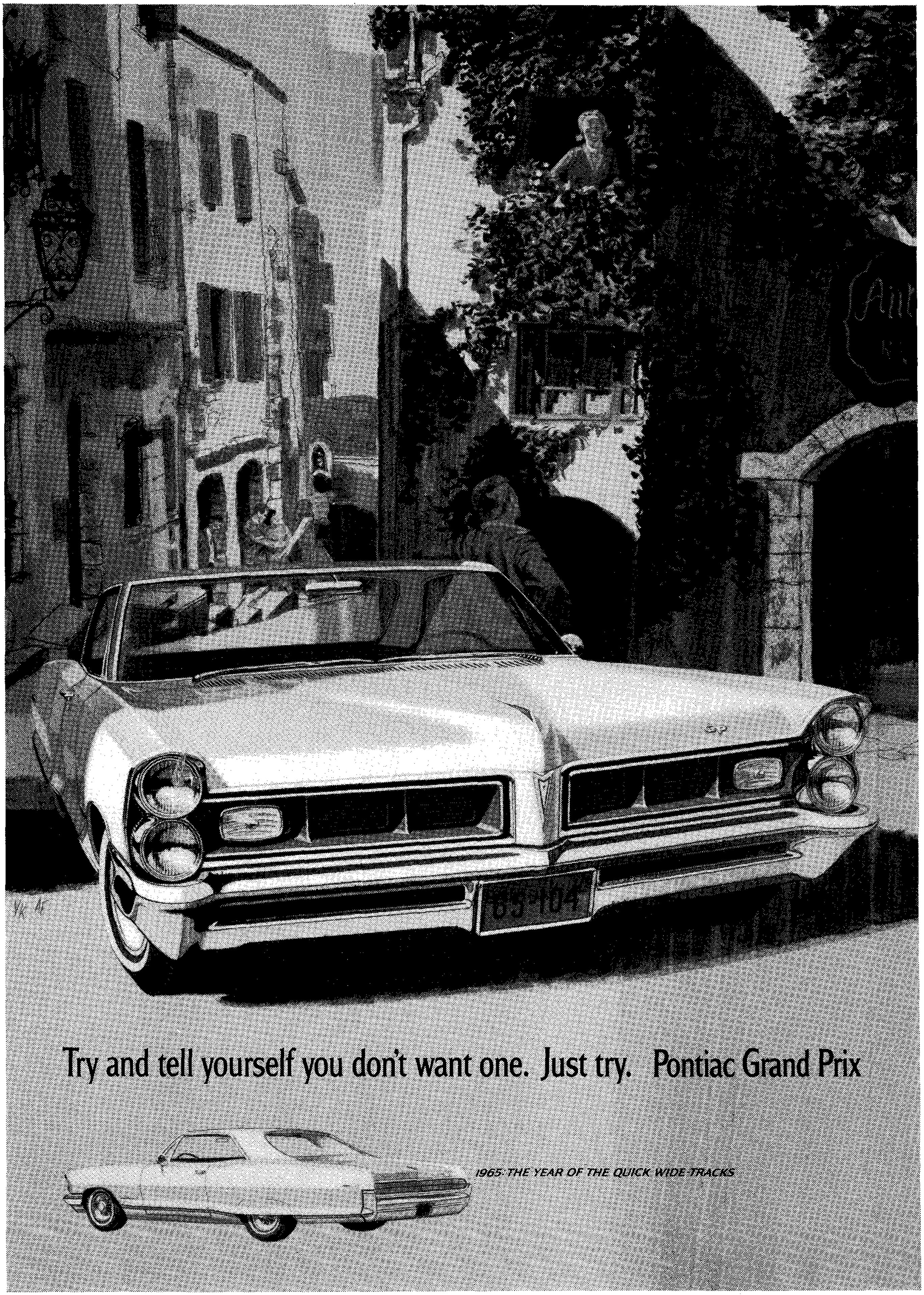
"When they were ready to ride, Nana led the way. Slowly they climbed the long hill and at the crest they turned. Nana's men were mounting and following them.

"There had been no shouts, no cries. From the little valley in which the cache was located seven wisps of smoke were curling slowly upward."

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962; SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF FRONTIER TIMES, published bi-monthly in Austin, Texas.

Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher: Joe Austell Small, 2405 Brier Grove, Austin, Texas. Editor: Pat Wagner, 304 E. 17th, Austin, Texas. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas, Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder.

Average number of copies printed (net press run) during last twelve months: 213,333; Total number copies printed last single issue: 238,000. Average paid circulation per issue last twelve months: 18,556; Paid circulation last single issue: 22,046. Average sales per issue during last twelve months by agents, news dealers or otherwise: 125,864; Sales last single issue by agents, news dealers or otherwise: 135,010. Average free distribution per issue during last twelve months: 925; Free distribution last single issue: 925. Total number of copies distributed per issue during last twelve months: 145,345; Total number of copies distributed last single issue: 157,981. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 18, 1964.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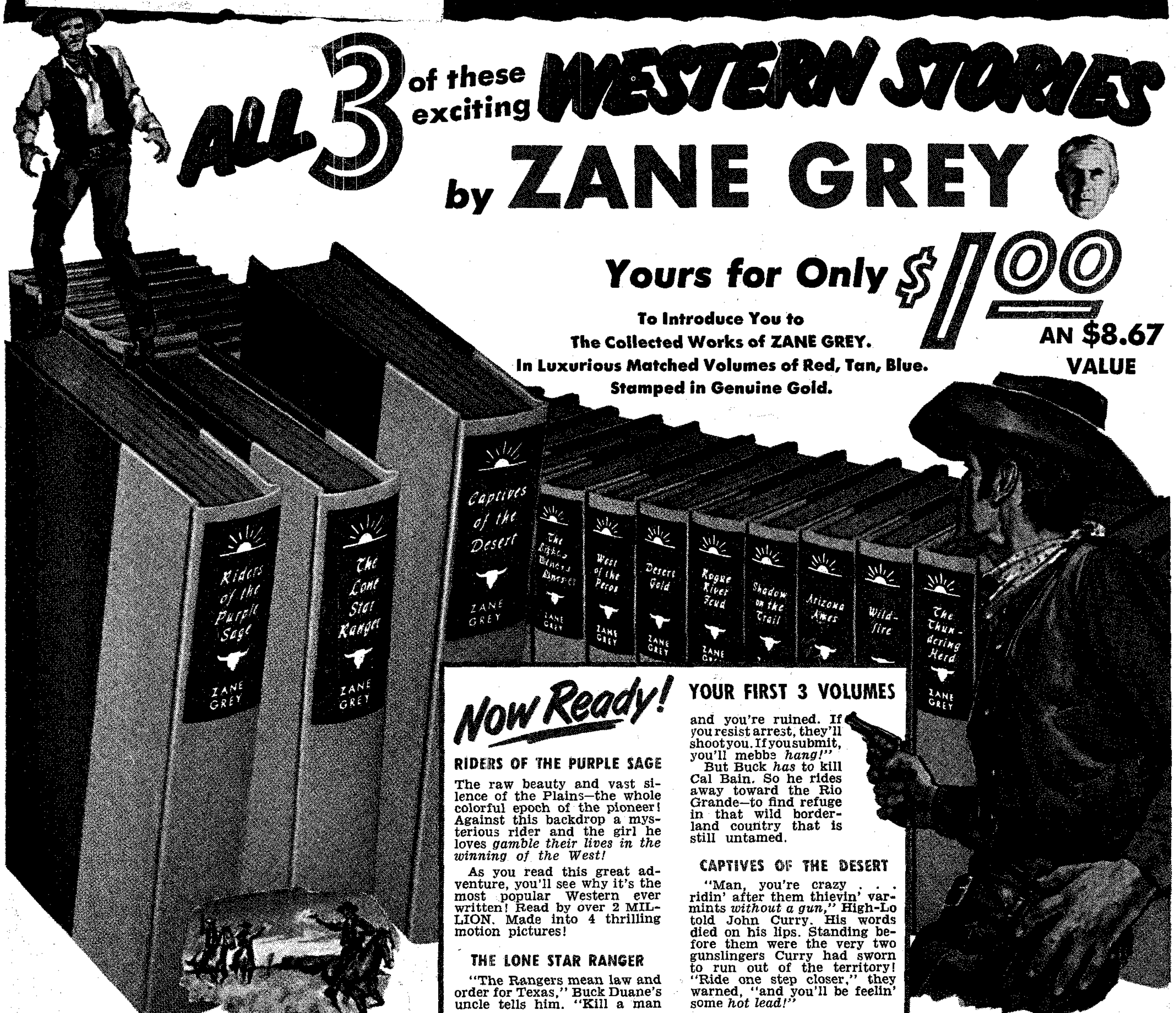

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